

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXVII. — JUNE, 1891. — No. CCCCIV.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.¹

MESSRS. Nicolay and Hay undertook a peculiarly difficult task in writing a biography² which at the same time was to be a complete history of the greatest crisis in the life of this republic. The biographer may content himself with sketching an historical background to set forth and render intelligible the character and career of the person to be portrayed; and that sketch may be more restricted or more comprehensive as the events and conditions described are more or less significant in their relation to the central figure. The historian has to present conditions and events, as well as the persons concerned in them, in just proportion to their historic importance. A biography which is to fulfill the purpose of a history will be in danger of oppressing the biographical portrait with the size and elaborateness of the frame. The history whose main object is biography will be apt to sacrifice to the biographical purpose that just proportion and symmetry in the treatment of men and things which true history essentially demands.

While the authors of this comprehensive biography of Lincoln could hardly be expected completely to overcome the difficulties inherent in their undertaking, they have indeed succeeded in producing a work which, both as a biography and a history, is of high value. They enjoyed the great advantage of having been eye-witnesses to many of

the occurrences they relate; of having stood in confidential relations to not a few of the foremost personages of the time; of having been intimate daily companions of Lincoln himself during his presidency; and of commanding a mass of documentary material hitherto not accessible to other writers. Of this advantage they have made excellent use in bringing out new facts of historic importance, and in shedding new light upon others which were only imperfectly known. We cannot follow them in all their reasoning, nor accept their judgment in every case as impartial, least of all in their treatment of some of the persons grouped around the principal character. In their presentation of Chase's conduct, for instance, they transgress all the limits of fairness. But, on the whole, the merit of the contribution they have made to the history of a most important period cannot be too highly acknowledged.

It is to be regretted that a somewhat diffuse style has swelled what should be a popular book into the formidable bulk of ten stout volumes, which only persons of means are able to buy, and from the reading of which only a man of leisure will not recoil. Especially when speaking of their hero, the authors seem to lose all restraint. On every possible occasion, the reader is reminded, with great redundancy of phrase, what high quality of Abraham's Lincoln's mind or

J. NICOLAY and JOHN HAY. In ten volumes. New York: The Century Company. 1890.

¹ Copyright, 1891, by Carl Schurz.

² *Abraham Lincoln. A History.* By JOHN

heart came into play when he said this or did that, while the naked story might safely have been left to point its own moral. Only in the treatment of a few facts and circumstances in Lincoln's life, which might be regarded as capable of unfavorable interpretation, the book is less explicit and straightforward than might be desired. It is not surprising, however, that, in the hands of Nicolay and Hay, a biography of Lincoln should have drifted into the tone of a eulogy. In the days of their early manhood, and during the most eventful period of his career, they had been his private secretaries, and lived with him almost like members of his family. What they will always regard and be proud to remember as the most interesting part of their lives they had spent in the closest intimacy with him. They had shared his hopes, his labors, his triumphs, his anxieties, his sorrows. They had known his aims to be high and his motives to be pure, when his policy and his acts were fiercely assailed. They had been under the strange charm of his sympathetic nature, his large humanity, when his manners were held up to ridicule, and his character was belittled and traduced. Their story of him could hardly be anything but a work of filial love, painting every strong and noble feature in idealizing colors, and with reverential tenderness covering whatever might look like a blemish.

But Abraham Lincoln's fame needed neither the reiterated enumeration of his virtues and abilities, nor any concealment of his limitations and faults. It was rather the weird mixture of qualities and powers in him, of the lofty with the common, the ideal with the uncouth, of that which he had become with that which he had not ceased to be, that made him so fascinating a character among his fellow-men, gave him his singular power over their minds and hearts, and fitted him to be the greatest leader in the greatest crisis of our national life.

His was indeed a marvelous growth. The statesman or the military hero born and reared in a log cabin is a familiar figure in American history; but we may search in vain among our celebrities for one whose origin and early life equaled Abraham Lincoln's in wretchedness. He first saw the light in a miserable hovel in Kentucky, on a farm consisting of a few barren acres in a dreary neighborhood; his father a typical "poor Southern white," shiftless and improvident, without ambition for himself or his children, constantly looking for a new piece of land on which he might make a living without much work; his mother, in her youth handsome and bright, grown prematurely coarse in feature and soured in mind by daily toil and care; the whole household squalid, cheerless, and utterly void of elevating inspirations. Only when the family had "moved" into the malarious backwoods of Indiana, the mother had died, and a stepmother, a woman of thrift and energy, had taken charge of the children, the shaggy-headed, ragged, barefooted, forlorn boy, then seven years old, "began to feel like a human being." Hard work was his early lot. When a mere boy he had to help in supporting the family, either on his father's clearing, or hired out to other farmers to plough, or dig ditches, or chop wood, or drive ox teams; occasionally also to "tend the baby," when the farmer's wife was otherwise engaged. He could regard it as an advancement to a higher sphere of activity when he obtained work in a "cross-roads store," where he amused the customers by his talk across the counter; for he soon distinguished himself among the backwoods folk as one who had something to say worth listening to. To win that distinction, he had to draw mainly upon his wits; for, while his thirst for knowledge was great, his opportunities for satisfying that thirst were wofully slender.

In the log school-house, which he could

visit but little, he was taught only reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic. Among the people of the settlement, bush farmers and small tradesmen, he found none of uncommon intelligence or education; but some of them had a few books, which he borrowed eagerly. Thus he read and re-read *Æsop's Fables*, learning to tell stories with a point and to argue by parable; he read *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, a short history of the United States, and *Weems' Life of Washington*. To the town constable's he went to read the *Revised Statutes of Indiana*. Every printed page that fell into his hands he would greedily devour, and his family and friends watched him with wonder, as the uncouth boy, after his daily work, crouched in a corner of the log cabin, or outside under a tree, absorbed in a book while munching his supper of corn bread. In this manner he began to gather some knowledge, and sometimes he would astonish the girls with such startling remarks as that the earth was moving around the sun, and not the sun around the earth, and they marveled where "Abe" could have got such queer notions. Soon he also felt the impulse to write; not only making extracts from books he wished to remember, but also composing little essays of his own. First he sketched these with charcoal on a wooden shovel scraped white with a drawing-knife, or on basswood shingles. Then he transferred them to paper, which was a scarce commodity in the Lincoln household; taking care to cut his expressions close, so that they might not cover too much space, — a style-forming method greatly to be commended. Seeing boys put a burning coal on the back of a wood turtle, he was moved to write on cruelty to animals. Seeing men intoxicated with whiskey, he wrote on temperance. In verse-making, too, he tried himself, and in satire on persons offensive to him or others, — satire whose rustic wit was not always fit for

ears polite. Also he put political thoughts upon paper, and some of his pieces were even deemed good enough for publication in the county weekly.

Thus he won a neighborhood reputation as a clever young man, which he increased by his performances as a speaker, not seldom drawing upon himself the dissatisfaction of his employers by mounting a stump in the field, and keeping the farm hands from their work by little speeches in a jocosé and sometimes also a serious vein. At the rude social frolics of the settlement he became an important person, telling funny stories, mimicking the itinerant preachers who had happened to pass by, and making his mark at wrestling matches, too; for at the age of seventeen he had attained his full height, six feet four inches in his stockings, if he had any, and a terribly muscular clodhopper he was. But he was known never to use his extraordinary strength to the injury or humiliation of others; rather to do them a kindly turn, or to enforce justice and fair dealing between them. All this made him a favorite in backwoods society, although in some things he appeared a little odd to his friends. Far more than any of them, he was given not only to reading, but to fits of abstraction, to quiet musing with himself, and also to strange spells of melancholy, from which he often would pass in a moment to rollicking outbursts of droll humor. But, on the whole, he was one of the people among whom he lived; in appearance perhaps even a little more uncouth than most of them, — a very tall, rawboned youth, with large features, dark shriveled skin, and rebellious hair; his arms and legs long, out of proportion; clad in deerskin trousers, which from frequent exposure to the rain had shrunk so as to sit tightly on his limbs, leaving several inches of bluish shin exposed between their lower end and the heavy tan-colored shoes; the nether garment held usually by only one sus-

pender that was strung over a coarse home-made shirt; the head covered in winter with a coonskin cap, in summer with a rough straw hat of uncertain shape, without a band.

It is doubtful whether he felt himself much superior to his surroundings, although he confessed to a yearning for some knowledge of the world outside of the circle in which he lived. This wish was gratified; but how? At the age of nineteen he went down the Mississippi to New Orleans as a flatboat hand, temporarily joining a trade many members of which at that time still took pride in being called "half horse and half alligator." After his return he worked and lived in the old way until the spring of 1830, when his father "moved again," this time to Illinois; and on the journey of fifteen days "Abe" had to drive the ox wagon which carried the household goods. Another log cabin was built, and then, fencing a field, Abraham Lincoln split those historic rails which were destined to play so picturesque a part in the presidential campaign twenty-eight years later.

Having come of age, Lincoln left the family, and "struck out for himself." He had to "take jobs whenever he could get them." The first of these carried him again as a flatboat hand to New Orleans. There something happened that made a lasting impression upon his soul: he witnessed a slave auction. "His heart bled," wrote one of his companions; "said nothing much; was silent; looked bad. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinion on slavery. It run its iron in him then and there, May, 1831. I have heard him say so often." Then he lived several years at New Salem, in Illinois, a small mushroom village, with a mill, some "stores" and whiskey shops, that rose quickly, and soon disappeared again. It was a desolate, disjointed, half-working and half-loitering life, without any other

aim than to gain food and shelter from day to day. He served as pilot on a steamboat trip, then as clerk in a store and a mill; the business failing, he was adrift for some time. Being compelled to measure his strength with the chief bully of the neighborhood, and overcoming him, he became a noted person in that muscular community, and won the esteem and friendship of the ruling gang of ruffians to such a degree that, when the Black Hawk war broke out, they elected him, a young man of twenty-three, captain of a volunteer company, composed mainly of roughs of their kind. He took the field, and his most noteworthy deed of valor consisted, not in killing an Indian, but in protecting against his own men, at the peril of his own life, the life of an old savage who had strayed into his camp.

The Black Hawk war over, he turned to politics. The step from the captaincy of a volunteer company to a candidacy for a seat in the legislature seemed a natural one. But his popularity, although great in New Salem, had not spread far enough over the district, and he was defeated. Then the wretched hand-to-mouth struggle began again. He "set up in store-business" with a dissolute partner, who drank whiskey while Lincoln was reading books. The result was a disastrous failure and a load of debt. Thereupon he became a deputy surveyor, and was appointed postmaster of New Salem, the business of the post office being so small that he could carry the incoming and outgoing mail in his hat. All this could not lift him from poverty, and his surveying instruments and horse and saddle were sold by the sheriff for debt.

But while all this misery was upon him his ambition rose to higher aims. He walked many miles to borrow from a school-master a grammar with which to improve his language. A lawyer lent him a copy of Blackstone, and he began to study law. People would look won-

deringly at the grotesque figure lying in the grass, "with his feet up a tree," or sitting on a fence, as, absorbed in a book, he learned to construct correct sentences and made himself a jurist. At once he gained a little practice, pettifogging before a justice of the peace for friends, without expecting a fee. Judicial functions, too, were thrust upon him, but only at horse-races or wrestling matches, where his acknowledged honesty and fairness gave his verdicts undisputed authority. His popularity grew apace, and soon he could be a candidate for the legislature again. Although he called himself a Whig, an ardent admirer of Henry Clay, his clever stump speeches won him the election in the strongly Democratic district. Then for the first time, perhaps, he thought seriously of his outward appearance. So far he had been content with a garb of "Kentucky jeans," not seldom ragged, usually patched, and always shabby. Now he borrowed some money from a friend to buy a new suit of clothes — "store-clothes" — fit for a Sangamon County statesman; and thus adorned he set out for the state capital, Vandalia, to take his seat among the lawmakers.

His legislative career, which stretched over several sessions, for he was thrice reelected, in 1836, 1838, and 1840, was not remarkably brilliant. He did indeed not lack ambition. He dreamed even of making himself "the De Witt Clinton of Illinois," and he actually distinguished himself by zealous and effective work in those "log-rolling" operations by which the young State received "a general system of internal improvements" in the shape of railroads, canals, and banks, — a reckless policy, burdening the State with debt, and producing the usual crop of political demoralization, but a policy characteristic of the time and the impatiently enterprising spirit of the Western people. Lincoln, no doubt with the best intentions, but with little knowledge of the subject, sim-

ply followed the popular current. The achievement in which, perhaps, he gloried most was the removal of the state government from Vandalia to Springfield; one of those triumphs of political management which are apt to be the pride of the small politician's statesmanship. One thing, however, he did in which his true nature asserted itself, and which gave distinct promise of the future pursuit of high aims. Against an overwhelming preponderance of sentiment in the legislature, followed by only one other member, he recorded his protest against a proslavery resolution, — that protest declaring "the institution of slavery to be founded on both injustice and bad policy." This was not only the irrepressible voice of his conscience; it was true moral valor, too; for at that time, in many parts of the West, an abolitionist was regarded as little better than a horse-thief, and even "Abe Lincoln" would hardly have been forgiven his antislavery principles, had he not been known as such an "uncommon good fellow." But here, in obedience to the great conviction of his life, he manifested his courage to stand alone, — that courage which is the first requisite of leadership in a great cause.

Together with his reputation and influence as a politician grew his law practice, especially after he had removed from New Salem to Springfield, and associated himself with a practitioner of good standing. He had now at last won a fixed position in society. He became a successful lawyer, less, indeed, by his learning as a jurist than by his effectiveness as an advocate and by the striking uprightness of his character; and it may truly be said that his vivid sense of truth and justice had much to do with his effectiveness as an advocate. He would refuse to act as the attorney even of personal friends when he saw the right on the other side. He would abandon cases even during trial when the testimony convinced him that his

client was in the wrong. He would dissuade those who sought his service from pursuing an obtainable advantage when their claims seemed to him unfair. Presenting his very first case in the United States Circuit Court, the only question being one of authority, he declared that, upon careful examination, he found all the authorities on the other side, and none on his. Criminals he would not defend at all, or, attempting their defense, he was unable to put forth his powers when he thought them guilty. One notable exception is on record, when his personal sympathies were strongly aroused. But when he felt himself to be the protector of innocence, the defender of justice, or the prosecutor of wrong, he frequently disclosed such unexpected resources of reasoning, such depth of feeling, and rose to such fervor of appeal as to astonish and overwhelm his hearers, and make him fairly irresistible. Even an ordinary law argument, coming from him, seldom failed to produce the impression that he was profoundly convinced of the soundness of his position. It is not surprising that the mere appearance of so conscientious an attorney in any case should have carried, not only to juries, but even to judges, almost a presumption of right on his side, and that the people began to call him, sincerely meaning it, "honest Abe Lincoln."

In the mean time he had private sorrows and trials of a painfully afflicting nature. He had loved and been loved by a fair and estimable girl, Ann Rutledge, who died in the flower of her youth and beauty, and he mourned her loss with such intensity of grief that his friends feared for his reason. Recovering from his morbid depression, he bestowed what he thought a new affection upon another lady, who refused him. And finally, moderately prosperous in his worldly affairs, and having prospects of political distinction before him, he paid his addresses to Mary

Todd, of Kentucky, and was accepted. But then tormenting doubts of the genuineness of his own affection for her, of the compatibility of their characters, and of their future happiness came upon him. His distress was so great that he felt himself in danger of suicide, and feared to carry a pocket-knife with him; and he gave mortal offense to his bride by not appearing on the appointed wedding day. Now the torturing consciousness of the wrong he had done her grew unendurable. He won back her affection, ended the agony by marrying her, and became a faithful and patient husband and a good father.

He continued to "ride the circuit," read books while traveling in his buggy, told funny stories to his fellow-lawyers in the tavern, chatted familiarly with his neighbors around the stove in the store and at the post office, had his hours of melancholy brooding as of old, and became more and more widely known and trusted and beloved among the people of his State for his ability as a lawyer and politician, for the uprightness of his character and the ever-flowing spring of sympathetic kindness in his heart. His main ambition was confessedly that of political distinction; but hardly any one would at that time have seen in him the man destined to lead the nation through the greatest crisis of the century.

His time had not yet come when, in 1846, he was elected to Congress. In the House of Representatives, he denounced, in a clever speech, President Polk for having unjustly forced war upon Mexico, and amused the Committee of the Whole by a witty attack upon General Cass. More important was the expression he gave to his antislavery impulses by offering a bill looking to the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, and by his repeated votes for the famous Wilmot Proviso, intended to exclude slavery from the Territories acquired from Mexico. But when, at the expiration of his term, in

March, 1849, he left his seat, he gloomily despaired of ever seeing the day when the cause nearest to his heart would be rightly grasped by the people, and when he would be able to render any service to his country in solving the great problem. Nor had his career as a member of Congress in any sense been such as to gratify his ambition. Indeed, if he ever had any belief in a great destiny for himself, it must have been weak at that period; for he actually sought to obtain from the new Whig President, General Taylor, the place of Commissioner of the General Land Office, willing to bury himself in one of the administrative bureaus of the government. Fortunately for the country, he failed; and no less fortunately, when, later, the territorial governorship of Oregon was offered to him, Mrs. Lincoln's protest induced him to decline it. Returning to Springfield, he gave himself with renewed zest to his law practice, acquiesced in the Compromise of 1850 with reluctance and a mental reservation, supported in the presidential campaign of 1852 the Whig candidate in some spiritless speeches, and took but a languid interest in the politics of the day. But just then his time was drawing near.

The peace promised, and apparently inaugurated, by the Compromise of 1850 was rudely broken by the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, opening the Territories of the United States, the heritage of coming generations, to the invasion of slavery, suddenly revealed the whole significance of the slavery question to the people of the free States, and thrust itself into the politics of the country as the paramount issue. Something like an electric shock flashed through the North. Men who but a short time before had been absorbed by their business pursuits, and deprecated all political agitation, were startled out of their security by a sudden

alarm, and excitedly took sides. That restless trouble of conscience about slavery, which even in times of apparent repose had secretly disturbed the souls of Northern people, broke forth in an utterance louder than ever. The bonds of accustomed party allegiance gave way. Antislavery Democrats and antislavery Whigs felt themselves drawn together by a common overpowering sentiment, and soon they began to rally in a new organization. The Republican party sprang into being to meet the overruling call of the hour. Then Abraham Lincoln's time was come. He rapidly advanced to a position of conspicuous championship in the struggle. This, however, was not owing to his virtues and abilities alone. Indeed, the slavery question stirred his soul in its profoundest depths; it was, as one of his intimate friends said, "the only one on which he would become excited;" it called forth all his faculties and energies. Yet there were many others who, having long and arduously fought the antislavery battle in the popular assembly, or in the press, or in the halls of Congress, far surpassed him in prestige, and compared with whom he was still an obscure and untried man. But Lincoln found himself placed in a position of peculiar local advantage on the political battlefield. In the assault on the Missouri Compromise which broke down all legal barriers to the spread of slavery, Stephen Arnold Douglas was the ostensible leader and central figure; and Douglas was a Senator from Illinois, Lincoln's State. Douglas's national theatre of action was the Senate, but in his constituency in Illinois were the roots of his official position and power. What he did in the Senate he had to justify before the people of Illinois, in order to maintain himself in place; and in Illinois all eyes turned to Lincoln as Douglas's natural antagonist.

As very young men, they had come to Illinois, Lincoln from Indiana, Doug-

las from Vermont, and had grown up together in public life, Douglas as a Democrat, Lincoln as a Whig. They had met first in Vandalia, in 1834, when Lincoln was in the legislature and Douglas in the lobby; and again in 1836, both as members of the legislature. Douglas, a very able politician, of the agile, combative, audacious, "pushing" sort, rose in political distinction with remarkable rapidity. In quick succession he became a member of the legislature, a State's attorney, secretary of state, a judge on the supreme bench of Illinois, three times a Representative in Congress, and a Senator of the United States when only thirty-nine years old. In the national Democratic convention of 1852, he appeared even as an aspirant to the nomination for the presidency, as the favorite of "young America," and received a respectable vote. He had far outstripped Lincoln in what is commonly called political success and in reputation. But it had frequently happened that in political campaigns Lincoln felt himself impelled, or was selected by his Whig friends, to answer Douglas's speeches; and thus the two were looked upon, in a large part of the State at least, as the representative combatants of their respective parties in the debates before popular meetings. As soon, therefore, as, after the passage of his Kansas-Nebraska bill, Douglas returned to Illinois to defend his cause before his constituents, Lincoln, obeying not only his own impulse, but also general expectation, stepped forward as his principal opponent. Thus the struggle about the principles involved in the Kansas-Nebraska bill, or, in a broader sense, the struggle between freedom and slavery, assumed in Illinois the outward form of a personal contest between Lincoln and Douglas; and, as it continued and became more animated, that personal contest in Illinois was watched with constantly increasing interest by the whole country. When, in 1858,

Douglas's senatorial term being about to expire, Lincoln was formally designated by the Republican convention of Illinois as their candidate for the Senate, to take Douglas's place, and the two contestants agreed to debate the questions at issue face to face in a series of public meetings, the eyes of the whole American people were turned eagerly to that one point; and the spectacle reminded one of those lays of ancient times telling of two armies, in battle array, standing still to see their two principal champions fight out the contested cause between the lines in single combat.

Lincoln had then reached the full maturity of his powers. His equipment as a statesman did not embrace a comprehensive knowledge of public affairs. What he had studied he had indeed made his own, with the eager craving and that zealous tenacity characteristic of superior minds learning under difficulties. But his narrow opportunities and the unsteady life he had led during his younger years had not permitted the accumulation of large stores in his mind. It is true, in political campaigns he had occasionally spoken on the ostensible issues between the Whigs and the Democrats, the tariff, internal improvements, banks, and so on, but only in a perfunctory manner. Had he ever given much serious thought and study to these subjects, it is safe to assume that a mind so prolific of original conceits as his would certainly have produced some utterance upon them worth remembering. His soul had evidently never been deeply stirred by such topics. But when his moral nature was aroused, his brain developed an untiring activity until it had mastered all the knowledge within reach. As soon as the repeal of the Missouri Compromise had thrust the slavery question into politics as the paramount issue, Lincoln plunged into an arduous study of all its legal, historical, and moral aspects, and then his mind became a complete arsenal of argument.

His rich natural gifts, trained by long and varied practice, had made him an orator of rare persuasiveness. In his immature days, he had pleased himself for a short period with that inflated, high-flown style which, among the uncultivated, passes for "beautiful speaking." His inborn truthfulness and his artistic instinct soon overcame that aberration, and revealed to him the noble beauty and strength of simplicity. He possessed an uncommon power of clear and compact statement, which might have reminded those who knew the story of his early youth of the efforts of the poor boy, when he copied his compositions from the scraped wooden shovel, carefully to trim his expressions in order to save paper. Although he had never studied the rules of logic, he was a master of logical lucidity. His reasoning he loved to point and enliven by humorous illustrations, usually anecdotes of Western life, of which he had an inexhaustible store at his command. These anecdotes had not seldom a flavor of rustic robustness about them, but he used them with great effect, while amusing the audience, to give life to an abstraction, to explode an absurdity, to clinch an argument, to drive home an admonition. The natural kindness of his tone, softening prejudice and disarming partisan rancor, would often open to his reasoning a way into minds most unwilling to receive it.

Yet his greatest power consisted in the charm of his individuality. That charm did not, in the ordinary way, appeal to the ear or to the eye. His voice was not melodious; rather shrill and piercing, especially when it rose to its high treble in moments of great animation. His figure was unhandsome, and the action of his unwieldy limbs awkward. He commanded none of the graces of oratory as they are commonly understood. His charm was of a different kind. It flowed from the rare depth and genuineness of his convictions

and his sympathetic feelings. Sympathy was the strongest element in his nature. One of his biographers, who knew him before he became President, says: "Lincoln's compassion might be stirred deeply by an object present, but never by an object absent and unseen. In the former case he would most likely extend relief, with little inquiry into the merits of the case, because, as he expressed it himself, it 'took a pain out of his own heart.'" Only half of this is correct. It is certainly true that he could not witness any individual distress or oppression, or any kind of suffering, without feeling a pang of pain himself, and that by relieving as much as he could the suffering of others he put an end to his own. This compassionate impulse to help he felt not only for human beings, but for every living creature. As in his boyhood he angrily reproofed the boys who tormented a wood turtle by putting a burning coal on its back, so, we are told, he would, when a mature man, on a journey, dismount from his buggy and wade waist-deep in mire to rescue a pig struggling in a swamp. Indeed, appeals to his compassion were so irresistible to him, and he felt it so difficult to refuse anything when his refusal could give pain, that he himself sometimes spoke of his inability to say "no" as a positive weakness. But that certainly does not prove that his compassionate feeling was confined to individual cases of suffering witnessed with his own eyes. As the boy was moved by the aspect of the tortured wood turtle to compose an essay against cruelty to animals in general, so the aspect of other cases of suffering and wrong wrought up his moral nature, and set his mind to work against cruelty, injustice, and oppression in general.

As his sympathy went forth to others, it attracted others to him. Especially those whom he called the "plain people" felt themselves drawn to him by the instinctive feeling that he understood, esteemed, and appreciated them.

He had grown up among the poor, the lowly, the ignorant. He never ceased to remember the good souls he had met among them, and the many kindnesses they had done him. Although in his mental development he had risen far above them, he never looked down upon them. How they felt and how they reasoned he knew, for so he had once felt and reasoned. How they could be moved he knew, for so he had once been moved himself and practiced moving others. His mind was much larger than theirs, but it thoroughly comprehended theirs; and while he thought much farther than they, their thoughts were ever present to him. Nor had the visible distance between them grown as wide as his rise in the world would seem to have warranted. Much of his backwoods speech and manners still clung to him. Although he had become "Mr. Lincoln" to his later acquaintances, he was still "Abe" to the "Nats" and "Billys" and "Daves" of his youth; and their familiarity neither appeared unnatural to them, nor was it in the least awkward to him. He still told and enjoyed stories similar to those he had told and enjoyed in the Indiana settlement and at New Salem. His wants remained as modest as they had ever been; his domestic habits had by no means completely accommodated themselves to those of his more high-born wife; and though the "Kentucky jeans" apparel had long been dropped, his clothes of better material and better make would sit ill sorted on his gigantic limbs. His cotton umbrella, without a handle, and tied together with a coarse string to keep it from flapping, which he carried on his circuit rides, is said to be remembered still by some of his surviving neighbors. This rusticity of habit was utterly free from that affected contempt of refinement and comfort which self-made men sometimes carry into their more affluent circumstances. To Abraham Lincoln it was

entirely natural, and all those who came into contact with him knew it to be so. In his ways of thinking and his feelings he had become a gentleman in the highest sense, but the refining process had polished but little the outward form. The plain people, therefore, still considered "honest Abe Lincoln" one of themselves; and when they felt, which they no doubt frequently did, that his thoughts and aspirations moved in a sphere above their own, they were all the more proud of him, without any diminution of fellow-feeling. It was this relation of mutual sympathy and understanding between Lincoln and the plain people that gave him his peculiar power as a public man, and singularly fitted him, as we shall see, for that leadership which was preëminently required in the great crisis then coming on, — the leadership which indeed thinks and moves ahead of the masses, but always remains within sight and sympathetic touch of them.

He entered upon the campaign of 1858 better equipped than he had ever been before. He not only instinctively felt, but he had convinced himself by arduous study, that in this struggle against the spread of slavery he had right, justice, philosophy, the enlightened opinion of mankind, history, the Constitution, and good policy on his side. It was observed that after he began to discuss the slavery question his speeches were pitched in a much loftier key than his former oratorical efforts. While he remained fond of telling funny stories in private conversation, they disappeared more and more from his public discourse. He would still now and then point his argument with expressions of inimitable quaintness, and flash out rays of kindly humor and witty irony; but his general tone was serious, and rose sometimes to genuine solemnity. His masterly skill in dialectical thrust and parry, his wealth of knowledge, his power of reasoning and elevation of sen-

timent, disclosed in language of rare precision, strength, and beauty, not seldom astonished his old friends.

Neither of the two champions could have found a more formidable antagonist than each now met in the other. Douglas was by far the most conspicuous member of his party. His admirers had dubbed him "the little giant," contrasting in that nickname the greatness of his mind with the smallness of his body. But though of low stature, his broad-shouldered figure appeared uncommonly sturdy, and there was something lionlike in the squareness of his brow and jaw, and in the defiant shake of his long hair. His loud and persistent advocacy of territorial expansion, in the name of patriotism and "manifest destiny," had given him an enthusiastic following among the young and ardent. Great natural parts, a highly combative temperament, and long training had made him a debater unsurpassed in a Senate filled with able men. He could be as forceful in his appeals to patriotic feelings as he was fierce in denunciation and thoroughly skilled in all the baser tricks of parliamentary pugilism. While genial and rollicking in his social intercourse, — the idol of the "boys," — he felt himself one of the most renowned statesmen of his time, and would frequently meet his opponents with an overbearing haughtiness, as persons more to be pitied than to be feared. In his speech opening the campaign of 1858, he spoke of Lincoln, whom the Republicans had dared to advance as their candidate for "his" place in the Senate, with an air of patronizing if not contemptuous condescension, as "a kind, amiable, and intelligent gentleman and a good citizen." The little giant would have been pleased to pass off his antagonist as a tall dwarf. He knew Lincoln too well, however, to indulge himself seriously in such a delusion. But the political situation was at that moment in a curious tangle, and Douglas could expect to derive from the

confusion great advantage over his opponent.

By the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, opening the Territories to the ingress of slavery, Douglas had pleased the South, but had greatly alarmed the North. He had sought to conciliate Northern sentiment by appending to his Kansas-Nebraska bill the declaration that its intent was "not to legislate slavery into any State or Territory, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." This he called "the great principle of popular sovereignty." When asked whether, under this act, the people of a Territory, before its admission as a State, would have the right to exclude slavery, he answered, "That is a question for the courts to decide." Then came the famous "Dred Scott decision," in which the Supreme Court held substantially that the right to hold slaves as property existed in the Territories by virtue of the Federal Constitution, and that this right could not be denied by any act of a territorial government. This, of course, denied the right of the people of any Territory to exclude slavery while they were in a territorial condition, and it alarmed the Northern people still more. Douglas recognized the binding force of the decision of the Supreme Court, at the same time maintaining, most illogically, that his great principle of popular sovereignty remained in force nevertheless. Meanwhile, the proslavery people of western Missouri, the so-called "border ruffians," had invaded Kansas, set up a constitutional convention, made a constitution of an extreme proslavery type, the "Lecompton Constitution," refused to submit it fairly to a vote of the people of Kansas, and then referred it to Congress for acceptance; seeking thus to accomplish the admission of Kansas as a slave State. Had Doug-

las supported such a scheme, he would have lost all foothold in the North. In the name of popular sovereignty, he loudly declared his opposition to the acceptance of any constitution not sanctioned by a formal popular vote. He "did not care," he said, "whether slavery be voted up or down," but there must be a fair vote of the people. Thus he drew upon himself the hostility of the Buchanan administration, which was controlled by the proslavery interest, but he saved his Northern following. More than this, not only did his Democratic admirers now call him "the true champion of freedom," but even some Republicans of large influence, prominent among them Horace Greeley, sympathizing with Douglas in his fight against the Lecompton Constitution, and hoping to detach him permanently from the proslavery interest and to force a lasting breach in the Democratic party, seriously advised the Republicans of Illinois to give up their opposition to Douglas, and to help reelect him to the Senate. Lincoln was not of that opinion. He believed that great popular movements can succeed only when guided by their faithful friends, and that the antislavery cause could not safely be entrusted to the keeping of one who "did not care whether slavery be voted up or down." This opinion prevailed in Illinois; but the influences within the Republican party, over which it prevailed, yielded only a reluctant acquiescence, if they acquiesced at all, after having materially strengthened Douglas's position. Such was the situation of things when the campaign of 1858 between Lincoln and Douglas began.

Lincoln opened the campaign on his side, at the convention which nominated him as the Republican candidate for the senatorship, with a memorable saying which sounded like a shout from the watch-tower of history: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure

permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States,—old as well as new, North as well as South." Then he proceeded to point out that the Nebraska doctrine combined with the Dred Scott decision worked in the direction of making the nation "all slave." Here was the "irrepressible conflict" spoken of by Seward a short time later, in a speech made famous mainly by that phrase. If there was any new discovery in it, the right of priority was Lincoln's. This utterance proved not only his statesmanlike conception of the issue, but also, in his situation as a candidate, the firmness of his moral courage. The friends to whom he had read the draught of this speech before he delivered it warned him anxiously that its delivery might be fatal to his success in the election. This was shrewd advice, in the ordinary sense. While a slaveholder could threaten disunion with impunity, the mere suggestion that the existence of slavery was incompatible with freedom in the Union would hazard the political chances of any public man in the North. But Lincoln was inflexible. "It is true," said he, "and I will deliver it as written. . . . I would rather be defeated with these expressions in my speech held up and discussed before the people than be victorious without them." The statesman was right in his far-seeing judgment and his conscientious statement of the truth, but the practical politicians were also right in their prediction of the immediate effect. Douglas instantly seized upon the declaration that a house divided against itself can-

not stand as the main objective point of his attack, interpreting it as an excitement to a "relentless sectional war," and there is no doubt that the persistent reiteration of this charge served to frighten not a few timid souls.

Lincoln constantly endeavored to bring the moral and philosophical side of the subject to the foreground. "Slavery is wrong" was the keynote of all his speeches. To Douglas's glittering sophism that the right of the people of a Territory to have slavery or not, as they might desire, was in accordance with the principle of true popular sovereignty, he made the pointed answer: "Then true popular sovereignty, according to Senator Douglas, means that, when one man makes another man his slave, no third man shall be allowed to object." To Douglas's argument that the principle which demanded that the people of a Territory should be permitted to choose whether they would have slavery or not "originated when God made man, and placed good and evil before him, allowing him to choose upon his own responsibility," Lincoln solemnly replied: "No; God did not place good and evil before man, telling him to make his choice. On the contrary, God did tell him there was one tree of the fruit of which he should not eat, upon pain of death." He did not, however, place himself on the most advanced ground taken by the radical antislavery men. He admitted that, under the Constitution, "the Southern people were entitled to a congressional fugitive slave law," although he did not approve the fugitive slave law then existing. He declared also that, if slavery were kept out of the Territories during their territorial existence, as it should be, and if then the people of any Territory, having a fair chance and a clear field, should do such an extraordinary thing as to adopt a slave constitution, uninfluenced by the actual presence of the institution among them, he saw no alternative but to ad-

mit such a Territory into the Union. He declared further that, while he should be exceedingly glad to see slavery abolished in the District of Columbia, he should, as a member of Congress, with his present views, not endeavor to bring on that abolition except on condition that emancipation be gradual, that it be approved by the decision of a majority of voters in the District, and that compensation be made to unwilling owners. On every available occasion, he pronounced himself in favor of the deportation and colonization of the blacks, of course with their consent. He repeatedly disavowed any wish on his part to have social and political equality established between whites and blacks. On this point, he summed up his views in a reply to Douglas's assertion that the Declaration of Independence, in speaking of all men as being created equal, did not include the negroes, saying: "I do not understand the Declaration of Independence to mean that all men were created equal in all respects. They are not equal in color. But I believe that it does mean to declare that all men are equal in some respects; they are equal in their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

With regard to some of these subjects Lincoln modified his position at a later period, and it has been suggested that he would have professed more advanced principles in his debates with Douglas, had he not feared thereby to lose votes. This view can hardly be sustained. Lincoln had the courage of his opinions, but he was not a radical. The man who risked his election by delivering, against the urgent protest of his friends, the speech about "the house divided against itself" would not have shrunk from the expression of more extreme views, had he really entertained them. It is only fair to assume that he said what at the time he really thought, and that if, subsequently, his opinions changed, it was owing to new concep-

tions of good policy and of duty brought forth by an entirely new set of circumstances and exigencies. It is characteristic that he continued to adhere to the impracticable colonization plan even after the Emancipation Proclamation had already been issued.

But in this contest Lincoln proved himself not only a debater, but also a political strategist of the first order. The "kind, amiable, and intelligent gentleman," as Douglas had been pleased to call him, was by no means as harmless as a dove. He perceived keenly the ugly dilemma in which Douglas found himself, between the Dred Scott decision, which declared the right to hold slaves to exist in the Territories by virtue of the Federal Constitution, and his "great principle of popular sovereignty," according to which the people of a Territory, if they saw fit, were to have the right to exclude slavery therefrom. Douglas was twisting and squirming to the best of his ability to avoid the admission that the two were incompatible. The question then presented itself if it would be good policy for Lincoln to force Douglas to a clear expression of his opinion as to whether, the Dred Scott decision notwithstanding, "the people of a Territory could, in any lawful way, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution." Lincoln foresaw and predicted what Douglas would answer: that slavery could not exist in a Territory unless the people desired it, and gave it protection by territorial legislation. In an improvised caucus the policy of pressing the interrogatory on Douglas was discussed. Lincoln's friends unanimously advised against it, because the answer foreseen would sufficiently commend Douglas to the people of Illinois to insure his reelection to the Senate. But Lincoln persisted. "I am after larger game," said he. "If Douglas so answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is

worth a hundred of this." The interrogatory was pressed upon Douglas, and Douglas did answer that, no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court might be on the abstract question, the people of a Territory had the lawful means to introduce or exclude slavery by territorial legislation friendly or unfriendly to the institution. Lincoln found it easy to show the absurdity of the proposition that, if slavery were admitted to exist of right in the Territories by virtue of the supreme law, the Federal Constitution, it could not be kept out or expelled by an inferior law, one made by a territorial legislature. Again the judgment of the politicians, having only the nearest object in view, proved correct: Douglas was reelected to the Senate. But Lincoln's judgment proved correct, also: Douglas, by resorting to the expedient of his "unfriendly legislation doctrine," forfeited his last chance of becoming President of the United States. He might have hoped to win, by sufficient atonement, his pardon from the South for his opposition to the Leecompton Constitution; but that he taught the people of the Territories a trick by which they could defeat what the proslavery men considered a constitutional right, and that he called that trick lawful, — this the slave power would never forgive. The breach between the Southern and the Northern democracy was thenceforth irremediable and fatal.

The presidential election of 1860 approached. The struggle in Kansas, and the debates in Congress which accompanied it, and which not unfrequently provoked to violent outbursts, continually stirred the popular excitement. Within the Democratic party raged the war of factions. The national Democratic convention met at Charleston on the 23d of April, 1860. After a struggle of ten days between the adherents and the opponents of Douglas, during which the delegates from the cotton States had withdrawn, the convention adjourned

without having nominated any candidates, to meet again in Baltimore on the 18th of June. There was no prospect, however, of reconciling the hostile elements. It appeared very probable that the Baltimore convention would nominate Douglas, while the seceding Southern Democrats would set up a candidate of their own, representing extreme proslavery principles.

Meanwhile, the national Republican convention assembled at Chicago on the 16th of May, full of enthusiasm and hope. The situation was easily understood. The Democrats would have the South. In order to succeed in the election, the Republicans had to win, in addition to the States carried by Frémont in 1856, those that were classed as "doubtful," — New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, or Illinois in the place of either New Jersey or Indiana. The most eminent Republican statesmen and leaders of the time thought of for the presidency were Seward and Chase, both regarded as belonging to the more advanced order of antislavery men. Of the two, Seward had the largest following, mainly from New York, New England, and the Northwest. Cautious politicians doubted seriously whether Seward, to whom some phrases in his speeches had undeservedly given the reputation of a reckless radical, would be able to command the whole Republican vote in the doubtful States. Besides, during his long public career he had made enemies. It was evident that those who thought Seward's nomination too hazardous an experiment would consider Chase unavailable for the same reason. They would then look round for an "available" man; and among the "available" men Abraham Lincoln was easily discovered to stand foremost. His great debate with Douglas had given him a national reputation. The people of the East being eager to see the hero of so dramatic a contest, he had been induced to visit several Eastern cities, and had

astonished and delighted large and distinguished audiences with speeches of singular power and originality. The people of the West had grown proud of him as a distinctively Western great man, and his popularity at home had some peculiar features which could be expected to exercise a potent charm. Nor was Lincoln's name as that of an available candidate left to the chance of accidental discovery. It is indeed not probable that he thought of himself as a presidential possibility, during his contest with Douglas for the senatorship. As late as April, 1859, he had written to a friend who had approached him on the subject that he did not think himself fit for the presidency. The vice-presidency was then the limit of his ambition. But some of his friends in Illinois took the matter seriously in hand, and Lincoln, after some hesitation, then formally authorized "the use of his name." The matter was managed by his friends with such energy and excellent judgment that, in the convention, he had not only the whole vote of Illinois to start with, but won votes on all sides without offending any rival. A large majority of the opponents of Seward went over to Abraham Lincoln, and gave him the nomination on the third ballot. As had been foreseen, Douglas was nominated by one wing of the Democratic party at Baltimore, while the extreme proslavery wing put Breckinridge into the field as its candidate. After an animated campaign, the united Republicans defeated the divided Democrats, and Lincoln was elected President by a majority of fifty-seven votes in the electoral colleges.

The result of the election had hardly been declared when the disunion movement in the South, long threatened and carefully planned and prepared, broke out in the shape of open revolt, and nearly a month before Lincoln could be inaugurated as President of the United States seven Southern States had adopted

ordinances of secession, formed an independent confederacy, framed a constitution for it, and elected Jefferson Davis its president, expecting the other slaveholding States soon to join them. On the 11th of February, 1861, Lincoln left Springfield for Washington; having, with characteristic simplicity, asked his law partner not to change the sign of the firm "Lincoln and Herndon" during the four years' unavoidable absence of the senior partner, and having taken an affectionate and touching leave of his neighbors.

The situation which confronted the new President was appalling: the larger part of the South in open rebellion, the rest of the slaveholding States wavering, preparing to follow; the revolt guided by determined, daring, and skillful leaders; the Southern people, apparently full of enthusiasm and military spirit, rushing to arms, some of the forts and arsenals already in their possession; the government of the Union, before the accession of the new President, in the hands of men some of whom actively sympathized with the revolt, while others were hampered by their traditional doctrines in dealing with it, and really gave it aid and comfort by their irresolute attitude; all the departments full of "Southern sympathizers" and honeycombed with disloyalty; the treasury empty, and the public credit at the lowest ebb; the arsenals ill supplied with arms, if not emptied by treacherous practices; the regular army of insignificant strength, dispersed over an immense surface, and deprived of some of its best officers by defection; the navy small and antiquated. But that was not all. The threat of disunion had so often been resorted to by the slave power in years gone by that most Northern people had ceased to believe in its seriousness. But when disunion actually appeared as a stern reality, something like a chill swept through the whole Northern country. A cry for union and peace

at any price rose on all sides. Democratic partisanship reiterated this cry with vociferous vehemence, and even many Republicans grew afraid of the victory they had just achieved at the ballot-box, and spoke of compromise. The country fairly resounded with the noise of "anti-coercion meetings." Expressions of firm resolution from determined antislavery men were indeed not wanting, but they were for a while almost drowned by a bewildering confusion of discordant voices. Even this was not all. Potent influences in Europe, with an ill-concealed desire for the permanent disruption of the American Union, eagerly espoused the cause of the Southern seceders, and the two principal maritime powers of the Old World seemed only to be waiting for a favorable opportunity to lend them a helping hand.

This was the state of things to be mastered by "honest Abe Lincoln" when he sat down in the presidential chair, — "honest Abe Lincoln," who was so good-natured that he could not say "no;" the greatest achievement in whose life had been a debate on the slavery question; who had never been in any position of power; who was without the slightest experience of high executive duties, and who had only a speaking acquaintance with the men upon whose counsel and coöperation he was to depend. Nor was his accession to power under such circumstances greeted with general confidence even by the members of his party. While he had indeed won much popularity, many Republicans, especially among those who had advocated Seward's nomination for the presidency, saw the simple "Illinois lawyer" take the reins of government with a feeling little short of dismay. The orators and journals of the opposition were ridiculing and lampooning him without measure. Many people actually wondered how such a man could dare to undertake a task which, as he himself had said to his neighbors in his

parting speech, was "more difficult than that of Washington himself had been."

But Lincoln brought to that task, aside from other uncommon qualities, the first requisite, — an intuitive comprehension of its nature. While he did not indulge in the delusion that the Union could be maintained or restored without a conflict of arms, he could indeed not foresee all the problems he would have to solve. He instinctively understood, however, by what means that conflict would have to be conducted by the government of a democracy. He knew that the impending war, whether great or small, would not be like a foreign war, exciting a united national enthusiasm, but a civil war, likely to fan to uncommon heat the animosities of party even in the localities controlled by the government; that this war would have to be carried on, not by means of a ready-made machinery, ruled by an undisputed, absolute will, but by means to be furnished by the voluntary action of the people: — armies to be formed by voluntary enlistment; large sums of money to be raised by the people, through their representatives, voluntarily taxing themselves; trusts of extraordinary power to be voluntarily granted; and war measures, not seldom restricting the rights and liberties to which the citizen was accustomed, to be voluntarily accepted and submitted to by the people, or at least a large majority of them; — and that this would have to be kept up not merely during a short period of enthusiastic excitement, but possibly through weary years of alternating success and disaster, hope and despondency. He knew that in order to steer this government by public opinion successfully through all the confusion created by the prejudices and doubts and differences of sentiment distracting the popular mind, and so to propitiate, inspire, mould, organize, unite, and guide the popular will that it might give forth all the means required for the performance of his great

task, he would have to take into account all the influences strongly affecting the current of popular thought and feeling, and to direct while appearing to obey.

This was the kind of leadership he intuitively conceived to be needed when a free people were to be led forward *en masse* to overcome a great common danger under circumstances of appalling difficulty, — the leadership which does not dash ahead with brilliant daring, no matter who follows, but which is intent upon rallying all the available forces, gathering in the stragglers, closing up the column, so that the front may advance well supported. For this leadership Abraham Lincoln was admirably fitted, — better than any other American statesman of his day; for he understood the plain people, with all their loves and hates, their prejudices and their noble impulses, their weaknesses and their strength, as he understood himself, and his sympathetic nature was apt to draw their sympathy to him.

His inaugural address foreshadowed his official course in characteristic manner. Although yielding nothing in point of principle, it was by no means a flaming antislavery manifesto, such as would have pleased the more ardent Republicans. It was rather the entreaty of a sorrowing father speaking to his wayward children. In the kindest language, he pointed out to the secessionists how ill advised their attempt at disunion was, and why, for their own sakes, they should desist. Almost plaintively, he told them that, while it was not *their* duty to destroy the Union, it was *his* sworn duty to preserve it; that the least he could do, under the obligations of his oath, was to possess and hold the property of the United States; that he hoped to do this peaceably; that he abhorred war for any purpose, and that they would have none unless they themselves were the aggressors. It was a masterpiece of persuasiveness, and, while Lincoln had accepted many valuable amendments

suggested by Seward, it was essentially his own. Probably Lincoln himself did not expect his inaugural address to have any effect upon the secessionists, for he must have known them to be resolved upon disunion at any cost. But it was an appeal to the wavering minds in the North, and upon them it made a profound impression. Every candid man, however timid and halting, had to admit that the President was bound by his oath to do his duty; that under that oath he could do no less than he said he would do; that if the secessionists resisted such an appeal as the President had made they were bent upon mischief, and that the government must be supported against them. The partisan sympathy with the Southern insurrection which still existed in the North did indeed not disappear, but it diminished perceptibly under the influence of such reasoning. Those who still resisted it did so at the risk of appearing unpatriotic.

It must not be supposed, however, that Lincoln at once succeeded in pleasing everybody, even among his friends, — even among those nearest to him. In selecting his cabinet, which he did substantially before he left Springfield for Washington, he thought it wise to call to his assistance the strong men of his party, especially those who had given evidence of the support they commanded as his competitors in the Chicago convention. In them he found at the same time representatives of the different shades of opinion within the party, and of the different elements — former Whigs and former Democrats — from which the party had recruited itself. This was sound policy, under the circumstances. It might indeed have been foreseen that among the members of a cabinet so composed troublesome disagreements and rivalries would break out. But it was better for the President to have these strong and ambitious men near him as his coöperators than to have

them as his critics in Congress, where their differences might have been composed in a common opposition to him. As members of his cabinet he could hope to control them, and to keep them busily employed in the service of a common purpose, if he had the strength to do so. Whether he did possess this strength was soon tested by a singularly rude trial.

There can be no doubt that the foremost members of his cabinet, Seward and Chase, the most eminent Republican statesmen, had felt themselves wronged by their party when, in its national convention, it preferred to them, for the presidency, a man whom, not unnaturally, they thought greatly their inferior in ability and experience as well as in service. The soreness of that disappointment was intensified when they saw this Western man in the White House, with so much of rustic manner and speech as still clung to him, meeting his fellow-citizens, high and low, on a footing of equality with the simplicity of his good nature, unburdened by any conventional dignity of deportment, and dealing with the great business of state in an easy-going, unmethodical, and apparently somewhat irreverent way. They did not understand such a man. Especially Seward, who, as Secretary of State, considered himself next the Chief Executive, and who quickly accustomed himself to giving orders and making arrangements upon his own motion, thought it necessary that he should rescue the direction of public affairs from hands so unskilled, and take full charge of them himself. At the end of the first month of the administration he submitted a "memorandum" to President Lincoln, which has been first brought to light by Nicolay and Hay, and is one of their most valuable contributions to the history of those days. In that paper Seward actually told the President that, at the end of a month's administration, the government was still without a policy,

either domestic or foreign; that the slavery question should be eliminated from the struggle about the Union; that the matter of the maintenance of the forts and other possessions in the South should be decided with that view; that explanations should be demanded categorically from the governments of Spain and France, which were then preparing, one for the annexation of San Domingo, and both for the invasion of Mexico; that if no satisfactory explanations were received war should be declared against Spain and France by the United States; that explanations should also be sought from Russia and Great Britain, and a vigorous continental spirit of independence against European intervention be aroused all over the American continent; that this policy should be incessantly pursued and directed by somebody; that either the President should devote himself entirely to it, or devolve the direction on some member of his cabinet, whereupon all debate on this policy must end.

This could be understood only as a formal demand that the President should acknowledge his own incompetency to perform his duties, content himself with the amusement of distributing post offices, and resign his power as to all important affairs into the hands of his Secretary of State. It seems to-day incomprehensible how a statesman of Seward's calibre could at that period conceive a plan of policy in which the slavery question had no place; a policy which rested upon the utterly delusive assumption that the secessionists, who had already formed their Southern Confederacy, and were with stern resolution preparing to fight for its independence, could be hoodwinked back into the Union by some sentimental demonstration against European interference; a policy which, at that critical moment, would have involved the Union in a foreign war, thus inviting foreign intervention in favor of the Southern Confeder-

acy, and increasing tenfold its chances in the struggle for independence. But it is still more incomprehensible how Seward could fail to see that this demand of an unconditional surrender was a mortal insult to the head of the government, and that by putting his proposition on paper he delivered himself into the hands of the very man he had insulted; for, had Lincoln, as most Presidents would have done, instantly dismissed Seward, and published the true reason for that dismissal, it would inevitably have been the end of Seward's career. But Lincoln did what not many of the noblest and greatest men in history would have been noble and great enough to do. He considered that Seward was still capable of rendering great service to his country in the place in which he was, if rightly controlled. He ignored the insult, but firmly established his superiority. In his reply, which he forthwith dispatched, he told Seward that the administration had a domestic policy as laid down in the inaugural address with Seward's approval; that it had a foreign policy as traced in Seward's dispatches with the President's approval; that if any policy was to be maintained or changed, he, the President, was to direct that on his responsibility; and that in performing that duty the President had a right to the advice of his secretaries. Seward's fantastic schemes of foreign war and continental policies Lincoln brushed aside by passing them over in silence. Nothing more was said. Seward must have felt that he was at the mercy of a superior man; that his offensive proposition had been generously pardoned as a temporary aberration of a great mind, and that he could atone for it only by devoted personal loyalty. This he did. He was thoroughly subdued, and thenceforth submitted to Lincoln his dispatches for revision and amendment without a murmur. The war with European nations was no longer thought of; the slavery question found in due time its proper

place in the struggle for the Union; and when, at a later period, the dismissal of Seward was demanded by dissatisfied Senators, who attributed to him the shortcomings of the administration, Lincoln stood stoutly by his faithful Secretary of State.

Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, a man of superb presence, of eminent ability and ardent patriotism, of great natural dignity and a certain outward coldness of manner, which made him appear more difficult of approach than he really was, did not permit his disappointment to burst out in such extravagant demonstrations. But Lincoln's ways were so essentially different from his that they never became quite intelligible, and certainly not congenial to him. It might, perhaps, have been better had there been, at the beginning of the administration, some decided clash between Lincoln and Chase, as there was between Lincoln and Seward, to bring on a full mutual explanation, and to make Chase appreciate the real seriousness of Lincoln's nature. But, as it was, their relations always remained somewhat formal, and Chase never felt quite at ease under a chief whom he could not understand, and whose character and powers he never learned to esteem at their true value. At the same time, he devoted himself zealously to the duties of his department, and did the country splendid service under circumstances of extreme difficulty. Nobody recognized this more heartily than Lincoln himself, and they managed to work together until near the end of Lincoln's first presidential term, when Chase, after some disagreements concerning appointments to office, resigned from the treasury, and, after Taney's death, the President made him Chief Justice.

The rest of the cabinet consisted of men of less eminence, who subordinated themselves more easily. In January, 1862, Lincoln found it necessary to bow Cameron out of the war office, and to

put in his place Edwin M. Stanton, a man of intensely practical mind, vehement impulses, fierce positiveness, ruthless energy, immense working power, lofty patriotism, and severest devotion to duty. He accepted the war office, not as a partisan, for he had never been a Republican, but only to do all he could in "helping to save the country." The manner in which Lincoln succeeded in taming this lion to his will, by frankly recognizing his great qualities, by giving him the most generous confidence, by aiding him in his work to the full of his power, by kindly yielding or affectionate persuasiveness in cases of differing opinions, or, when it was necessary, by firm assertions of superior authority, bears the highest testimony to his skill in the management of men. Stanton, who had entered the service with rather a mean opinion of Lincoln's character and capacity, became one of his warmest, most devoted, and most admiring friends, and with none of his secretaries was Lincoln's intercourse more intimate. To take advice with candid readiness, and to weigh it without any pride of his own opinion, was one of Lincoln's preëminent virtues; but he had not long presided over his cabinet council when his was felt by all its members to be the ruling mind.

The cautious policy foreshadowed in his inaugural address, and pursued during the first period of the civil war, was far from satisfying all his party friends. The ardent spirits among the Union men thought that the whole North should at once be called to arms, to crush the rebellion by one powerful blow. The ardent spirits among the antislavery men insisted that, slavery having brought forth the rebellion, this powerful blow should at once be aimed at slavery. Both complained that the administration was spiritless, undecided, and lamentably slow in its proceedings. Lincoln reasoned otherwise. The ways of thinking and feeling of the masses,

of the plain people, were constantly present to his mind. The masses, the plain people, had to furnish the men for the fighting, if fighting was to be done. He believed that the plain people would be ready to fight when it clearly appeared necessary, and that they would feel that necessity when they felt themselves attacked. He therefore waited until the enemies of the Union struck the first blow. As soon as, on the 12th of April, 1861, the first gun was fired in Charleston harbor on the Union flag upon Fort Sumter, the call was sounded, and the Northern people rushed to arms.

Lincoln knew that the plain people were now indeed ready to fight in defense of the Union, but not yet ready to fight for the destruction of slavery. He declared openly that he had a right to summon the people to fight for the Union, but not to summon them to fight for the abolition of slavery as a primary object; and this declaration gave him numberless soldiers for the Union who at that period would have hesitated to do battle against the institution of slavery. For a time he succeeded in rendering harmless the cry of the partisan opposition that the Republican administration were perverting the war for the Union into an "abolition war." But when he went so far as to countermand the acts of some generals in the field, looking to the emancipation of the slaves in the districts covered by their commands, loud complaints arose from earnest antislavery men, who accused the President of turning his back upon the antislavery cause. Many of these antislavery men will now, after a calm retrospect, be willing to admit that it would have been a hazardous policy to endanger, by precipitating a demonstrative fight against slavery, the success of the struggle for the Union.

Lincoln's views and feelings concerning slavery had not changed. Those who conversed with him intimately upon

the subject at that period know that he did not expect slavery long to survive the triumph of the Union, even if it were not immediately destroyed by the war. In this he was right. Had the Union armies achieved a decisive victory in an early period of the conflict, and had the seceded States been received back with slavery, the "slave power" would then have been a defeated power, — defeated in an attempt to carry out its most effective threat. It would have lost its prestige. Its menaces would have been hollow sound, and ceased to make any one afraid. It could no longer have hoped to expand, to maintain an equilibrium in any branch of Congress, and to control the government. The victorious free States would have largely overbalanced it. It would no longer have been able to withstand the onset of a hostile age. It could no longer have ruled, — and slavery had to rule in order to live. It would have lingered for a while, but it would surely have been "in the course of ultimate extinction." A prolonged war precipitated the destruction of slavery; a short war might only have prolonged its death struggle. Lincoln saw this clearly; but he saw also that, in a protracted death struggle, it might still have kept disloyal sentiments alive, bred distracting commotions, and caused great mischief to the country. He therefore hoped that slavery would not survive the war.

But the question how he could rightfully employ his power to bring on its speedy destruction was to him not a question of mere sentiment. He himself set forth his reasoning upon it, at a later period, in one of his inimitable letters. "I am naturally antislavery," said he. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember the time when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act upon that judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took

that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using that power. I understood, too, that, in ordinary civil administration, this oath even forbade me practically to indulge my private abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I did understand, however, also, that my oath imposed upon me the duty of preserving, to the best of my ability, by every indispensable means, that government, that nation, of which the Constitution was the organic law. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even *tried* to preserve the Constitution if, to save slavery, or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution all together." In other words, if the salvation of the government, the Constitution, and the Union demanded the destruction of slavery, he felt it to be not only his right, but his sworn duty to destroy it. Its destruction became a necessity of the war for the Union.

As the war dragged on and disaster followed disaster, the sense of that necessity steadily grew upon him. Early in 1862, as some of his friends well remember, he saw, what Seward seemed not to see, that to give the war for the Union an antislavery character was the surest means to prevent the recognition of the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation by European powers; that, slavery being abhorred by the moral sense of civilized mankind, no European government would dare to offer so gross an insult to the public opinion of its people as openly to favor the creation of a state founded upon slavery to the prejudice of an existing nation fighting against slavery. He saw also that slavery untouched was to the rebellion an element of power, and that in order to overcome that power it was

necessary to turn it into an element of weakness. Still, he felt no assurance that the plain people were prepared for so radical a measure as the emancipation of the slaves by act of the government, and he anxiously considered that, if they were not, this great step might, by exciting dissension at the North, injure the cause of the Union in one quarter more than it would help it in another. He heartily welcomed an effort made in New York to mould and stimulate public sentiment on the slavery question by public meetings boldly pronouncing for emancipation. At the same time he himself cautiously advanced with a recommendation, expressed in a special message to Congress, that the United States should coöperate with any State which might adopt the gradual abolishment of slavery, giving such State pecuniary aid to compensate the former owners of emancipated slaves. The discussion was started, and spread rapidly. Congress adopted the resolution recommended, and soon went a step farther in passing a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. The plain people began to look at emancipation on a larger scale, as a thing to be considered seriously by patriotic citizens; and soon Lincoln thought that the time was ripe, and that the edict of freedom could be ventured upon without danger of serious confusion in the Union ranks.

The failure of McClellan's movement upon Richmond increased immensely the prestige of the enemy. The need of some great act to stimulate the vitality of the Union cause seemed to grow daily more pressing. On July 21, 1862, Lincoln surprised his cabinet with the draught of a proclamation declaring free the slaves in all the States that should be still in rebellion against the United States on the 1st of January, 1863. As to the matter itself he announced that he had fully made up his mind; he invited advice only concerning the form and the time of publication.

Seward suggested that the proclamation, if then brought out, amidst disaster and distress, would sound like the last shriek of a perishing cause. Lincoln accepted the suggestion, and the proclamation was postponed. Another defeat followed, the second at Bull Run. But when, after that battle, the Confederate army, under Lee, crossed the Potomac and invaded Maryland, Lincoln vowed in his heart that, if the Union army were now blessed with success, the decree of freedom should surely be issued. The victory of Antietam was won on September 17, and the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation came forth on the 22d. It was Lincoln's own resolution and act; but practically it bound the nation, and permitted no step backward. In spite of its limitations, it was the actual abolition of slavery. Thus he wrote his name upon the books of history with the title dearest to his heart, — the liberator of the slave.

It is true, the great proclamation, which stamped the war as one for "union and freedom," did not at once mark the turning of the tide on the field of military operations. There were more disasters, — Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. But with Gettysburg and Vicksburg the whole aspect of the war changed. Step by step, now more slowly, then more rapidly, but with increasing steadiness, the flag of the Union advanced from field to field toward the final consummation. The decree of emancipation was naturally followed by the enlistment of emancipated negroes in the Union armies. This measure had a farther reaching effect than merely giving the Union armies an increased supply of men. The laboring force of the rebellion was hopelessly disorganized. The war became like a problem of arithmetic. As the Union armies pushed forward, the area from which the Southern Confederacy could draw recruits and supplies constantly grew smaller, while the area from which the Union recruited

its strength constantly grew larger; and everywhere, even within the Southern lines, the Union had its allies. The fate of the rebellion was then virtually decided; but it still required much bloody work to convince the brave warriors who fought for it that they were really beaten.

Neither did the Emancipation Proclamation forthwith command universal assent among the people who were loyal to the Union. There were even signs of a reaction against the administration in the fall elections of 1862, seemingly justifying the opinion, entertained by many, that the President had really anticipated the development of popular feeling. The cry that the war for the Union had been turned into an "abolition war" was raised again by the opposition, and more loudly than ever. But the good sense and patriotic instincts of the plain people gradually marshaled themselves on Lincoln's side, and he lost no opportunity to help on this process by personal argument and admonition. There never has been a President in such constant and active contact with the public opinion of the country, as there never has been a President who, while at the head of the government, remained so near to the people. Beyond the circle of those who had long known him, the feeling steadily grew that the man in the White House was "honest Abe Lincoln" still, and that every citizen might approach him with complaint, expostulation, or advice, without danger of meeting a rebuff from power-proud authority, or humiliating condescension; and this privilege was used by so many and with such unsparing freedom that only superhuman patience could have endured it all. There are men now living who would to-day read with amazement, if not regret, what they then ventured to say or write to him. But Lincoln repelled no one whom he believed to speak to him in good faith and with patriotic purpose. No

good advice would go unheeded. No candid criticism would offend him. No honest opposition, while it might pain him, would produce a lasting alienation of feeling between him and the opponent. It may truly be said that few men in power have ever been exposed to more daring attempts to direct their course, to severer censure of their acts, and to more cruel misrepresentation of their motives. And all this he met with that good-natured humor peculiarly his own, and with untiring effort to see the right, and to impress it upon those who differed from him. The conversations he had and the correspondence he carried on upon matters of public interest, not only with men in official position, but with private citizens, were almost unceasing, and in a large number of public letters, written ostensibly to meetings, or committees, or persons of importance, he addressed himself directly to the popular mind. Most of these letters stand among the finest monuments of our political literature.* Thus he presented the singular spectacle of a President who, in the midst of a great civil war, with unprecedented duties weighing upon him, was constantly in person debating the great features of his policy with the people.

While in this manner he exercised an ever-increasing influence upon the popular understanding, his sympathetic nature endeared him more and more to the popular heart. In vain did papers and speakers of the opposition represent him as a light-minded trifler, who amused himself with frivolous story-telling and coarse jokes. The people knew that the man at the head of affairs was more than any other deeply distressed by the suffering he witnessed; that he felt the pain of every wound that was inflicted on the battlefield, and the anguish of every woman or child who had lost husband or father; that whenever he could he was glad to alleviate sorrow, and that his mercy was never implored

in vain. They looked to him as one who was with them and of them in all their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, — who laughed with them and wept with them; and as his heart was theirs, so their hearts turned to him. His popularity was far different from that of Washington, who was revered with awe, or that of Jackson, the unconquerable hero, for whom party enthusiasm never grew weary of shouting. To Abraham Lincoln the people became bound by a genuine sentimental attachment. It was not a matter of respect, or confidence, or party pride, for this feeling spread far beyond the boundary lines of his party; it was an affair of the heart, independent of mere reasoning. When the soldiers in the field or their folks at home spoke of "Father Abraham," there was no cant in it. They felt that their President was really caring for them as a father would, and that they could go to him, every one of them, as they would go to a father, and talk to him of what troubled them, sure to find a willing ear and tender sympathy. Thus, their President, and his cause, and his endeavors, and his success gradually became to them almost matters of family concern. And this popularity carried him triumphantly through the presidential election of 1864, in spite of an opposition within his own party which at first seemed very formidable.

Many of the radical antislavery men were never quite satisfied with Lincoln's ways of meeting the problems of the time. They were very earnest and mostly very able men, who had positive ideas as to "how this rebellion should be put down." They would not recognize the necessity of measuring the steps of the government according to the progress of opinion among the plain people. They criticised Lincoln's cautious management as irresolute, halting, lacking in definite purpose and in energy; he should not have delayed emancipation so long; he should not have confided

important commands to men of doubtful views as to slavery; he should have authorized military commanders to set the slaves free as they went on; he dealt too leniently with unsuccessful generals; he should have put down all factious opposition with a strong hand instead of trying to pacify it; he should have given the people accomplished facts instead of arguing with them, and so on. It is true, these criticisms were not always entirely unfounded. Lincoln's policy had, with the virtues of democratic government, some of its weaknesses, which, in the presence of pressing exigencies, were apt to deprive governmental action of the necessary vigor; and his kindness of heart, his disposition always to respect the feelings of others, frequently made him recoil from anything like severity, even when severity was called for. But many of his radical critics have, since then, revised their judgment sufficiently to admit that Lincoln's policy was, on the whole, the wisest and safest; that a policy of heroic methods, while it has sometimes accomplished great results, could, in a democracy like ours, be maintained only by constant success; that it would have quickly broken down under the weight of disaster; that it might have been successful from the start, had the Union, at the beginning of the conflict, had its Grants and Shermans and Sheridans, its Farraguts and Porters, fully matured at the head of its forces; but that, as the great commanders had to be evolved slowly from the developments of the war, constant success could not be counted upon, and it was best to follow a policy which was in friendly contact with the popular force, and therefore more fit to stand the trial of misfortune on the battlefield. But at that period they thought differently, and their dissatisfaction with Lincoln's doings was greatly increased by the steps he took toward the reconstruction of rebel States then partially in possession of the Union forces.

In December, 1863, Lincoln issued an amnesty proclamation, offering pardon to all implicated in the rebellion, with certain specified exceptions, on condition of their taking and maintaining an oath to support the Constitution and obey the laws of the United States and the proclamations of the President with regard to slaves; and also promising that when, in any of the rebel States, a number of citizens equal to one tenth of the voters in 1860 should reestablish a state government in conformity with the oath above mentioned, such should be recognized by the Executive as the true government of the State. The proclamation seemed, at first, to be received with general favor. But soon another scheme of reconstruction, much more stringent in its provisions, was put forward in the House of Representatives by Henry Winter Davis. Benjamin Wade championed it in the Senate. It passed in the closing moments of the session in July, 1864, and Lincoln, instead of making it a law by his signature, embodied the text of it in a proclamation as a plan of reconstruction worthy of being earnestly considered. The differences of opinion concerning this subject had only intensified the feeling against Lincoln which had long been nursed among the radicals, and some of them openly declared their purpose of resisting his reelection to the presidency. Similar sentiments were manifested by the advanced antislavery men of Missouri, who, in their hot faction-fight with the "conservatives" of that State, had not received from Lincoln the active support they demanded. Still another class of Union men, mainly in the East, gravely shook their heads when considering the question whether Lincoln should be reelected. They were those who cherished in their minds an ideal of statesmanship and of personal bearing in high office with which, in their opinion, Lincoln's individuality was much out of accord. They were shocked when they

heard him cap an argument about grave affairs of state with a story of "a man out in Sangamon County," — a story, to be sure, strikingly clinching his point, but sadly lacking in dignity. They could not understand the man who was capable, in opening a cabinet meeting, of reading to his secretaries a funny chapter from a recent book of Artemus Ward, with which, in an unoccupied moment, he had relieved his care-burdened mind, and who then solemnly informed the executive council that he had vowed in his heart to issue a proclamation emancipating the slaves as soon as God blessed the Union arms with another victory. They were alarmed at the weakness of a President who would indeed resist the urgent remonstrances of statesmen against his policy, but could not resist the prayer of an old woman for the pardon of a soldier who was sentenced to be shot for desertion. Such men, mostly sincere and ardent patriots, not only wished, but earnestly set to work, to prevent Lincoln's renomination. Not a few of them actually believed, in 1863, that, if the national convention of the Union party were held then, Lincoln would not be supported by the delegation of a single State. But when the convention met at Baltimore, in June, 1864, the voice of the people was heard. On the first ballot Lincoln received the votes of the delegations from all the States except Missouri; and even the Missourians turned over their votes to him before the result of the ballot was declared.

But even after his renomination the opposition to Lincoln within the ranks of the Union party did not subside. A convention, called by the dissatisfied radicals in Missouri, and favored by men of a similar way of thinking in other States, had been held already in May, and had nominated as its candidate for the presidency General Frémont. He, indeed, did not attract a strong following, but opposition movements from different quar-

ters appeared more formidable. Henry Winter Davis and Benjamin Wade assailed Lincoln in a flaming manifesto. Other Union men, of undoubted patriotism and high standing, persuaded themselves, and sought to persuade the people, that Lincoln's renomination was ill advised and dangerous to the Union cause. As the Democrats had put off their convention until the 29th of August, the Union party had, during the larger part of the summer, no opposing candidate and platform to attack, and the political campaign languished. Neither were the tidings from the theatre of war of a cheering character. The terrible losses suffered by Grant's army in the battles of the Wilderness spread general gloom. Sherman seemed for a while to be in a precarious position before Atlanta. The opposition to Lincoln within the Union party grew louder in its complaints and discouraging predictions. Earnest demands were heard that his candidacy should be withdrawn. Lincoln himself, not knowing how strongly the masses were attached to him, was haunted by dark forebodings of defeat. Then the scene suddenly changed as if by magic. The Democrats, in their national convention, declared the war a failure, demanded, substantially, peace at any price, and nominated on such a platform General McClellan as their candidate. Their convention had hardly adjourned when the capture of Atlanta gave a new aspect to the military situation. It was like a sun-ray bursting through a dark cloud. The rank and file of the Union party rose with rapidly growing enthusiasm. The song "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong," resounded all over the land. Long before the decisive day arrived the result was beyond doubt, and Lincoln was reelected President by overwhelming majorities. The election over, even his severest critics found themselves forced to admit that Lincoln was the only possible candidate for the Union

party in 1864, and that neither political combinations nor campaign speeches, nor even victories in the field, were needed to insure his success. The plain people had all the while been satisfied with Abraham Lincoln: they confided in him; they loved him; they felt themselves near to him; they saw personified in him the cause of Union and freedom; and they went to the ballot-box for him in their strength.

The hour of triumph called out the characteristic impulses of his nature. The opposition within the Union party had stung him to the quick. Now he had his opponents before him, baffled and humiliated. Not a moment did he lose to stretch out the hand of friendship to all. "Now that the election is over," he said, in response to a serenade, "may not all, having a common interest, reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven, and will strive, to place no obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a reelection, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be pained or disappointed by the result. May I ask those who were with me to join with me in the same spirit toward those who were against me?" This was Abraham Lincoln's character as tested in the furnace of prosperity.

The war was virtually decided, but not yet ended. Sherman was irresistibly carrying the Union flag through the South. Grant had his iron hand upon the ramparts of Richmond. The days of the Confederacy were evidently numbered. Only the last blow remained to be struck. Then Lincoln's second inauguration came, and with it his second inaugural address. Lincoln's famous "Gettysburg speech" has been much and justly admired. But far greater, as well as far more characteristic, was that

inaugural, in which he poured out the whole devotion and tenderness of his great soul. It had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die. These were its closing words: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

This was like a sacred poem. No American President had ever spoken words like these to the American people. America never had a President who found such words in the depth of his heart.

Now followed the closing scenes of the war. The Southern armies fought bravely to the last, but all in vain. Richmond fell. Lincoln himself entered the city, accompanied only by his son, "little Tad," and by Charles Sumner. Soon some negroes recognized him, and then he was followed by a throng of those who had been slaves. They pressed around him, kissed his hands and his garments, and shouted and danced for joy, while tears ran down the President's care-furrowed cheeks.

A few days more brought the surrender of Lee's army, and peace was assured. The people of the North were

wild with joy. Everywhere festive guns were booming, bells pealing, the churches ringing with thanksgivings, and jubilant multitudes thronging the thoroughfares, when suddenly the news flashed over the land that Abraham Lincoln had been murdered. The people were stunned by the blow. Then a wail of sorrow went up such as America had never heard before. Thousands of Northern households grieved as if they had lost their dearest member. Many a Southern man cried out in his heart that his people had been robbed of their best friend in their humiliation and distress, when Abraham Lincoln was struck down. It was as if the tender affection which his countrymen bore him had inspired all nations with a common sentiment. All civilized mankind stood mourning around the coffin of the dead President. Many of those, here and abroad, who not long before had ridiculed and reviled him were among the first to hasten on with their flowers of eulogy, and in that universal chorus of lamentation and praise there was not a voice that did not tremble with genuine emotion. Never since Washington's death had there been such unanimity of judgment as to a man's virtues and greatness; and even Washington's death, although his name was held in greater reverence, did not touch so sympathetic a chord in the people's hearts.

Nor can it be said that this was owing to the tragic character of Lincoln's end. It is true, the death of this gentlest and most merciful of rulers by the hand of a mad fanatic was well apt to exalt him beyond his merits in the estimation of those who loved him, and to make his renown the object of peculiarly tender solicitude. But it is also true that the verdict pronounced upon him in those days has been affected little by time, and that historical inquiry has served rather to increase than to lessen the appreciation of his virtues, his abilities, and his services. Giving the fullest

measure of credit to his great ministers, — to Seward for his conduct of foreign affairs, to Chase for the management of the finances under terrible difficulties, to Stanton for the performance of his tremendous task as war secretary, — and readily acknowledging that without the skill and fortitude of the great commanders, and the heroism of the soldiers and sailors under them, success could not have been achieved, the historian still finds that Lincoln's judgment and will were by no means governed by those around him; that the most important steps were owing to his initiative; that his was the deciding and directing mind; and that it was preëminently he whose sagacity and whose character enlisted for the administration in its struggles the countenance, the sympathy, and the support of the people. It is found, even, that his judgment on military matters was astonishingly acute, and that the advice and instructions he gave to the generals commanding in the field would not seldom have done honor to the ablest of them. History, therefore, without overlooking, or palliating, or excusing any of his shortcomings or mistakes, continues to place him foremost among the saviours of the Union and the liberators of the slave. More than that, it awards to him the merit of having accomplished what but few political philosophers would have recognized as possible, — of leading the republic through four years of furious civil conflict without any serious detriment to its free institutions.

He was, indeed, while President, violently denounced by the opposition as a tyrant and a usurper, for having gone beyond his constitutional powers in authorizing or permitting the temporary suppression of newspapers, and in wantonly suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* and resorting to arbitrary arrests. Nobody should be blamed who, when such things are done, in good faith and from patriotic motives protests against them.

In a republic, arbitrary stretches of power, even when demanded by necessity, should never be permitted to pass without a protest on the one hand, and without an apology on the other. It is well they did not so pass during our civil war. That arbitrary measures were resorted to is true. That they were resorted to most sparingly, and only when the government thought them absolutely required by the safety of the republic, will now hardly be denied. But certain it is that the history of the world does not furnish a single example of a government passing through so tremendous a crisis as our civil war was with so small a record of arbitrary acts, and so little interference with the ordinary course of law outside the field of military operations. No American President ever wielded such power as that which was thrust into Lincoln's hands. It is to be hoped that no American President ever will have to be entrusted with such power again. But no man was ever entrusted with it to whom its seductions were less dangerous than they proved to be to Abraham Lincoln. With scrupulous care, he endeavored, even under the most trying circumstances, to remain strictly within the constitutional limitations of his authority; and whenever the boundary became indistinct, or when the dangers of the situation forced him to cross it, he was equally careful to mark his acts as exceptional measures, justifiable only by the imperative necessities of the civil war, so that they might not pass into history as precedents for similar acts in time of peace. It is an unquestionable fact that during the reconstruction period which followed the war more things were done capable of serving as dangerous precedents than during the war itself. Thus it may truly be said of him not only that under his guidance the republic was saved from disruption and the country was purified of the blot of slavery, but that, during the stormiest

and most perilous crisis in our history, he so conducted the government and so wielded his almost dictatorial power as to leave essentially intact our free institutions in all things that concern the rights and liberties of the citizen. He understood well the nature of the problem. In his first message to Congress he defined it in admirably pointed language: "Must a government be of necessity too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence? Is there in all republics this inherent weakness?" This question he answered in the name of the great American republic, as no man could have answered it better, with a triumphant "No."

It has been said that Abraham Lincoln died at the right moment for his fame. However that may be, he had, at the time of his death, certainly not exhausted his usefulness to his country. He was probably the only man who could have guided the nation through the perplexities of the reconstruction period in such a manner as to prevent in the work of peace the revival of the passions of the war. He would indeed not have escaped serious controversy as to details of policy; but he could have weathered it far better than any other statesman of his time, for his prestige with the active politicians had been immensely strengthened by his triumphant reflection; and, what is more important, he would have been supported by the confidence of the victorious Northern people that he would do all to secure the safety of the Union and the rights of the emancipated negro, and at the same time by the confidence of the defeated Southern people that nothing would be done by him from motives of vindictiveness, or of unreasoning fanaticism, or of a selfish party spirit. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," the foremost of the victors would have personified in himself the genius of reconciliation.

He might have rendered the country

a great service in another direction. A few days after the fall of Richmond, he pointed out to a friend the crowd of office-seekers besieging his door. "Look at that," said he. "Now we have conquered the rebellion, but here you see something that may become more dangerous to this republic than the rebellion itself." It is true, Lincoln as President did not profess what we now call civil service reform principles. He used the patronage of the government in many cases avowedly to reward party work, in many others to form combinations and to produce political effects advantageous to the Union cause, and in still others simply to put the right man into the right place. But in his endeavors to strengthen the Union cause, and in his search for able and useful men for public duties, he frequently went beyond the limits of his party, and gradually accustomed himself to the thought that, while party service had its value, considerations of the public interest were, as to appointments to office, of far greater consequence. Moreover, there had been such a mingling of different political elements in support of the Union during the civil war that Lincoln, standing at the head of that temporarily united motley mass, hardly felt himself, in the narrow sense of the term, a party man. And as he became strongly impressed with the dangers brought upon the republic by the use of public offices as party spoils, it is by no means improbable that, had he survived the all-absorbing crisis and found time to turn to other objects, one of the most important reforms of later days would have been pioneered by his powerful authority. This was not to be. But the measure of his achievements was full enough for immortality.

To the younger generation Abraham Lincoln has already become a half-mythical figure, which, in the haze of historic distance, grows to more and more heroic

proportions, but also loses in distinctness of outline and feature. This is indeed the common lot of popular heroes; but the Lincoln legend will be more than ordinarily apt to become fanciful, as his individuality, assembling seemingly incongruous qualities and forces in a character at the same time grand and most lovable, was so unique, and his career so abounding in startling contrasts. As the state of society in which Abraham Lincoln grew up passes away, the world will read with increasing wonder of the man who, not only of the humblest origin, but remaining the simplest and most unpretending of citizens, was raised to a position of power unprecedented in our history; who was the gentlest and most peace-loving of mortals, unable to see any creature suffer without a pang in his own breast, and suddenly found himself called to conduct the greatest and bloodiest of our wars; who wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature; who was a cautious conservative by temperament and mental habit, and led the most sudden and sweeping social revolution of our time; who, preserving his homely speech and rustic manner even in the most conspicuous position of that period, drew upon himself the scoffs of polite society, and then thrilled the soul of mankind with utterances of wonderful beauty and grandeur; who, in his heart the best friend of the defeated South, was murdered because a crazy fanatic took him for its most cruel enemy; who, while in power, was beyond measure lampooned and maligned by sectional passion and an excited party spirit, and around whose bier friend and foe gathered to praise him—which they have since never ceased to do—as one of the greatest of Americans and the best of men.

Carl Schurz.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XXXIII.

THE DISTANT TOPSAIL.

I FOUND Walkirk still fishing near the place where I had left him.

"I was beginning to be surprised at your long absence," he said, "and was thinking of going to look for you. Have you had good luck?"

This was a hard question to answer. I smiled grimly. "I have not been fishing," I answered. "I have been dictating my story to my nun."

The rod dropped from the relaxed fingers of my understudy, and he stood blankly staring at me, and waiting for an explanation. I gave it.

Depressed as I was, I could not help feeling interested in the variety of expressions which passed over Walkirk's face, as I related what had happened since I had seen him. When I told him how near we were to our old camp on the Sand Lady's island, he was simply amazed; his astonishment, when he heard of the appearance of Sylvia on the scene, was almost overpowered by his amusement, as I related how she and I had continued the story of Tomaso and Lucilla, in the shade of the tree. But when I informed him of Sylvia's determination to devote her life to the work of the House of Martha, without regard to what I told her of my love, he was greatly moved, and I am sure sincerely grieved.

"This is too bad, too bad," he said. "I did not expect it."

"Miss Raynor is young," I answered, "but the strength and integrity of her soul are greater, and her devotion to what she believes her duty is stronger, than I supposed. Her character is marked by a simple sincerity and a noble dignity which I have never seen

surpassed. I think that she positively dislikes the life of the sisterhood, but, having devoted herself to it, she will stand firmly by her resolutions and her promise, no matter what happens. As regards myself, I do not suppose that her knowledge of my existence has any influence on her, one way or the other. I may have interested and amused her, but that is all. If I had finished the Italian love-story I had been telling her, I think she would have been satisfied never to have seen me again."

Walkirk shook his head. "I do not believe that," he said; "her determination to rivet the bonds which hold her to her sisterhood shows that she was afraid of her interest in you; and if it gave her reason to fear, it gives you reason to hope."

"Put that in the past tense, please," I replied; "whatever it may have given, it gives nothing now. To hope would be absurd."

"Mr. Vanderley," exclaimed Walkirk, "I would not give up in that way. I am certain, from what I know, that Miss Raynor's interest in you is plain not only to herself, but to her family and friends; and I tell you, sir, that sort of interest cannot be extinguished by promises and resolutions. If I were you, I would keep up the fight. She is not yet a vowed sister."

"Walkirk," said I, offering him my hand, "you are a good fellow, and, although I cannot believe what you say, I thank you for saying it."

It was now long past noon, and we were both ready for the luncheon which we had brought with us. Walkirk opened the basket, and as he arranged its contents on the broad napkin, which he spread upon the grass, he ruminated.

"I think," he remarked, as we were eating, "that I begin to understand the

situation. At first I could not reconcile the facts with the Sand Lady's statement that no one lived on her island but her family, but now I see that this creek must make an island of her domain; and so it is that, although Captain Jabe is her neighbor, her statement is entirely correct."

Having finished our meal, I lighted my pipe and sat down under a tree, while Walkirk, with his rod, wandered away along the bank of the stream. After a while he returned, and proposed that we try fishing near the eastern outlet of the creek, where, as the tide was coming in, we might find better sport.

"That will be a very good thing for you to do," said I, "but I shall not fish. I am going to Mrs. Raynor's house."

"Where?" exclaimed Walkirk.

"I am going to speak to Mrs. Raynor," I answered, "whom I have known only as the Sand Lady, but whom I must now know as Sylvia's mother. I have determined to act boldly and openly in this matter. I have made suit to Mrs. Raynor's daughter. I have told other people of the state of my affections, and I think I should lose no time, having now the opportunity, in conferring with Mrs. Raynor herself."

Walkirk's face was troubled.

"You do not approve of that?" I asked.

"Since you ask me," he answered, "I must say that I do not think it a wise thing to do. If I properly understand Miss Raynor's character, her mother knows that you are here; and if she is willing to have you visit her, under the circumstances, she will make a sign. In fact, I now think that she will make some sort of sign, by which you can see how the land lies. Perhaps Mrs. Raynor is on your side; but I am afraid that if you should visit the house where Miss Raynor is, it would set her mother against you. I imagine she is a woman who would not like that sort of thing."

"Walkirk," said I, "your reasoning is very good; but this is not a time to reason, — it is a time to act; and I am going to see Mrs. Raynor this day."

"I hope it may all turn out well," he replied, and walked away gravely.

I did not start immediately for the Sand Lady's house. For a long time I sat and thought upon the subject of the approaching interview, planning and considering how I should plead my case, and what I should answer, and how I should overcome the difficulties which would probably be pointed out to me.

At last, like many another man when in a similar predicament, I concluded to let circumstances shape my plan of action, and set forth for Mrs. Raynor's house. The walk was a long one, but I turned in order to pass under the tree where I had begun to dictate to Sylvia; and glad I was that I did so, for to the twig on which I had hung the case containing her inkstand there was now attached a half sheet of note paper. I ran to the tree, eagerly seized the paper, and read these few words that were written on it: —

"Thank you very much for taking such good care of my little case."

"Now, then," said I to myself, proudly gazing at these lines, "this is only a small thing, but the girl who would write it, and who would expect me to read it, must be interested in me. She believes that I would not fail to come here again; therefore she believes in me. That is a great point."

For a moment I felt tempted to write something in reply, and hang it on the tree twig. But I refrained; what I would write to Sylvia must be read by no one but herself. That tree was in a very conspicuous position, and my tamest words to her must not hang upon it. I carefully folded the paper and put it in my pocket, and then, greatly encouraged, walked rapidly to the house.

On the front piazza I found an elderly woman, with a broom. She knew

me, for she had frequently seen me during the time that I was encamped upon the island. She was now greatly surprised at my appearance on the scene.

"Why, sir," she exclaimed, without waiting for me to speak, "have you come back to your camp? It is too bad."

I did not like this salutation. But, making no answer to it, I asked quickly, "Can I see Mrs. Raynor?"

"No, indeed," said she; "they've gone, every one of them, and not an hour ago. What a pity they did not know you were here!"

"Gone!" I cried. "Where?"

"They've gone off in their yacht for a cruise," returned the woman. "The vessel has been at Brimley for more than a week, being repaired, and she got back this morning; and as she was all ready to sail, they just made up their minds that they'd go off in her, for one of their little voyages they are so fond of; and off they went, in less than two hours."

"How long do they expect to be gone?" I asked.

"Mrs. Raynor told me they would be away probably for a week or two," the woman answered, "and she would stop somewhere and telegraph to me when she was coming back. Of course there is n't any telegraph to this island, but when messages come to Brimley they send them over in a boat."

Having determined to speak to Mrs. Raynor, and having set out to do so, this undertaking appeared to me the most important thing in the world, and one in which I must press forward, without regard to obstacles of any kind.

"Are they going to any particular place?" I said. "Are they going to stop anywhere?"

"There is only one place that I know of," she answered, "and that's Sanpritchit, over on the mainland. They expect to stop there to get provisions for the cruise, for there was but little here

that they could take with them. They wanted to get there before dark, and I don't doubt but that, with this wind, they'll do it. If you'll step to this end of the piazza, sir, perhaps you can see their topsail. I saw it just before you came, as they were beginning to make the long tack."

"Yes, there it is," she continued, when we reached the place referred to, from which a vast stretch of the bay could be seen, "but not so much of it as I saw just now."

"Their topsail!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, sir," she said. "You can't see their mainsail, because they are so far away, and it's behind the water, in a manner."

I stood silent for a few minutes, gazing at the little ship. Suddenly a thought struck me. "Do you think they will sail on Sunday?" I asked.

"No, sir," she replied; "Mrs. Raynor never sails on Sunday. And that's why I wondered, after they'd gone, why they'd started off on a Saturday. They will have to lay up at Sanpritchit all day to-morrow; and it seems to me it would have been a great deal pleasanter for them to stay here Sunday, and to have started on Monday. There's no church at Sanpritchit, or anything for them to do, so far as I know, unless Miss Raynor reads sermons to them, which she never did here, though she's a religious sister, which perhaps you did n't know, sir."

"Sanpritchit over Sunday," I repeated to myself.

"It's the greatest pity," said the woman, "that they did n't know you and the other gentleman — that is, if he is with you — were coming back to-day, for I am sure they would have been glad to take you with them. There's room enough on that yacht, and will be more; for Mr. Heming, the gentleman that collects shells, is not coming back with them. They are to put him off somewhere, and he is going home. I have an

idea, though I was n't told so, that Miss Raynor is not coming back with the rest. She brought very little baggage with her, but she took a lot of things on board the yacht, and that looks as if she was n't coming back. But, bless me, they went off in such a hurry I did n't have time to ask questions."

I now turned to go, but the woman obliged me to inform her that I had not come to camp on the island, and that I was staying with Captain Jabez.

"When they go off in this way," she said, "they take the maids, and leave me and my husband in charge; and if you should fancy to come here and camp again, I know that Mrs. Raynor would wish me to make things as comfortable for you as I can, which, too, I'll be very glad to do."

I thanked her, and went away. "This good woman," said I to myself, "is the person who would have read my message to Sylvia, had I been foolish enough to hang one to the twig of the tree."

XXXIV.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL.

Captain Jabez did not return until late that Saturday evening; but as soon as he set foot on shore I went to him and asked him if he could, in any way, get us to Sanpritchit that night, offering to pay him liberally for the service.

"I've got a sailboat," said he, "and ye'd be right welcome to it if it was here; but it ain't here. I lent it to Captain Neal, of Brimley, having no present use for it, and he won't bring it back till next week some time. There's a dory here, to be sure; but Sanpritchit's twenty-five miles away, and that's too far to go in a dory, especially at night. What's your hurry?"

"I have very important business in Sanpritchit," I answered, "and if it is possible I must go there to-night."

"Sanpritchit's a queer place to have business in," said Captain Jabez; "and it's a pity ye did n't think of it this mornin', when ye might have gone with me and took the train to Barley, and there's a stage from there to Sanpritchit."

"Captain Jabez," said I, "as there seems to be no other way for me to do this thing, I will pay you whatever you may think the service worth, if you will take me to Sanpritchit in your grocery boat, and start immediately. It will be slow work traveling, I know, but I think we can surely get there before morning."

The grocer-captain looked at me for a moment, with his eyes half shut; then he set down on the pier a basket which had been hanging on his arm, and, putting both hands in his pockets, stared steadfastly at me.

"Do you know," he remarked presently, "that that 'ere proposition of yours puts me in mind of a story I heard of a California man and a New York man. The California man had come East to spend the winter, and the New York man was a business acquaintance o' his. The California man called at the New York man's office before business hours; and when he found the New York man had n't come down town yet, he went up town to see him at his house. It was a mighty fine house, and the New York man, being proud of it, took the California man all over it. 'Look here,' said the California man, 'what will you take for this house, furniture and all, just as it stands?' 'I'll take a hundred and twenty thousand dollars,' said the New York man. 'Does that include all the odds and ends,' asked the California man, — 'old magazines, umbrellas, needles and pins, empty bottles, photographs, candlesticks, Japanese fans, coal ashes, and all that kind of thing, that make a house feel like a home? My family's comin' on from California with nothin' but their clothes,

and I want a house they can go right into and feel at home, even to the cold victuals for a beggar, if one happens to come along.' 'If I throw in the odds and ends, it will be one hundred and twenty-five thousand,' said the New York man. 'That's all right,' said the California man, 'and my family will arrive, with their clothes, on the train that gets here at 6.20 this afternoon; so if your family can get out of the house before that time, I'm ready to pay the money, cash down.' 'All right,' said the New York man, 'I'll see that they do it.' And at ten minutes after six the New York family went out with their clothes to a hotel, and at twenty minutes of seven the California family came to the house with their clothes, and found everything all ready for 'em, the servants havin' agreed to stay at California wages.

"Now, then," continued Captain Jabez, "I don't want to hurt nobody's feelin's, and I would n't say one word that would make the smallest infant think less of itself than it did afore I spoke, but it does strike me that that there proposition of yours is a good deal like the California man's offer to the New York man."

"Well," said I, "that turned out very well. Each got what he wanted."

"Yes," replied Captain Jabez, "but this ain't New York city. No, sir, not by a long shot. I am just as willin' to accommodate a fellow-man, or a fellow-woman, for that matter, as any reasonable person is; but if the President of the United States, and Queen Victoria, and the prophet Isaiah was to come to me of a Saturday night, after I'd just got home from a week's work, and ask me to start straight off and take them to Sanpritchit, I'd tell 'em that I'd be glad to oblige 'em, but it could n't be done: and that's what I say to ye, sir, — neither more nor less." And with this he picked up his basket and went into the house.

I was not discouraged, however, and when the captain came out I proposed to him that he should take me to Sanpritchit the next day.

"No, sir," said he. "I never have sailed my grocery boat on Sunday, and I don't feel like beginnin'."

I walked away, but shortly afterward joined him on board his vessel, which he was just about to leave for the night.

"Captain," I asked, "when does Sunday end in this part of the country?"

"Well, strictly speaking, it's supposed to end at sunset, or commonly at six o'clock."

"Very well," said I; "if you will start with me for Sanpritchit at six o'clock to-morrow evening, I will pay you your price."

I made this offer in the belief that, with ordinary good fortune, we could reach our destination before the Raynor yacht weighed anchor on Monday morning.

Captain Jabez considered the matter. "I am going to Sanpritchit on Monday, any way," said he; "and if you're in such a hurry to be there the first thing in the morning, I'd just as lieve sail to-morrow evening at six o'clock as not."

It was not much after the hour at which some people in that part of the country, when they have a reason for it, still believe that Sunday comes to an end that the grocery boat left her pier, with Captain Jabez, Abner, Walkirk, and me on board. There was nothing at all exhilarating in this expedition. I wanted to go rapidly, and I knew we should go slowly. I had passed a dull day, waiting for the time to start, and, to avoid thinking of the slow progress we should make, I soon turned in.

I woke very early, and went on deck. I do not know that I can remember a more disagreeable morning. It was day, but the sun was not up; it was not cloudy, but there was a filmy uncertainty about the sky that was more unpleasant than the clouds. The air was cold,

raw, and oppressive. There was no one on deck but Abner, and he was at the wheel, which, on account of the grocery store occupying so large a portion of the after part of the vessel, was placed well forward. Only a jib and mainsail were set, and as I came on deck these were fluttering and sagging, as Abner carefully brought the vessel round. Now I saw that we were floating slowly toward the end of a long pier, and that we were going to land.

As I leaned over the side of the vessel, I did not wonder that Captain Jabez thought Sanpritchit was not much of a place to do business in. There were few houses, perhaps a dozen, scattered here and there along a low shore, which rose, at one end of the place, into a little bluff, behind which I saw a mast or two. On the pier was a solitary man, and he was the only living being in sight. It was that dreary time before breakfast, when everything that seems cheerless is more cheerless, everything that is sad more sad, everything that is discouraging more discouraging, and which right-minded persons who are able to do so spend in bed.

Gradually the vessel approached the pier, and Abner, to whom I had not yet spoken, for I did not feel in the least like talking, left the wheel, and, as soon as he was near enough, threw a small line to the man on the pier, who caught it, pulling ashore a cable with a loop in the end, threw the latter over a post, and in a few minutes the grocery boat was moored. The man came on board, and he and Abner went below.

It was too early to go on shore, for nothing could be done at that bleak, unearthly hour; but I was in that state of nervous disquietude when any change is a relief, and I stepped ashore. I was glad to put my feet upon the pier. Now I felt that I was my own master. It was too soon to go on board the yacht, but I could regulate my movements as I pleased, and was very willing to be

alone during the hour or two in which I must remain inactive.

I walked over the loose and warped planks of the pier, the dull water rippling and flopping about the timbers beneath me, inhaling that faint smell of the quiet water and soaked logs, which is always a little dispiriting to me even at less dispiriting hours. The crowing of one or two cocks made me understand how dreadfully still everything was. The stillness of the very early morning is quite different from that of the night. During the latter people are asleep, and may be presumed to be happy. In the former they are about to wake up and be miserable. That, at least, was my notion, as I walked into the little village.

Not a creature did I see; not a sound did I hear except my own footsteps. Presently I saw a cat run around the corner of a house, and this was a relief. I walked on past a wide space, in which there were no houses, when I came to a small, irregularly built white house, in front of which hung a sign bearing the inscription "Central Hotel." If anything could have made me more disgusted with the world than I then was, it was this sign. If the name of this miserable little country tavern had been anything suitable to itself and the place, if it had been called *The Plough and Harrow*, *The Gray Horse*, or even *The Blue Devil*, I think I should have been glad to see it. A village inn might have been a point of interest to me, but *Central Hotel* in this mournful settlement of small farmers and fishermen,—it was ridiculous!

However, the door of the house was open, and inside was a man sweeping the sanded floor. When he saw me, he stopped his work and stared at me.

"Good-mornin'," he said. "Don't often see strangers here so airy. Did ye come on the grocery boat? I saw her puttin' in. Do ye want a room? Time for a good nap before breakfast."

I answered that I did not want a room, but the remark about breakfast made me feel that I should like a cup of coffee, and perhaps I might get it here. It might have been a more natural thing to go back to the boat and ask Abner to make me the coffee, but I did not want to go back to the boat. I did not want to wake Walkirk. I did not want to have him with me on shore. I did not want to have him talk to me. My present intention was to go to the yacht as soon as it was reasonable to suppose that its passengers were awake, to see Mrs. Raynor, and say to her what I had to say. I did not feel in the proper spirit for this; but, in the spirit in which I found myself, the less I was trammelled by advice, by suggestions of prudence, and all that sort of thing, the better it would be for me. So I was very glad that my understudy was asleep on the grocery boat, and hoped that he would remain in that condition until I had had my talk with Sylvia's mother.

I put my request to the man, and he smiled. "Ye can't get no coffee," he said, "until breakfast time, and that's pretty nigh two hours off. There is people in the place that have breakfast earlier than we do, but we keep boarders, ye know. We've only got Captain Fluke now, but generally have more; and ye could n't ask a man like Captain Fluke to git up to his breakfast before half past seven. Then ye don't want yer baggage sent fur? Perhaps ye've come ter see friends, an' it's a little airy ter drop in on 'em? Come in, any way, and take a seat."

I accepted the invitation. Sitting indoors might possibly be less dreary than walking out-of-doors.

"Now I tell ye what ye ought to do," continued the man. "Ye ought to take a nip of whiskey with some bitters in it. It's always kinder damp airy in the mornin', and ye must feel it more, bein' in a strange place. I've always thought

a strange place was damper, airy in the mornin', than a place ye 're used ter; and there's nothin' like whiskey with a little bitters to get out dampness."

I declined to partake of any Central Hotel whiskey, adding that the one refreshment I now needed was a cup of coffee.

"But there's no fire in the kitchen," said he, "and there won't be for ever so long. That's how whiskey comes in so handy; don't have to have no fire. Ye jes' pour it out and drink it, and there's the end of it."

"Not always," I remarked.

"Ye're right there," said he, with a smile. "A good deal depends on how much ye pour." He turned away, but stopped suddenly. "Look here," said he; "if ye say so, I'll make ye a cup of coffee. I've got an alcohol lamp up there that I can boil water with in no time. I'm out of alcohol, but, if you'll pay for it, I'll fill the lamp with whiskey; that'll burn just as well."

I willingly agreed to his proposition, and the man immediately disappeared into the back part of the house.

I sat and looked about the little bar-room, in which there was absolutely nothing of the quaint interest which one associates with a country inn. It was a bare, cold, hard, sandy, dirty room; its air tainted with the stale odors of whiskey, sugar, and wood still wet from its morning mopping. In less than fifteen minutes the man placed before me a cup of coffee and some soda biscuit. The coffee was not very good, but it was hot, and when I had finished it I felt like another man.

"There, now," cried the bar-keeper, looking at me with great satisfaction, "don't that take the dampness out of ye? I tell ye there's no such stiffener in the airy mornin' as whiskey; and if ye don't use it in one way, ye can in another."

Truly the world seemed warmer and more cheerful; the sun was brighter.

Perhaps now it was not too early to go on board the yacht. At any rate, I would go near where she lay, and judge for myself. I made inquiries of the inn-keeper in regard to Mrs. Raynor's yacht.

"Yacht!" he said. "There's no yacht here."

"You must be mistaken!" I cried. "A yacht belonging to Mrs. Raynor sailed for Sanpritchit on Saturday, and it was not to leave here until this morning."

"Sanpritchit!" he exclaimed. "This is not Sanpritchit."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in amazement. "That boat was bound direct for Sanpritchit."

"Captain Jabe's boat?" said the man. "Yes, and so she is. She sails fur Sanpritchit every Monday mornin', and generally stops here when she's got any freight ter leave fur the store, though I never knowed her ter come so airy in the mornin'."

"My conscience!" I exclaimed. "I must get on board of her."

"Aboard of her!" said he. "She's been gone more'n half an hour. She don't often stop here more'n ten minutes, if she's got the tide with her, which she has this mornin', strong."

XXXV.

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

I rushed out of the Central Hotel, and looked over the water, but I could see nothing of the grocery boat: she had disappeared beyond the bluff, behind which I had stupidly taken it for granted Mrs. Raynor's yacht was lying.

"Oh, she's clean gone," said the bar-keeper, who had joined me, "an' she's not likely to come back ag'in' wind an' tide. They must have thought you was asleep in your berth."

This was undoubtedly the truth, for there was no reason to suppose that any

one on the boat knew I had gone on shore.

"Where can I get a boat to follow them?" I cried.

"Can't say exactly," said the man. "We've got a big catboat, but she's on the stocks gettin' a new stern post put in. You can see her mast stickin' up over the bluff, there. I don't think there's any other sailboat in the place jes' now, and Captain Fluke's havin' his fresh painted. I told him it was a bad time o' the year to do it in; but he's Captain Fluke, and that's all there's to say about it. There's rowboats; but Sanpritchit's eight miles from here, and it's a putty long pull there and back, and I don't know anybody here who'd care to take it. If ye want to go to Sanpritchit, ye ought to go in a wagon. That's lots the easiest way."

"Where can I get a horse and vehicle?" I asked quickly, so much enraged with myself that I was glad to have some one to direct my movements.

"That's more'n I know, jes' this minute," said the man; "but if ye'll step inside and sit down, I'll go and ask 'em at the store what they can do fur ye. If it ain't open yet, I'll know where ter find 'em. If anybody comes along for a mornin' drink, jes' tell 'em to wait a minute, and I'll be back."

In about fifteen or twenty minutes the bar-keeper returned, and announced that I could not hire the horse at the store, for one of his hind shoes was off, and they wanted to use him, any way. He had asked two or three other people, also, for the village was waking up by this time, but none of them could let me have a horse.

"But I'll tell ye what ye can do," said the man, "if ye choose to wait here a little while. The boss of this house went over to Stipbitts last night to see his mother, and I expect him back putty soon, and I guess he'll let ye have his hoss. Ye see the people about here ain't used to hiring hosses,

and we is. People as keeps hotels is expected to do it."

There was nothing for me to do but to wait for the return of the landlord of Central Hotel; and for very nearly an hour I walked up and down the main street of that wretched little hamlet, the name of which I neither heard nor asked, cursing my own stupidity and the incapacity of the water-side rustic.

When the "boss" arrived he was willing to let me have his mare and his buckboard, and a boy to drive me; but the animal must be fed first, and of course I would not start off without my breakfast. As I had to wait, and the morning meal was almost ready, I partook of it; but the mare gave a great deal more time to her breakfast than I gave to mine. I hurried the preparations as much as I could, and shortly after eight o'clock we started. My little expedition had the features of a useless piece of trouble, but I had carefully considered the affair, and concluded that I had a good chance of success. Almost any horse could take me eight miles in an hour and a half, even with poor roads, and, from what I knew of the industrial methods of this part of the country, I did not believe that the necessary supplies would be put on the yacht before half past nine: therefore, I did not allow myself to doubt that I should reach Sanpritchit in time to see Mrs. Raynor.

The mare was a very deliberate traveler, and the boy who sat beside me was an easily satisfied driver.

"We must go faster than this," said I, after we had reached what appeared to be a highroad, "or I shall not get to Sanpritchit in time to attend to my business there."

"Ye can't drive a hoss too fast when ye first set out," answered the boy. "Ye'll hurt a hoss if ye do that. After a little while she'll warm up, and then she'll go better. Oh, she can go if

she's a mind ter. She's a rattler when she really gets goin'."

"I don't want her to rattle," said I; "but what is her ordinary rate of travel, — how many miles an hour, do you suppose?"

"Don't know as I ever counted," the boy said. "Some miles she goes faster, and some miles she goes slower. A good deal depends on whether it's uphill or downhill."

"Well," said I, taking out my watch, "we must keep her up to six miles an hour, at least, and then we shall do the eight miles by half past nine, with something to spare."

"Eight miles!" repeated the boy. "Eight miles to where?"

"Sanpritchit," replied I. "That's what they told me."

"Oh, that's by water," said the driver; "but this road's got to go around the end of the bay, and after that 'way round the top of the big marsh, and that makes it a good seventeen miles to Sanpritchit. Half past nine! Why, the boss told me, if I did n't get there before twelve, I must stop somewhere and water the mare and give her some oats. I've got a bag of them back there."

I sat dumb. Of course, with this conveyance, and seventeen miles between me and Sanpritchit, it was absurd to suppose that I could get there before the yacht sailed. It was ridiculous to go an inch farther on such a tedious and useless journey.

"Boy," I asked, "where is the nearest railroad station?"

"Stipbitts," said he.

"How far?"

"Five miles."

"Take me there," I said.

The boy looked at me in surprise. "I can't do that. I was told to take you to Sanpritchit: that's where I'm goin', and I'm goin' to bring back a box belongin' to Captain Fluke. That's what I'm goin' to do."

"I cannot get there in time," I said.

"I did n't know it was so far. Take me to Stipbitts, and I will give you a dollar; then you can go along and attend to Captain Fluke's box. I have already paid for the drive to Sanpritchit."

"Have you got as much as a dollar and a half about you?" asked the boy.

I replied that I had.

"All right," said he; "give me that, and I'll take you to Stipbitts."

The bargain was struck, I was taken to Stipbitts, and an hour afterward I was on my way to my home at Arden.

There was one very satisfactory feature about this course of action: it was plain and simple, and needed no planning. To attempt to follow the yacht would be useless. To wait anywhere for Walkirk would be equally so. He would be more apt to find me at my home than anywhere else. It was his business to find me, and there was no doubt that he would do it. I did not like to defer my intended interview with Mrs. Raynor, but it could not be helped. And as for Sylvia, if she had resolved to return to the House of Martha, the best place for me was the neighborhood of that institution.

XXXVI.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OAK.

I found my home at Arden very empty and dreary. The servants did not expect me, my grandmother had not returned, and the absence of Walkirk added much to my dissatisfaction with the premises.

I was never a man who could sit down and wait for things to happen, and I felt now that it was absolutely necessary that I should do something, that I should talk to somebody; and accordingly, on the morning after my arrival, I determined to walk over to the House of Martha and talk to Mother Anastasia. For a man to consult with the

Mother Superior of a religious institution about his love affairs was certainly an uncommon proceeding, with very prominent features of inappropriateness; but this did not deter me, for, apart from the fact that there was no one else to talk to, I considered that Mother Anastasia owed me some advice and explanation, and without hesitation I went to ask for it.

When I reached the House of Martha, and made known my desire to speak to the head of the institution, I was ushered into a room which was barer and harder than I had supposed, from Walkirk's description of it. It did not even contain the religious pictures or the crucifixes which would have relieved the blankness of the walls in a Roman Catholic establishment of the kind.

As I stood gazing about me, with a feeling of indignation that such a place as this should ever have been the home of such a woman as Sylvia, a door opened, and Mother Anastasia entered.

Her appearance shocked me. I had in my mind the figure of a woman with whom I had talked, — a woman glowing with the warmth of a rich beauty, draped in graceful folds of white, with a broad hat shadowing her face, and a bunch of wild flowers in her belt. Here was a tall woman clothed in solemn gray, her face pale, her eyes fixed upon the ground; but it was Mother Anastasia; it was the woman who had talked to me of Sylvia, who had promised to help me with Sylvia.

Still gazing on the floor, with her hands folded before her, she asked me what I wished. At first I could not answer her. It seemed impossible to open my heart to a woman such as this one. But if I said anything, I must say it without hesitation, and so I began.

"Of course," I said, "I have come to see you about Sylvia Raynor. I am in much trouble regarding her. You promised to aid me, and I have come to ask for the fulfillment of that promise.

My love for that girl grows stronger day by day, hour by hour, and I have been thwarted, mystified, and I may say deceived. I have come "—

"She of whom you speak," interrupted Mother Anastasia, "is not to be discussed in that way. She has declared her intention to unite herself permanently with our sisterhood, and to devote her life to our work. She can have nothing more to do with you, nor you with her."

"That will not do at all," I said excitedly. "When I last saw you, you did not talk like that, and the opinions you expressed at that time are just as good now as they were then. I want to go over this matter with you. There are things that I have a right to know."

A little frown appeared upon her brow. "This conversation must cease," she said; "the subjects you wish to discuss are forbidden to our sisterhood. You must mention them no more."

I tried hard to restrain myself and speak quietly. "Madam"—said I.

"You must not call me 'madam,'" she broke in. "I am the Mother Superior of this house."

"I understand that," I continued, "and I understand your feeling of duty. But you have other duties besides those you owe to your sisterhood. You made me a promise, which I accepted with an honest and confiding heart. If you cannot do what you promised, you owe it to me to explain why you cannot do it. I do not know what has happened to change your views and her views, and, so far as I am concerned, the whole world. You can set me right; you can explain everything to me."

The frown disappeared, and her face seemed paler. "It is absolutely impossible to discuss anything of the sort in this house. I must insist"—

I did not permit her to finish her sentence. "Very well, then," I exclaimed, "if you cannot talk to me here, talk to me somewhere else. When you desire it, you go outside of these walls, and

you speak freely and fully. You have so spoken with me; and because you have done so, it is absolutely necessary that you do it again. Your own heart, your conscience, must tell you that after what you have said to me, and after what I have said to you, it is unjust, to say no more, to leave me in this state of cruel mystification; not to tell me why you have set aside your promise to me, or even to tell me, when we talked together of Sylvia, that we were then at the home of Sylvia's mother."

For the first time she looked at me, straight in my eyes, as a true woman would naturally look at a man who was speaking strongly to her. I think I made her forget, for a few moments at least, that she was a Mother Superior. Then her eyes fell again, and she stood silent.

"Perhaps," she said presently, and speaking slowly, "I ought to explain these things to you. It is a great mistake, as I now see, that I ever said anything to you on the subject; but things were different then, and I did not know that I was doing wrong. Still, if you rely on me to set you right, you shall be set right. I see that this is quite as necessary from other points of view as from your own. I cannot speak with you to-day, but to-morrow, about this time, I shall be on the road to Maple Ridge, where I am going to visit a sick woman."

"I shall join you on the road," I answered, and took my leave.

For the rest of the day I thought of little but the promised interview on the morrow. To this I looked forward with the greatest interest, but also with the greatest anxiety. I feared that Mother Anastasia would prove to me that I must give up all thoughts of Sylvia. In fact, if Sylvia had resolved to devote herself to the service of the House of Martha,—and she had told me herself that she had so resolved,—I was quite sure she would do so. Then what was

there for Mother Anastasia to say, or me to do? The case was settled. Sylvia Raynor must be nothing to me.

I greatly wished for Walkirk. I knew he would encourage me, in spite of the obvious blackness of the situation. It was impossible for me to encourage myself. But, however black my fate might be, I longed to know why it had been made black and all about it, and so waited with a savage impatience for the morning and Mother Anastasia.

Immediately after breakfast, the next day, I was on the Maple Ridge road, strolling from our village toward the top of a hill a mile or more away, whence I could see the rest of the road, as it wound through the lonely country, and at last lost itself in the woods. Back again to Arden I came, and had covered the distance between the village and the hilltop five times, when, turning and coming down the hill, I saw, far away, the figure of a woman walking.

I knew it was Mother Anastasia, but I did not hasten to meet her. In fact, I thought, the further she was from the village, when our interview took place, the more likely she would be to make it long enough to be satisfactory. I came slowly down the hill, and, reaching a place where a great oak-tree shaded the road, I waited.

She came on quickly, her gray dress appearing heavier and more sombre against the sun-lighted grass and foliage than it had appeared in the dreary room of the House of Martha. As she approached the tree I advanced to meet her.

"You made me come too far," she said reproachfully, as soon as we were near each other. "The lane which leads to the house I came to visit is a quarter of a mile behind me."

"I am sorry," I replied, "that I have made you walk any farther than necessary, on such a warm morning, but I did not know that you intended to turn from this road. Let us step into the shade

of this tree; we can talk more comfortably there."

She looked at the tree, but did not move. "What I have to say," she remarked, "can be said here; it will not take long."

"You must not stand in the sun," I replied; "you are already heated. Come into the shade," and, without waiting her answer, I walked toward the tree; she followed me.

"Now, then," said I, "here is a great stone conveniently placed, upon which we can sit and rest while we talk."

She fixed her large eyes upon me with a certain surprise. "Truly, you have no regard for conventionalities. It is sufficiently out of the way for a sister of the House of Martha to meet a gentleman in this manner, but to sit with him under a tree would be ridiculously absurd, to say the least of it."

"It does not strike me in that light," I said. "You are tired and warm, and must sit down. You came here on my account, and I regard you, in a manner, as a guest."

She smiled, and looked at the rock which I had pointed out. It was a flat one, about three feet long, and it seemed as if it had been put there on purpose to serve for a seat.

"I am tired," she said, and sat down upon it. As she did so, she gave a look about her, and at the same time made a movement with her right hand, which I often before had noticed in women. It was the involuntary expression of the female soul longing for a fan. A fan, however, made up no part of the paraphernalia of a sister of the House of Martha.

"Allow me," I said, and, taking off my straw hat, I gently fanned her.

Mother Anastasia laughed. "This is really too much; please stop it. But you may lend me your hat. I did not know the morning would be so warm, and I am afraid I walked too fast. But we are losing time. Will you tell me

precisely what it is you wish to know of me?"

"I can soon do that," I answered; "but I must first say that I believe you will suffocate if you try to talk from under that cavernous bonnet. Why don't you take it off, and get the good of this cool shade? You had discarded all that sort of thing when I last talked with you, and you were then just as much a Mother Superior as you are now."

She smiled. "The case was very different then. I was actually obliged, by the will of another, to discard the garb of our sisterhood."

"I most earnestly wish," said I, "that you could be obliged to do partially the same thing now. With that bonnet on, you do not seem at all the same person with whom I talked on Tangent Island. You appear like some one to whom I must open the whole subject anew."

"Oh, don't do that," she said, with a deprecating movement of her hand, — "I really have n't the time to listen; and if my bonnet hinders your speech, off it shall come. Now, then, I suppose you want to know the reason of my change of position in regard to Sylvia and you." As she said this she took off her bonnet; not with a jerk, as Sylvia had once removed hers, but carefully, without disturbing the dark hair which was disposed plainly about her head. I was greatly relieved; this was an entirely different woman to talk to.

"Yes," I replied, "that is what I want to know."

"I will briefly give you my reasons," she said, still fanning herself with my hat, while I stood before her, earnestly listening, "and you will find them very good and conclusive reasons. When I spoke to you before, the case was this: Sylvia Raynor had had a trouble, which made her think she was the most miserable girl in the whole world, and she threw herself into our sisterhood. Her mother did not object to this, because of course Sylvia entered as a pro-

bationer, and she thought a few months of the House of Martha life would do her good. That her daughter would permanently join the sisterhood never occurred to her. As I was a relative, it was a natural thing that the girl should enter a house of which I was the head. I did not approve of the step, but at first I had no fears about it. After a while, however, I began to have fears. She never liked our life and never sympathized with it, and her heart was never enlisted in the cause of the sisterhood; but after a time I found she was endeavoring to conquer herself, and when a woman with a will — and Sylvia is one of these — undertakes in earnest to conquer herself, she generally succeeds. Then it was I began to have my fears, and then it was I wished to divert her mind from the life of the sisterhood, and send her back to the world to which she belongs."

"Then it was you gave me your promise?" I added.

"Yes," she answered; "and I gave it honestly. I would have helped you all I could. I truly believed that in so doing I was acting for Sylvia's good."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," I said; "and tell me, did Mrs. Raynor know, when I was on the island, of my affection for Sylvia?"

"She knew as much as I knew," was the answer, "for I went to the island on purpose to consult with her on the subject; and when you confided in me, and I gave you my promise to help you, I also told her about that."

"And did she approve?" I asked anxiously.

"She did not disapprove. She knew all about you and your family, although she had never seen you until you were at her island."

"It is strange," said I, "that I should have happened to go to that place at that time."

"Yes," she continued, "it does seem rather odd. But, as I was going to say,

a letter came not more than an hour after we had had our conversation, which totally altered the face of affairs. Sylvia wrote that she had resolved to devote her life to the sisterhood. This was a great blow to her mother and to me, but Mrs. Raynor had firmly resolved not to interfere with her daughter's resolutions in regard to her future life. She had done so once, and the results had been very unfortunate. I was of an entirely different mind, and I resolved, if the thing could be done, to change Sylvia's purpose; but I failed, and that is the end of it. She is not to be moved. I know her well, and her conviction and determination are not to be changed. She is now on a visit to her mother, and when she returns she will enter the House of Martha as an inmate for life."

"Yes," said I, after a little pause, "I know that. I saw her a few days ago, and she told me of her purpose."

"What!" cried Mother Anastasia, "you have seen her! A few days ago! She told you all this! Why did you not say so? Why did you come to me?"

"Do not be displeased," I said, and as I spoke I seated myself beside her on the stone. She made no objections. I think she was too much agitated even to notice it. "I had no intention of keeping anything from you, but I first wanted to hear what you had to tell me. Sylvia did not tell me everything, nor have you."

"Met her, and talked with her!" ejaculated Mother Anastasia. "Will you tell me how this happened?"

She listened with the greatest attention to my story.

"It is wonderful," she said, when I had finished. "It seems like a tantalizing fate. But it is well you did not overtake Mrs. Raynor. It would have been of no good to you, and the interview would have greatly troubled her."

"Now tell me," I asked, "what I most want to know: what was the reason of Sylvia's sudden determination?"

Mother Anastasia fixed her dark eyes on mine; they were full of a tender sadness. "I thought of you nearly all last night," she said, "and I determined that if you should ask me that question to-day I would answer it. It is a hard thing to do, but it is the best thing. Sylvia's resolve was caused by her conviction that she loved you. Feeling assured of that, she unhesitatingly took the path which her conscience pointed out to her."

"Conscience!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Mother Anastasia, "it was her conscience. She was far more in earnest than we had thought her. It was conviction, not desire or sympathy, which had prompted her to enter the sisterhood. Now her convictions, her conscience, prompt her to crush everything which would interfere with the life she has chosen. All this she has told me. Her conscience stands between you and her, and you must understand that what you wish is absolutely impossible. You must be strong, and give up all thought of her. Will you promise me to do this?" and as she spoke she laid her hand upon my arm. "Promise it, and I shall feel that I have devoted myself this morning to as true a mission of charity as anything to which our sisters vow themselves."

I did not respond, but sat silent, with bowed head.

"I must go now," said Mother Anastasia. "Reflect on what I have said, and your heart and your practical sense will tell you that what I ask you to do is what you ought to do and must do. Good-by," and she held out her hand to me.

I took her hand and held it. The thought flashed into my mind that when I released that hand the last tie between Sylvia and myself would be broken.

Presently the hand was adroitly withdrawn, Mother Anastasia rose, and I was left alone, sitting in the shadow of the tree.

Frank R. Stockton.

A WIDOW AND TWINS.

"The fatherless and the widow . . . shall eat and be satisfied." — DEUTERONOMY xiv. 29.

ON the 1st of June, 1890, I formally broke away from ornithological pursuits. For two months, more or less, — till the autumnal migration should set in, — I was determined to have my thoughts upon other matters. There is no more desirable plaything than an outdoor hobby, but a man ought not to be forever in the saddle. Such, at all events, had always been my opinion, so that I long ago promised myself never to become, what some of my acquaintances, perhaps with too much reason, were now beginning to consider me, a naturalist, and nothing else. That would be letting the hobbyhorse run away with its owner. For the time being, then, birds should pass unnoticed, or be looked at only when they came in my way. A sensible resolve. But the maker of it was neither Mede nor Persian, as the reader, if he have patience enough, may presently discover for himself.

As I sat upon the piazza, in the heat of the day, busy or half busy with a book, a sound of humming-bird's wings now and then fell on my ear, and, as I looked toward the honeysuckle vine, I began after a while to remark that the visitor was invariably a female. I watched her probe the scarlet tubes and dart away, and then returned to my page. She might have a nest somewhere near; but if she had there was small likelihood of my finding it, and, besides, I was just now not concerned with such trifles. On the 24th of June, however, a passing neighbor dropped into the yard. Was I interested in humming-birds? he inquired. If so, he could show me a nest. I put down my book, and went with him at once.

The beautiful structure, a model of artistic workmanship, was near the end

of one of the lower branches of an apple-tree, eight or ten feet from the ground, saddled upon the drooping limb at a point where two offshoots made a good holding-place, while an upright twig spread over it a leafy canopy against rain and sun. Had the builders sought my advice as to a location, I could hardly have suggested one better suited to my own convenience. The tree was within a stone's toss of my window, and, better still, the nest was overlooked to excellent advantage from an old bank wall which divided my premises from those of my next-door neighbor. How could I doubt that Providence itself had set me a summer lesson?

At our first visit the discoverer of the nest — from that moment an ornithologist — brought out a step-ladder, and we looked in upon the two tiny white eggs, considerably improving a temporary absence of the owner for that purpose. It was a picture to please not only the eye, but the imagination; and before I could withdraw my gaze the mother bird was back again, whisking about my head so fearlessly that for a moment I stood still, half expecting her to drop into the nest within reach of my hand.

This, as I have said, was on the 24th of June. Six days later, on the afternoon of the 30th, the eggs were found to be hatched, and two lifeless-looking things lay in the bottom of the nest, their heads tucked out of sight, and their bodies almost or quite naked, except for a line of grayish down along the middle of the back.

Meanwhile, I had been returning with interest the visits of the bird to our honeysuckle, and by this time had fairly worn a path to a certain point in the wall, where, comfortably seated in the

shade of the hummer's own tree, and armed with opera-glass and notebook, I spent some hours daily in playing the spy upon her motherly doings.

For a widow with a house and family upon her hands, she took life easily; at frequent intervals she absented herself altogether, and even when at home she spent no small share of the time in flitting about among the branches of the tree. On such occasions, I often saw her hover against the bole or a patch of leaves, or before a piece of caterpillar or spider web, making quick thrusts with her bill, evidently after bits of something to eat. On quitting the nest, she commonly perched upon one or another of a certain set of dead twigs in different parts of the tree, and at once shook out her feathers and spread her tail, displaying its handsome white markings, indicative of her sex. This was the beginning of a leisurely toilet operation, in the course of which she scratched herself with her feet and dressed her feathers with her bill, all the while darting out her long tongue with lightning-like rapidity, as if to moisten her beak, which at other times she cleansed by rubbing it down with her claws or by wiping it upon a twig. In general she paid little attention to me, though she sometimes hovered directly in front of my face, as if trying to stare me out of countenance. One of the most pleasing features of the show was her method of flying into the nest. She approached it, without exception, from the same quarter, and, after an almost imperceptible hovering motion, shut her wings and dropped upon the eggs.

When the young were hatched I redoubled my attentions. Now I should see her feed them. On the first afternoon I waited a long time for this purpose, the mother conducting herself in her customary manner: now here, now there, preening her plumage, driving away a meddlesome sparrow, probing the florets of a convenient clover-head

(an unusual resource, I think), or snatching a morsel from some leaf or twig. Suddenly she flew at me, and held herself at a distance of perhaps four feet from my nose. Then she wheeled, and, as I thought, darted out of the orchard. In a few seconds I turned my head, and there she sat in the nest! I owned myself beaten. While I had been gazing toward the meadow, she had probably done exactly what I had wasted the better part of the afternoon in attempting to see.

Twenty-four hours later I was more successful, though the same ruse was again tried upon me. The mother left the nest at my approach, but in three minutes (by the watch) flew in again. She brooded for nine minutes. Then, quite of her own motion, she disappeared for six minutes. On her return she spent four minutes in dressing her feathers, after which she alighted on the edge of the nest, fed the little ones, and took her place upon them. This time she brooded for ten minutes. Then she was away for six minutes, dallied about the tree for two minutes longer, and again flew into the nest. While sitting, she pecked several times in quick succession at a twig within reach, and I could plainly see her mandibles in motion, as if she were swallowing. She brooded for thirteen minutes, absented herself for three minutes, and spent six minutes in her usual cautionary manœuvres before resuming her seat. For the long interval of twenty-two minutes she sat still. Then she vanished for four minutes, and on her return gave the young another luncheon, after a fast of one hour and six minutes.

The feeding process, which I had been so desirous to see, was of a sort to make the spectator shiver. The mother, standing on the edge of the nest, with her tail braced against its side, like a woodpecker or a creeper, took a rigidly erect position, and craned her neck until her bill was in a perpendicular line

above the short, wide-open, upraised beak of the little one, who, it must be remembered, was at this time hardly bigger than a humblebee. Then she thrust her bill for its full length down into his throat, a frightful-looking act, followed by a series of murderous gesticulations which fairly made one observer's blood run cold.

On the day after this (on the 2d of July, that is to say) I climbed into the tree, in the old bird's absence, and stationed myself where my eyes were perhaps fifteen feet from the nest, and a foot or two above its level. At the end of about twenty minutes, the mother, who meantime had made two visits to the tree, flew into place, and brooded for seventeen minutes. Then she disappeared again, and on her return, after numberless pretty feints and sidelong approaches, alighted on the wall of the nest, and fed both little ones. The operation, though still sufficiently reckless, looked less like infanticide than before, — a fact due, as I suppose, to my more elevated position, from which the nestlings' throats were better seen. After this she brooded for another seventeen minutes. On the present occasion, as well as on many others, it was noticeable that, while sitting upon the young, she kept up an almost incessant motion, as if seeking to warm them, or perhaps to develop their muscles by a kind of massage treatment. A measure of such hitchings and fidgetings might have meant nothing more than an attempt to secure for herself a comfortable seat; but when they were persisted in for fifteen minutes together, it was difficult not to believe that she had some different end in view. Possibly, as human infants get exercise by dandling on the mother's knee, the baby hummingbird gets his by this parental kneading process. Whether brooding or feeding, it must be said that the hummer treated her tiny charges with no particular carefulness, so far as an outsider could judge.

The next day I climbed again into the tree. The mother bird made off at once, and did not resume her seat for almost an hour, though she would undoubtedly have done so earlier but for my presence. Again and again she perched near me, her bill leveled straight at my face. Finally she alighted on the nest, and, after considerable further delay, as if to assure herself that everything was quite safe, fed the two chicks from her throat, as before. "She thrust her bill into their mouths so far" (I quote my notes) "that the tips of their short little beaks were up against the root of her mandibles!"

Only once more, on the 4th of July, I ventured into the apple-tree. For more than an hour and a half I waited. Times without number the mother came buzzing into the tree, made the circuit of her favorite perches, dressed her plumage, darted away again, and again returned, till I was almost driven to get down, for her relief. At last she fed the nestlings, who by this time must have been all but starved, as indeed they seemed to be. "The tips of their bills *do* come clean up to the base of the mother's mandibles." So I wrote in my journal; for it is the first duty of a naturalist to verify his own observations.

On the 10th we again brought out the ladder. Though at least eleven days old, the tiny birds — the "widow's mites," as my facetious neighbor called them — were still far from filling the cup. While I stood over it, one of them uttered some pathetic little cries that really went to my heart. His bill, perceptibly longer than on the 5th, was sticking just above the border of the nest. I touched it at the tip, but he did not stir. Craning my neck, I could see his open eye. Poor, helpless things! Yet within three months they would be flying to Central America, or some more distant clime. How little they knew what was before them! As little as I know what is before me.

The violence of the feeding act was

now at its height, I think, but it would be impossible to do justice to it by any description. My neighbor, who one day stood beside me looking on, was moved to loud laughter. When the two beaks were tightly joined, and while the old bird's was being gradually withdrawn, they were shaken convulsively, — by the mother's attempts to disgorge, and perhaps by the young fellow's efforts to hasten the operation. It was plain that he let go with reluctance, as a boy sucks the very tip of the spoon to get the last drop of jam; but, as will be mentioned in the course of the narrative, his behavior improved greatly in this respect as he grew older.

On the 12th, just after the little ones had been fed, one of them got his wings for the first time above the wall of the nest, and fluttered them with much spirit. He had spent almost a fortnight in the cradle, and was beginning to think he had been a baby long enough.

From the first I had kept in mind the question whether the feeding of the young by regurgitation, as described briefly by Audubon, and more in detail by Mr. William Brewster,¹ would be continued after the nestlings were fully grown. On the 14th I wrote in my journal: "The method of feeding remains unchanged, and, as it seems, is likely to remain so to the end. It must save the mother much labor in going and coming, and perhaps renders the co-operation of the male parent unnecessary." This prediction was fulfilled, but with a qualification to be hereafter specified.

Every morning, now, I went to the apple-tree uncertain whether the nest would not be found empty. According to Audubon, Nuttall, Mr. Burroughs, and Mrs. Treat, young humming-birds stay in the nest only seven days. Mr.

Brewster, in his notes already cited, says that the birds on which his observations were made — in the garden of Mr. E. S. Hoar, in Concord — were hatched on the 4th of July,² and forsook the nest on the 18th. My birds were already fifteen days old, at least, and, unless they were to prove uncommonly backward specimens, ought to be on the wing forthwith. Nevertheless they were in no haste. Day after day passed. The youngsters looked more and more like old birds, and the mother grew constantly more and more nervous.

On the 18th I found her in a state of unprecedented excitement, squeaking almost incessantly. At first I attributed this to concern at my presence, but after a while it transpired that a young oriole — a blundering, tailless fellow — was the cause of the disturbance. By some accident he had dropped into the leafy treetop, as guiltless of any evil design as one of her own nestlings. How she did buzz about him! In and out among the branches she went, now on this side of him, now on that, and now just over his back; all the time squeaking fiercely, and carrying her tail spread to its utmost. The scene lasted for some minutes. Through it all the two young birds kept perfectly quiet, never once putting up their heads, even when the mother, buzzing and calling, zigzagged directly about the nest. I had seen many birds in the tree, first and last, but none that created anything like such a stir. The mother was literally in a frenzy. She went the round of her perches, but could stay nowhere. Once she dashed out of the tree for an instant, and drove a sparrow away from the tomato patch. Ordinarily his presence there would not have annoyed her in the least, but in her then state of mind she was ready to pounce upon any-

¹ The Auk, vol. vii. p. 206.

² But Mr. Hoar, from whom Mr. Brewster had his dates, informs me that the time of hatching was not certainly known; and from

Mr. Brewster's statement about the size of the nestlings, I cannot doubt that they had been out of the shell some days longer than Mr. Hoar then supposed.

body. All of which shows once more how "human-like" birds are. The bewilderment of the oriole was comical. "What on earth can this crazy thing be shooting about my ears in this style for?" I imagined him saying to himself. In fact, as he glanced my way, now and then, with his innocent baby face, I could almost believe that he was appealing to me with some such inquiry.

The next morning ("at 7.32," as my diary is careful to note) one of the twins took his flight. I was standing on the wall, with my glass leveled upon the nest, when I saw him exercising his wings. The action was little more pronounced than had been noticed at intervals during the last three or four days, except that he was more decidedly on his feet. Suddenly, without making use of the rim of the nest, as I should have expected him to do, he was in the air, hovering in the prettiest fashion, and in a moment more had alighted on a leafless twig slightly above the level of the nest, and perhaps a yard from it. Within a minute the mother appeared, buzzing and calling, with answering calls from the youthful adventurer. At once — after a hasty reconnaissance of the man on the wall — she perched beside him, and plunged her bill into his throat. Then she went to the nest, served the other one in the same way, and made off. She had no time to waste at this juncture of affairs.

When she had gone, I stepped up to the trunk of the tree to watch the little fellow more closely. He held his perch, and occupied himself with dressing his plumage, though, as the breeze freshened, he was compelled once in a while to keep his wings in motion to prevent the wind from carrying him away. When the old bird returned, — in just half an hour, — she resented my intrusion (what an oppressor of the widow and the

fatherless she must by this time have thought me!) in the most unmistakable manner, coming more than once quite within reach. However, she soon gave over these attempts at intimidation, perched beside the percher, and again put something into his maw. This time she did not feed the nestling. As she took her departure, she told the comeouter — or so I fancied — that there was a man under the tree, a pestilent fellow, and it would be well to get a little out of his reach. At all events, she had scarcely disappeared before the youngster was again on the wing. It was wonderful how much at home he seemed, — poising, backing, soaring, and alighting with all the ease and grace of an old hand. One only piece of awkwardness I saw him commit: he dropped upon a branch much too large for his tiny feet, and was manifestly uncomfortable. But he did not stay long, and at his next alighting was well up in the tree, where it was noticeable that he remained ever after.

With so much going on outside, it was hard to remain indoors, and finally I took a chair to the orchard, and gave myself up to watching the drama. The feeding process, though still always by regurgitation, was by this time somewhat different from what it had been when the bills of the young were less fully developed. In my notes of this date I find the following description of it: "Number Two is still in the nest, but uneasy. At 10.25 the mother appeared and fed him.¹ Her beak was thrust into his mouth at right angles, — the change being necessitated, probably, by the greater length of his bill, — and he seemed to be jerking strenuously at it. Then he opened his beak and remained motionless, while the black mandibles of the mother could be seen running down out of sight into his throat."

though I came finally to believe that one was a male and the other a female.

¹ For convenience, I use the masculine pronoun in speaking of both the young birds; but I knew nothing as to the sex of either of them,

The other youngster, Number One, as I now called him, stayed in the tree, or at most ventured only into the next one, and was fed at varying intervals, — as often, apparently, as the busy mother could find anything to give him. Would he go back to his cradle for the night? It seemed not improbable, notwithstanding he had shown no sign of such an intention so long as daylight lasted. At 3.50 the next morning, therefore, I stole out to see. No; Number Two was there alone.

At seven o'clock, when I made my second visit, the mother was in the midst of another day's hard work. Twice within five minutes she brought food to the nestling. Once the little fellow — not so very little now — happened to be facing east, while the old bird alighted, as she had invariably done, on the western side. The youngster, instead of facing about, threw back his head and opened his beak. "Look out, there!" exclaimed my fellow-observer; "you'll break his neck if you feed him in that way." But she did not mind. Young birds' necks are not so easily broken. Within ten minutes of this time she fed Number One, giving him three doses. They were probably small, however (and small wonder), for he begged hard for more, opening his bill with an appealing air. The action in this case was particularly well seen, and the vehement jerking, while the beaks were glued together, seemed almost enough to pull the young fellow's head off. Within another ten minutes the mother was again ministering to Number Two! Poor little widow! Between her incessant labors of this kind and her overwhelming anxiety whenever any strange bird came near, I began to be seriously alarmed for her. As a member of a strictly American family, she was in a fair way, I thought, to be overtaken by the "most American of diseases," — nervous prostration. It tired me to watch her.

With us, and perhaps with her likewise, it was a question whether Number Two would remain in the nest for the day. He grew more and more restless; as my companion — a learned man — expressed it, he began to "ramp round." Once he actually mounted the rim of the nest, a thing which his more precocious brother had never been seen to do, and stretched forward to pick at a neighboring stem. Late that afternoon the mother fed him five times within an hour, instead of once an hour, or thereabouts, as had been her habit three weeks before. She meant to have him in good condition for the coming event; and he, on his part, was active to the same end, — standing upon the wall of the nest again and again, and exercising his wings till they made a cloud about him. A dread of launching away still kept him back, however, and shortly after seven o'clock I found him comfortably disposed for the night. "He is now on his twenty-first day (at least) in the nest. To-morrow will see him go." So end my day's notes.

At 5.45 the next morning he was still there. At 6.20 I absented myself for a few minutes, and on returning was hailed by my neighbor with the news that the nest was empty. Number Two had flown between 6.25 and 6.30, but, unhappily, neither of us was at hand to give him a cheer. I trust that he and his mother were not hurt in their feelings by the oversight. The whole family (minus the father) was still in the apple-tree; the mother full, and more than full, of business, feeding one youngster after the other, as they sat here and there in the upper branches.

Twenty-four hours later, as I stood in the orchard, I heard a hum of wings, and found the mother over my head. Presently she flew into the top of the tree, and the next instant was sitting beside one of the young ones. His hungry mouth was already wide open, but before feeding him she started up

from the twig, and circled about him so closely as almost or quite to touch him with her wings. On completing the circle she dropped upon the perch at his side, but immediately rose again, and again flew round him. It was a beautiful act, — beautiful beyond the power of any words of mine to set forth; an expression of maternal ecstasy, I could not doubt, answering to the rapturous caresses and endearments in which mothers of human infants are so frequently seen indulging. Three days afterward, to my delight, I saw it repeated in every particular, as if to confirm my opinion of its significance. The sight repaid all my watchings thrice over, and even now I feel my heart growing warm at the recollection of it. Strange thoughtlessness, is it not, which allows mothers capable of such passionate devotion, tiny, defenseless things, to be slaughtered by the million for the enhancement of woman's charms!

At this point we suddenly became aware that for at least a day or two the old bird had probably been feeding her offspring in two ways, — sometimes by regurgitation, and sometimes by a simple transfer from beak to beak. The manner of our discovery was somewhat laughable. The mother perched beside one of the young birds, put her bill into his, and then apparently fell off the limb head first. We thought she had not finished, and looked to see her return; but she flew away, and after a while the truth dawned upon us. Thereafter, unless our observation was at fault, she used whichever method happened to suit her convenience. If she found a choice collection of spiders,¹ for instance, she brought them in her throat (as cedar-birds carry cherries), to save trips; if she had only one or two, she retained them between her mandibles. It will be

understood, I suppose, that we did not see the food in its passage from one bird to the other, — human eyesight would hardly be equal to work of such nicety; but the two bills were put together so frequently and in so pronounced a manner as to leave us in no practical uncertainty about what was going on. Neither had I any doubt that the change was connected in some way with the increasing age of the fledgelings; yet it is to be said that the two methods continued to be used interchangeably to the end, and on the 28th, when Number Two had been out of the nest for seven days, the mother thrust her bill down his throat and repeated the operation, just as she had done three weeks before.

For at least two days longer, as I believe, the faithful creature continued her loving ministrations, although I failed to detect her in the act. Then, on the 1st of August, as I sat on the piazza, I saw her for the last time. The honeysuckle vine had served her well, and still bore half a dozen scattered blossoms, as if for her especial benefit. She hovered before them, one by one, and in another instant was gone. May the Fates be kind to her, and to her children after her, to the latest generation! Our intercourse had lasted for eight weeks, — wanting one day, — and it was fitting that it should end where it had begun, at the sign of the honeysuckle.

The absence of the father bird for all this time, though I have mentioned it but casually, was of course a subject of continual remark. How was it to be explained? My own opinion is, sorry as I am to have reached it, that such absence or desertion — by whatever name it may be called — is the general habit of the male rubythroat. Upon this point I shall have some things to say in a subsequent paper.

Bradford Torrey.

¹ Mr. E. H. Eames reports (in *The Auk*, vol. vii. p. 287) that, on dissecting a humming-bird, about two days old, he found sixteen

young spiders in its throat, and a pulsatious mass of the same in its stomach.

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD THEME.

I.

Iter Supremum.

OH, what a night for a soul to go!
 The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
 No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
 Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace, — soul with its clay?
 Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
 Was it sigh of sorrow or of release
 I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
 Of Eternity, it sought again
 The shelter and rest of the isle of Time,
 And knocked at the door of its house of pain!

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
 The laugh is deep, and the flagons low;
 But without, the wind and the trackless sky,
 And night at the gates where a soul would go.
Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

II.

The Old Dwelling.

SEE how the dwelling trembles to its fall, —
 The wondrous house of life, now leased to death
 How softly in and out moves the light breath,
 And gently in the tender-memored hall
 Speaks the loved owner, soon beyond recall!
 In the fast-closing windows glimmereth
 A dying glory, as when sunset saith
 Good-night, sweet dreams, and faith and hope to all.

Thus, full of enterprise and joyous trust,
 Perched on a sill, serene and plumed for flight,
 A dove will pause, while ruin round it lies.
 So, too, dear soul, although thy house be dust,
 Yet thou thyself, now free as morning light,
 Canst find another home, 'neath other skies.
Charles Henry Crandall.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION.

I START from a patent fact, — the widespread ignorance of classical literature on the part of persons who have received a classical education. It is not the scholarship of scholars that is here impugned; though even among scholars ten men are to be found whose studies have been mainly philological for one who gives prominence to the spirit of the literatures he professes. But in the world of education the expert counts for little in comparison with the average man; and the great mass of ordinary students leave school or college with slight interest in the ancient authors they have been studying, or wish to go on reading for themselves. This evil carries in its train an evil which is even worse, — that our liberal education gives no literary training at all, since it is to classics that educational tradition has trusted for instruction in literature. The great universities of England do not even profess to teach English; and a Cambridge man, if he has nothing but his university to look to, is in danger of regarding the whole of his national literature as represented by Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*. American and Scotch universities are not open to this reproach; but if quantitative analysis be applied to the curricula of these institutions, it will appear that the attention of the ordinary student has been directed to pure literature only just enough to suggest to him that there is such a thing, and that it is comparatively unimportant. In fact, the study called "classics" appears at the present moment to be the greatest of all the obstacles in the way of any real study of the ancient classics.

As a matter of history, it is not difficult to see how this perversion of a great study has arisen. It was at the Renaissance that classics became the staple of liberal education. The study was wor-

thy of its position; mental discipline was furnished by the difficulties of dead languages, while for the varied powers that go to make up the literary sense — that which has come to be called "culture" — there could be no fitter instrument of training than the literatures of Greece and Rome. But in process of time subjects like mathematics or science forced their way into the educational programme, diminishing the time that could be devoted to classics. Now this diminution must be taken wholly from the culture side of classical study, since this cannot commence until the student is at home in the languages. Accordingly, while education as a whole has been advancing, the literary training to be derived from classics has been proportionately diminishing; until, in the present crowded condition of our educational time-tables, it is hardly claimed that classics is more than a mental discipline.

Side by side with this failure to reach literary training amongst students of classics is to be placed a failure of a different kind outside their ranks. A large area of liberal education is occupied with systems, by no means low in their aims and standards, which boldly exclude classics altogether. Sometimes this exclusion is in favor of more modern and practical studies, such as physical science. I believe supporters of this view are often misjudged as undervaluing culture; whereas the real alternative with them is, not between literature and science, but between success in learning science and failure in studying literature. Another class of educators would substitute modern languages for Latin and Greek; but since, with a view to being worthy of their rivals, they multiply these languages, once more linguistic details come to crowd out literary

training. A more specious position is occupied by those who take their stand upon English. Let us, they say, be taught our own literature. But, in the first place, such systems usually lay great stress upon Early and Middle English; and thus, by a sort of fatality, the philological veil is interposed again between the simple student and the attractions of literature. Even apart from this the plea is based upon a false analogy. In the history of language, it is true that there is no break between the earliest English and our own modern speech; there is no phenomenon corresponding to this in the history of literature. On the contrary, the classical writers of Greece and Rome are the most important of our literary ancestors; it is these who, for the most part, have formed the minds that have formed ours. The great masters of English literature, whom we all wish to study, may have dipped into our early writers, but they are most of them saturated with the literatures of Greece and Rome. The ancient classics are the quarry out of which Milton and Spenser have dug the materials with which they build. Ancient thinking is assumed in every literary discussion; ancient imagination underlies the allusions, images, ornamentation, of the most modern poets. Even in the case of Shakespeare, no clear analysis can be made of his intricate plots by one unfamiliar with the simpler treatment of antiquity. A student may have worked faithfully through all the publications of the Early English Text Society, and yet may be absolutely cut off from the literary succession of writers whose thoughts have made the thinking of the world.

For both these failures — the failure through classical studies to reach classical literature, and the failure to find any sufficient substitute for these classical studies — there is only one remedy: the ancient classics must be studied in the vernacular. The time has come for recognizing the lesson of experience: that

so long as language and literature are studied together the letter will kill the spirit, and the linguistic difficulties which lie on the surface, and lend themselves readily to mechanical teaching, will distract from the beauties of literature that lie beneath, and task our whole powers to grasp. I am not in any way attacking the study of Latin and Greek, on which I set high value. But I would impose on every person charged with the construction of an educational timetable the duty of treating Latin and Greek as purely linguistic and disciplinary studies, and giving them just so much prominence as in that category they deserve; while for literary culture he must, except in the case of very advanced scholarship, look entirely to other sources, — to modern literature if he pleases, but in any case to English versions of the two literatures which are to us the most important of all.

I know well the objections which will be flung at such a proposal. By many men of scholarly attainments it will be scouted as a descent in the intellectual scale, a cheapening of liberal education; to read a Greek author in translation is, they will insist, to lose all that is worth having. I strengthen myself against such objectors by remembering how all that is now urged against the study of the classics in English was, a few generations ago, urged with more force against the translation of the Bible. Yet three centuries have used an English Bible, and, while religion in this period has been purified and elevated, the effect of the translated literature has been to mould our whole speech and thought. I do not wish to confuse the secular and sacred, but, making proper allowance for this difference, I believe we may look, when Greek and Latin literatures have been made accessible to the masses, for an intellectual awakening not unworthy of comparison with the spiritual awakening brought about by the opening to the vernacular of our other great

literary ancestor, the sacred Scriptures of the Hebrews. The scholar's objection to translations is founded upon a fallacy. It is true that to appreciate an author in the original tongue means more than to appreciate him in translation. But my whole contention is that the great mass of ordinary students never do and never can appreciate literature which they read in a language bristling to them with difficulties. The objection is itself an argument on my side. If a scholar tells me that by reading an ancient author in English I have lost all that is worth having, I simply conclude that he himself has learnt to value nothing except language; that his scholarship has taught him to appreciate Greek, but not to appreciate Æschylus. The deep or bright thoughts of a great master, his conception of a situation or character, the light he casts on our common human nature, his deft handling of plot or artistic moulding of story, his portrayal of the passions and contrivance of their conflicts, his mythological suggestiveness, his relation to history and literary development, — these forms of literary interest, all of them independent of language, go for nothing with such a learned objector, in comparison with the play of idiom, the charm of linguistic nicety and word æsthetics; to say nothing of the fact that a considerable proportion of even these latter beauties is open to the reader of translations, and a proportion that will steadily increase as the art of translating rises in educational importance. There are, no doubt, authors whose main force lies in language, and these will be inaccessible except in the original tongue. But the world's great classics make a deep sea of literary power, undisturbed by superficial waves of linguistic differences.

I believe that the reverse of the objection is the truth, and that there can be no thorough study of literature without a free use of translations. One of the gravest charges against the existing

study of classics is its looseness and want of thoroughness. It is worse than inaccurate; it corrupts the sense of accuracy by violating the proportions of things and requiring exactness in details, while it leaves vague and flimsy ideas, or a total absence of ideas, about things that are great. To expect a youth to know the principal parts of verbs without mistake, and to study nicety in the rendering of idioms, while he is never tested as to his knowledge of the author's thoughts or his grasp of literary ideals, is a regimen coming perilously near the social training that expects faultlessness in boots and necktie, while morals are left to take care of themselves. The use of translated classics becomes essential because quantity plays so important a part in a study in which the unit is a complete book. To grasp only a single work involves many readings, including readings that are made rapid with a view of catching the connection of parts, as well as the slower reading that masters particular passages; and the readings can be more easily multiplied if they are in the vernacular. Again, the single book will hardly be understood apart from other works of the same author, and for such additional works English versions are still more desirable. But this is not all. Literary study must, like all others, be comparative in its method. No one imagines he can study American history by reading the annals of that country apart from the history of the rest of the world. It is equally essential to compare the literature of one country with the literatures of other nations, and this becomes a practical impossibility without the aid of translations. Such use of adapted matter has its analogies in all other pursuits. I suppose there are few professed theologians who do not in a considerable part of their work use the English Bible. A student of painting or sculpture will not confine himself to the comparatively few originals which

he can see, but will make free use of copies and casts, which, with all their intrinsic inferiority, will nevertheless enlarge his knowledge of styles and schools. A musician may learn much from piano transcriptions, although a symphony stripped of its orchestration loses far more than a poem translated into another language. Every branch of education must somewhere or other use borrowed matter, or else lose its catholicity; and, like the rest, classics, if it rejects the aid of translations, will remain a provincial study.

I am in a position to speak on this matter in the light of experience. The University Extension Movement in England, with which I have been connected, has for more than ten years been offering courses of instruction in the ancient literatures, chiefly the ancient classical drama, to classes in which not one person in ten would know a word of Greek or Latin. The results have been very interesting. So far as concerns attractiveness, with the exception of Shakespeare I have found no subject so popular as the ancient drama, unless it be Faust and Dante, which are themselves examples of classics studied in translation. The popularity of which I speak has not been confined to the more cultured classes. I recollect being obliged, against my judgment, to yield to the urgency of a class of workingmen, and take with them a course of reading in Greek comedy, during which I had the curious experience of having to explain *The Clouds* to students who had never heard of Socrates. In the examination of students at the conclusion of these courses there has never, so far as I am aware, been an unfavorable report; while more than once examiners have gone out of their way to express surprise at the results attained. I should myself attach more importance to the exercises done throughout the term by students; and in these I often have been astonished, not at the keenness of inter-

est displayed, which I should expect, but at the width of reading, which, in the case of the best students, has covered all the tragedies of the three dramatists, and the grasp of technicalities, sometimes amounting to high scholarship. It is worth noting that amongst the attendants at such courses were some persons who had studied classics at school, and occasionally high university graduates. From the latter came more than once the acknowledgment, which entirely agrees with my own personal experience as a graduate in classics, that they had never appreciated the literary side of the drama until they thus studied it in the vernacular; while from those whose classical studies had been of a humbler order was continually heard the exclamation, "Oh, if we had only had our attention drawn to these things in that dreary school work!" The results that have thus been attained in the case of the ancient classical drama are equally to be reached in connection with Homer and Plato, Tacitus and Horace.

The next great chapter of educational reform must be the restoration of the ancient Greek and Latin literatures to their proper place in all the education that claims to be liberal, — a place which originally was theirs by universal consent, and from which they have lapsed by the slow and unperceived changes of time, while the lapse has been concealed under the confusion between language and literature that lurks in the term "classics." The change required is no sweeping revolution: a readjustment of balance in our time-tables and an increase in the apparatus of translation are all that is necessary. The reform may be differently stated as regards the classes that do and do not study Latin and Greek.

For the education that is distinctively English, and applies to the masses of people who will never learn the ancient tongues, the desideratum is that the chief classical masters shall be intro-

duced as constituting the most important chapter in the history of English literature. Homer, the dramatists, and Plato, they must be taught, are just as much a part of our literature as Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon. The earlier masters are, perhaps, the more important, just because they are the earlier, and thus stand to the others in the relation of the basis to the superstructure. It is one of the safest principles of education that the student period of life may be considered a sort of embryonic stage, in which the individual goes rapidly through the several phases of development traversed at length by society at large. Thus to approach English literature through that which has inspired it, and which is reflected in all its details, will give a solidarity to literary culture, however limited it may be in amount. What is more important still is, that so connected a view of literature has the better chance of sowing the interest that will last beyond the period of pupilage, and turn the whole life into a literary education.

Where the ancient languages are already in vogue, I would suggest, as a practical reform, that no work should ever be set for study in the original Greek or Latin without its having attached to it a prescribed course of reading in English. This reading might be in other works of the same author or of allied authors, or in great works of kindred interest drawn from English or other literatures. To illustrate: where, at present, it is usual to set four or five Greek plays, I would set only one for study in Greek, say the *Alcestis* of Euripides; and with this I would combine Browning's *Balaustion*, the *Love of Alcestis* by William Morris, and Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, which transfers a similar situation to Christian surroundings. The student would, I suppose,

by this change, suffer a little in his knowledge of Greek; not much, I venture to say, for language differs from literature in the fact that a limited quantity of it, if thoroughly studied, yields a great deal of training. But, as compensation, he would gain not only literary interest, but an insight into comparative literature, which, when once awakened, becomes one of the most powerful forces for literary training. Similarly, where an elementary class at present is able to cover a book or two of Homer, I would set, as an exercise in Greek, only a limited number of lines, and with this I would combine, for study in English, the whole *Iliad* of Chapman and the *Odyssey* of William Morris.¹ The class might know less Greek, but they would know Homer, and never lose their love for him. It would be easy to multiply illustrations. Where the *Agamemnon* is studied in the original, the two *Iphigenias* of Euripides might be read in English; and the link of *Iphigenia* might further draw in the play of Goethe and the music of Gluck. With the *Prometheus Bound* would go, besides Mrs. Browning's English version, the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley; with a dialogue of Plato in Greek the whole personality of Socrates studied in English versions, together with dialogues of Lander to illustrate a parallel English form. My meaning is, not that these works should merely be mentioned to the student for reference, but that means should be taken to make the study of the English works just as methodical as the study of the Greek. I would make this linking together of classics in the original tongues with classics in vernacular a rule without an exception. Nothing less rigorous than this is sufficient to counteract the fatal tendency in all ordinary minds for difficulties of a dead lan-

¹ I mention these translations because they may be considered as English classics. It might, however, be found better to use versions emanating from the world of scholarship: such

as Morshead's translation of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, or the renderings of Homer which have been foreshadowed in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* by Professor Palmer.

guage to swamp and obscure the literary beauties concealed in it.

I believe there is a great opportunity for any university that will lead a new departure in the direction for which I have argued; uniting, in its own studies, pure literature in English with linguistic exercises in Latin and Greek, opening by "extension" teaching the ancient classics to the plain people, and by way of material for both these purposes encouraging the production of good translations. Ours is an age in which university education has to justify itself to a public opinion which uses other bases of judgment besides tradition, and I cannot think that the common sense of society would have accorded to classical studies the primacy they may have enjoyed in the past if they had been no more than the narrow discipline they have now become. What is the ideal of a classical education? it may be well to ask; for though the reality is always different from the ideal, yet, in education as in other things, he who aims at the sky will shoot higher than he that means a tree. I take it that the enthronement of classics in the realm of education rests upon a conception that a classical graduate should have traveled as truly with his mind into the world of Greek and Roman antiquity as if he had in person crossed the Atlantic and visited Europe; and that he should thus possess, in a degree that no mere bodily journeying could give, that enlargement of mind which the most Philistine critic is ready to recognize in men who have traveled. It is not enough that he should have heard classical names, as if one were to turn over the pages of some ancient Baedeker, but the landmarks of the old world must be to him emphatic spots, like the favorite scenes one has visited. The history and institutions of antiquity he must understand, not of course with the special knowledge of a lawyer, but with the intelligence of a citizen, or at least a visitor; and he should have

dipped into their rationale deeply enough to raise the questions of principle common to ancient and modern society. The forms of Greek art should be familiar to his eye, and their principles he should have absorbed as the basis of the æsthetic sense he will bring to bear upon the art of the modern world. The ways and customs of ancient life should seem as natural to him as if he had been obliged to adapt himself to them for a while, and be concerned with its religious mysteries or athletic gatherings of races, its political factions, social banquets, military expeditions, domestic privacy. The classic literature, such of it as is for all time, should have moved him like his own; he should feel as if he had heard Herodotus recite his history, or Pericles make a funeral oration, or Socrates cross-examine Gorgias, while he may have imbibed party spirit enough to enjoy the fun of seeing Socrates in his turn roughly handled by Aristophanes; fragments of Homer should come as naturally to his lips as to a modern child quotations from Alice in Wonderland; he may have become deeply enough imbued with ancient spirit to take sides, and feel all a Roman's doubt whether to prefer Virgil or Lucretius, Tacitus or Livy; he should, finally, in a degree proportioned to his ability, understand the great speech of the classic peoples, and by this potent though unconscious instrument be made to move along the very lines of their mind-play.

All this, which to one whose associations of classical study are with the slow labor of reading in the original will seem wildly impracticable, I believe to be within the compass of a man of ordinary powers, assisted by an intelligent teacher who can cover the ground with the free movement of a reader in his native tongue. But if I am mistaken, and my scheme includes too much, then the ideal of a classical education involves the duty of wise selection among the topics enumerated, as to which may be best aban-

doned and which retained. I am doubtful whether, in this case, the first thing to throw overboard should not be the linguistic exercise which at present makes the staple of classics. But of one thing I have no doubt whatever: that the last thing we can consent to give up must

be the study of the ancient literatures of Greece and Rome, which have woven themselves into the very framework of human thought, and the omission of which makes a scheme of liberal education an attempt to erect a pyramid otherwise than on its base.

Richard G. Moulton.

REMINISCENCES OF PROFESSOR SOPHOCLES.

ON the 14th of February, 1883, Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, Professor of Ancient, Byzantine, and Modern Greek in Harvard University, died at Cambridge, in the corner room of Holworthy Hall which he had occupied for nearly forty years. A past generation of American school-boys knew him gratefully as the author of a compact and lucid Greek grammar. College students — probably as large a number as ever sat under an American professor — have been introduced by him to the poets and historians of Greece. Scholars of a riper growth, both in Europe and America, wonder at the precision and loving diligence with which, in his dictionary of the later and Byzantine Greek, he assessed the corrupt literary coinage of his native land. His brief contributions to *The Nation* and other journals were always noticeable for exact knowledge and scrupulous literary honesty. As a great scholar, therefore, and one who through a long life labored to begot scholarship in others, Sophocles deserves well of America. At a time when Greek was usually studied as the school-boy studies it, this strange Greek came among us, connected himself with our oldest university, and showed us an example of encyclopædic learning, and such familiar and living acquaintance with Homer and Æschylus — yes, even with Polybius, Lucian, and Athenæus — as we have with Tennyson and Shakespeare

and Burke and Macaulay. More than this, he showed us how such learning was gathered. To a dozen generations of impressive college students he presented a type of an austere life directed to serene ends, a life sufficient for itself and filled with a never-hastening diligence which issued in vast mental stores.

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to trace the influence over American scholarship of this hardly domesticated wise man of the East. Nor will there be any attempt to narrate the outward events of his life. These are not fully known; and could they be discovered, there would be a kind of impiety in reporting them. Few traits were so characteristic of him as his wish to conceal his history. His motto might have been that of Epicurus and Descartes: "Well hid is well lived." Yet in spite of his concealments, perhaps in part because of them, few persons ever connected with Harvard have left behind them an impression of such massive individuality. He was long a notable figure in university life, one of those picturesque characters who by their very being give impulse to aspiring mortals and check the ever-encroaching commonplace. It is ungrateful to allow one formerly so stimulating and talked about to go out into silence. Now that the decent interval after death is passed, a memorial to this unusual man may be reverently

set up. His likeness may be drawn by a fond, though faithful hand. Or at least such stories about him may be kindly put into the record of print as will reflect some of those rugged, paradoxical, witty, and benignant aspects of his nature which marked him off from the humdrum herd of men.

My own first approach to Sophocles was at the end of my Junior year in college. It was necessary for me to be absent from his afternoon recitation. In those distant days absences were regarded by Harvard law as luxuries, and a small fixed quantity of them, a sort of sailor's grog, was credited with little charge each half year to every student. I was already nearing the limit of the unenlargeable eight, and could not well venture to add another to my score. It seemed safer to try to win indulgence from my fierce-eyed instructor. Early one morning I went to Sophocles's room. "Professor Sophocles," I said, "I want to be excused from attending the Greek recitation this afternoon." "I have no power to excuse," uttered in the gruffest of tones, while he looked the other way. "But I cannot be here. I must be out of town at three o'clock." "I have no power. You had better see the president." Finding the situation desperate, I took a desperate leap. "But the president probably would not allow my excuse. At the play of the Hasty Pudding Club to-night I am to appear as leading lady. I must go to Brookline this afternoon and have my sister dress me." No muscle of the stern face moved; but he rose, walked to a table where his class lists lay, and, taking up a pencil, calmly said: "You had better say nothing to the president. You are here *now*. I will mark you so." He sniffed, he bowed, and, without smile or word from either of us, I left the room. As I came to know Sophocles afterwards, I found that in this trivial early interview I had come upon some of the most distinctive traits of his character;

here was an epitome of his *brusquerie*, his dignity, his whimsical logic, and his kind heart.

Outwardly he was always brusque and repellent. A certain savagery marked his very face. He once observed that, in introducing a character, Homer is apt to draw attention to the eye. Certainly in himself this was the feature which first attracted notice; for his eye had uncommon alertness and intelligence. Those who knew him well detected in it a hidden sweetness; but against the stranger it burned and glared, and guarded all avenues of approach. Startled it was, like the eye of a wild animal, and penetrating, "peering through the portals of the brain like the brass cannon." Over it crouched bushy brows, and all around the great head bristled white hair, on forehead, cheeks, and lips, so that little flesh remained visible, and the life was settled in two fiery spots. This concentration of expression in the few elementary features of shape, hair, and eyes made the head a magnificent subject for painting. Rembrandt should have painted it. William Hunt would have done it best justice among our own painters. It is a pity that no report of it hangs in Memorial Hall. But he would never allow a portrait of himself to be drawn. Into his personality strangers must not intrude. Venturing once to try for memoranda of his face, I took an artist to his room. The courtesy of Sophocles was too stately to allow him to turn my friend away, but he seated himself in a shaded window, and kept his head in constant motion. When my frustrated friend had departed, Sophocles told me, though without direct reproach, of two sketches which had before been surreptitiously made, — one by the pencil of a student in his class, another in oils by a lady who had followed him on the street. Toward photography his aversion was weaker; perhaps because in that art a human being less openly

meddled with him. Several admirable photographs of him exist.

From this sense of personal dignity, which made him at all times determined to keep out of the grasp of others, much of his brusqueness sprang. On the morning after he returned from his visit to Greece a fellow-professor saw him on the opposite side of the street, and, hastening across, greeted him warmly: "So you have been home, Mr. Sophocles; and how did you find your mother?" "She was up an apple-tree," said Sophocles, confining himself to the facts of the case. A boy who snowballed him on the street he prosecuted relentlessly, and he could not be appeased until a considerable fine was imposed; but he paid the fine himself. Many a bold push was made to ascertain his age; yet, however suddenly the question came, or however craftily one crept from date to date, there was a uniform lack of success. "I see Allibone's Dictionary says you were born in 1805," a gentleman remarked. "Some statements have been nearer, and some have been farther from the truth." One day, when a violent attack of illness fell on him, a physician was called for diagnosis. He felt the pulse, he examined the tongue, he heard the report of the symptoms, then suddenly asked, "How old are you, Mr. Sophocles?" With as ready presence of mind and as pretty ingenuity as if he were not lying at the point of death, Sophocles answered: "The Arabs, Dr. W., estimate age by several standards. The age of Hassan, the porter, is reckoned by his wrinkles; that of Abdallah, the physician, by the lives he has saved; that of Achmet, the sage, by his wisdom. I, all my life a scholar, am nearing my hundredth year." To those who had once come close to Sophocles these little reserves, never asserted with impatience, were characteristic and endearing. I happen to know his age; hot irons shall not draw it from me.

Closely connected with his repellent

reserve was the stern independence of his modes of life. In his scheme, little things were kept small and great things large. What was the true reading in a passage of Aristophanes, what the usage of a certain word in Byzantine Greek, — these were matters on which a man might well reflect and labor. But of what consequence was it if the breakfast was slight or the coat worn? Accordingly, a single room, in which a light was seldom seen, sufficed him during his forty years' of life in the college yard. It was totally bare of comforts. It contained no carpet, no stuffed furniture, no bookcase. The college library furnished the volumes he was at any time using, and these lay along the floor, beside his dictionary, his shoes, and the box that contained the sick chicken. A single bare table held the book he had just laid down, together with a Greek newspaper, a silver watch, a cravat, a paper package or two, and some scraps of bread. His simple meals were prepared by himself over a small open stove, which served at once for heat and cookery. Eating, however, was always treated as a subordinate and incidental business, deserving no fixed time, no dishes, nor the setting of a table. The peasants of the East, the monks of Southern monasteries, live chiefly on bread and fruit, relished with a little wine; and Sophocles, in spite of Cambridge and America, was to the last a peasant and a monk. Such simple nutriments best fitted his constitution, for "they found their acquaintance there." The Western world had come to him by accident, and was ignored; the East was in his blood, and ordered all his goings. Yet, as a grave man of the East might, he had his festivities, and could on occasion be gay. Among a few friends he could tell a capital story and enjoy a well-cooked dish. But his ordinary fare was meagre in the extreme. For one of his heartier meals he would cut a piece of meat into bits and roast it on

a spit, as Homer's people roasted theirs. "Why not use a gridiron?" I once asked. "It is not the same," he said. "The juice then runs into the fire. But when I turn my spit it bastes itself." His taste was more than usually sensitive, kept fine and discriminating by the restraint in which he held it. Indeed, all his senses, except sight, were acute. The wine he drank was the delicate unresinated Greek wine, — Corinthian, or Chian, or Cyprian; the amount of water to be mixed with each being carefully debated and employed. Each winter a cask was sent him from a special vineyard on the heights of Corinth, and occasioned something like a general rejoicing in Cambridge, so widely were its flavorful contents distributed. Whenever this cask arrived, or when there came a box from Mt. Sinai filled with potato-like sweetmeats, — a paste of figs, dates, and nuts, stuffed into sewed goatskins, — or when his hens had been laying a goodly number of eggs, then under the blue cloak a selection of bottles, or of sweetmeats, or of eggs would be borne to a friend's house, where for an hour the old man sat in dignity and calm, opening and closing his eyes and his jack-knife; uttering meanwhile detached remarks, wise, gruff, biting, yet seldom lacking a kernel of kindness, till bedtime came, nine o'clock, and he was gone, the gifts — if thanks were feared — left in a chair by the door. There were half a dozen houses and dinner tables in Cambridge to which he went with pleasure, houses where he seemed to find a solace in the neighborhood of his kind. But human beings were an exceptional luxury. He had never learned to expect them. They never became necessities of his daily life, and I doubt if he missed them when they were absent. As he slowly recovered strength, after one of his later illnesses, I urged him to spend a month with me. Refusing in a brief sentence, he added with unusual gentleness: "To be alone is not the same for me and

for you. I have never known anything else."

Unquestionably, much of his disposition to remain aloof and to resist the on-coming intruder was bred by the experiences of his early youth. His native place, Tsangarada, is a village of eastern Thessaly, far up among the slopes of the Pindus. Thither, several centuries ago, an ancestor led a migration from the west coast of Greece, and sought a refuge from Turkish oppression. From generation to generation his fathers continued to be shepherds of their people, the office of *Proëstos*, or governor, being hereditary in the house. Sturdy men those ancestors must have been, and picturesque their times. In late winter afternoons, at 3 Holworthy, when the dusk began to settle among the elms about the yard, legends of these heroes and their far-off days would loiter through the exile's mind. At such times bloody doings would be narrated with all the coolness that appears in *Cæsar's Commentaries*, and over the listener would come a sense of a fantastic world as different from our own as that of Bret Harte's *Argonauts*. "My great-grandfather was not easily disturbed. He was a young man and *Proëstos*. His stone house stood apart from the others. He was sitting in its great room one evening, and heard a noise. He looked around, and saw three men by the farther door. 'What are you here for?' 'We have come to assassinate you.' 'Who sent you?' 'Andreas.' It was a political enemy. 'How much did Andreas promise you?' 'A dollar.' 'I will promise you two dollars if you will go and assassinate Andreas.' So they turned, went, and assassinated Andreas. My great-grandfather went to Scyros the next day, and remained there five years. In five years these things are forgotten in Greece. Then he came back, and brought a wife from Scyros, and was *Proëstos* once more."

Another evening: "People said my grandfather died of leprosy. Perhaps he did. As Proëstos he gave a decision against a woman, and she hated him. One night she crept up behind the house, where his clothes lay on the ground, and spread over his clothes the clothes of a leper. After that, he was not well. His hair fell off, and he died. But perhaps it was not leprosy; perhaps he died of fear. The Knights of Malta were worrying the Turks. They sailed into the harbor of Volo, and threatened to bombard the town. The Turks seized the leading Greeks and shut them up in the mosque. When the first gun was fired by the frigate, the heads of the Greeks were to come off. My grandfather went into the mosque a young man. A quarter of an hour afterwards the gun was heard, and my grandfather waited for the headsman. But the shot toppled down the minaret, and the Knights of Malta were so pleased that they sailed away, satisfied. The Turks, watching them, forgot about the prisoners. But two hours later, when my grandfather came out of the mosque, he was an old man. He could not walk well. His hair fell off, and he died."

Sometimes I caught glimpses of Turkish oppression in times of peace. "I remember the first time I saw the wedding gift given. No new-made bride must leave the house she visits without a gift. My mother's sister married, and came to see us. I was a boy. She stood at the door to go, and my mother remembered she had not had the gift. There was not much to give. The Turks had been worse than usual, and everything was buried. But my mother could not let her go without the gift. She searched the house, and found a saucer, — it was a beautiful saucer; and this she gave her sister, who took it and went away."

"How did you get the name of Sophocles?" I asked, one evening. "Is your family supposed to be connected with that of the poet?" "My name is not

Sophocles. I have no family name. In Greece, when a child is born, it is carried to the grandfather to receive a name." (I thought how, in the *Odyssey*, the nurse puts the infant Odysseus in the arms of his mother's father, Autolycus, for naming.) "The grandfather gives him his own name. The father's name, of course, is different; and this he too gives when he becomes a grandfather. So in old Greek families two names alternate through generations. My grandfather's name was Evangelinos. This he gave to me; and I was distinguished from others of that name because I was the son of Apostolos, Apostolides. But my best schoolmaster was fond of the poet Sophocles, and he was fond of me. He used to call me his little Sophocles. The other boys heard it, and they began to call me so. It was a nickname. But when I left home people took it for my family name. They thought I must have a family name. I did not contradict them. It makes no difference. This is as good as any." One morning he received a telegram of congratulation from the monks in Cairo. "It is my day," he said. "How did the monks know it was your birthday?" I asked. "It is not my birthday. Nobody thinks about that. It is forgotten. This is my saint's day. Coming into the world is of no consequence; coming under the charge of the saints is what we care for. My name puts me in the Virgin's charge, and the feast of the Annunciation is my day. The monks know my name."

To the Greek Church he was always loyal. Its faith had glorified his youth, and to it he turned for strength throughout his solitary years. Its conventual discipline was dear to him, and oftener than of his birthplace at the foot of Mt. Olympus he dreamed of Mt. Sinai. On Mt. Sinai the Emperor Justinian founded the most revered of all Greek monasteries. Standing remote on its sacred mountain, the monastery is obliged to depend on Cairo for its supplies. In

Cairo, accordingly, there is a branch or agency, which during the boyhood of Sophocles was presided over by his uncle Constantius. At twelve he joined this uncle in Cairo. In the agency there, in the parent monastery on Sinai itself, and in journeyings between the two, the happy years were spent which shaped his intellectual and religious constitution. Though he never outwardly became a monk, he largely became one within. His adored uncle Constantius was his spiritual father. Through him his ideals had been acquired, — his passion for learning, his hardihood in duty, his imperturbable patience, his brief speech, which allowed only so many words as might scantily clothe his thought, his indifference to personal comfort. He never spoke the name of Constantius without some sign of reverence; and in his will, after making certain private bequests, and leaving to Harvard College all his printed books and stereotype plates, he adds this clause: "All the residue and remainder of my property and estate I devise and bequeath to the said President and Fellows of Harvard College in trust, to keep the same as a permanent fund, and to apply the income thereof in two equal parts: one part to the purchase of Greek and Latin books (meaning hereby the ancient classics) or of Arabic books, or of books illustrating or explaining such Greek, Latin, or Arabic books; and the other part to the Catalogue Department of the General Library. . . . My will is that the entire income of the said fund be expended in every year, and that the fund be kept forever unimpaired, and be called and known as the Constantius Fund, in memory of my paternal uncle, Constantius the Sinaite, Κωνσταντίος Σιναιτης."

This man, then, by birth, training, and temper a solitary; whose heritage was Mt. Olympus, and the monastery of Justinian, and the Greek quarter of Cairo, and the isles of Greece; whose intimates were Hesiod and Pindar and

Arrian and Basilides, — this man it was who, from 1842 onward, was deputed to interpret to American college boys the hallowed writings of his race. Thirty years ago, too, at the period when I sat on the green bench in front of the long-legged desk, college boys were boys indeed. They had no more knowledge than the high-school boy of to-day, and they were kept in order by much the same methods. Thus it happened, by some jocose perversity in the arrangement of human affairs, that throughout our Sophomore and Junior years we sportive youngsters were obliged to endure Sophocles, and Sophocles was obliged to endure us. No wonder if he treated us with a good deal of contempt. No wonder that his power of scorn, originally splendid, enriched itself from year to year. We learned, it is true, something about everything except Greek; and the best thing we learned was a new type of human nature. Who that was ever his pupil will forget the calm bearing, the occasional pinch of snuff, the averted eye, the murmur of the interior voice, and the stocky little figure with the lion's head? There in the corner he stood, as stranded and solitary as the Egyptian obelisk in the hurrying Place de la Concorde. In a curious sort of fashion he was faithful to what he must have felt an obnoxious duty. He was never absent from his post, nor did he cut short the hours, but he gave us only such attention as was prescribed in the bond; he appeared to hurry past, as by set purpose, the beauties of what we read, and he took pleasure in snubbing expectancy and aspiration.

"When I entered college," says an eminent Greek scholar, "I was full of the notion, which I probably could not have justified, that the Greeks were the greatest people that had ever lived. My enthusiasm was fanned into a warmer glow when I learned that my teacher was himself a Greek, and that our first lesson was to be the story of Thermopylæ.

After the passage of Herodotus had been duly read, Sophocles began: 'You must not suppose these men stayed in the Pass because they were brave; they were afraid to run away.' A shiver went down my back. Even if what he said had been true, it ought never to have been told to a Freshman."

The universal custom of those days was the hearing of recitations, and to this Sophocles conformed so far as to set a lesson, and to call for its translation bit by bit. But when a student had read his suitable ten lines, he was stopped by the raised finger; and Sophocles, fixing his eyes on vacancy, and taking his start from some casual suggestion of the passage, began a monologue, — a monologue not unlike one of Browning's in its caprices, its involvement, its adaptation to the speaker's mind rather than to the hearer's, and its ease in glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. During these intervals the sluggish slumbered, the industrious devoted themselves to books and papers brought in the pocket for the purpose, the dreamy enjoyed the opportunity of wondering what the strange words and their still stranger utterer might mean. The monologue was sometimes long and sometimes short, according as the theme which had been struck kindled the rhapsodist, and enabled him, with greater or less completeness, to forget his class. When some subtlety was approached, a smile — the only smile ever seen on his face by strangers — lifted for a moment the corner of the mouth. The student who had been reciting stood meanwhile, but sat when the voice stopped, the white head nodded, the pencil made a record, and a new name was called.

There were perils, of course, in records of this sort. Reasons for the figures which subsequently appeared on the college books were not easy to find. Some of us accounted for our marks by the fact that we had red hair or long noses; others preferred the explanation that

our professor's pencil happened to move more readily to the right hand or to the left. For the most part we took good-naturedly whatever was given us, though questionings would sometimes arise. A little before my time there entered an ambitious young fellow, who cherished large purposes in Greek. At the end of the first month under his queer instructor he went to the regent and inquired for his mark in Plato. It was three, the maximum being eight. Horror-stricken, he penetrated Sophocles's room. "Professor Sophocles," he said, "I find my mark is only three. There must be some mistake. There is another Jones in the class, you know, J. S. Jones" (a lump of flesh), "and may it not be that our marks have been confused?" An unmoved countenance, a little wave of the hand, accompanied the answer: "You must take your chance, — you must take your chance." In my own section, when anybody was absent from a certain bench, poor Prindle was always obliged to go forward and say, "I was here to-day, Professor Sophocles," or else the gap on the bench where six men should sit was charged to Prindle's account. In those easy-going days, when men were examined for entrance to college orally and in squads, there was a good deal of eagerness among the knowing ones to get into the squad of Sophocles; for it was believed that he admitted everybody, on the ground that none of us knew any Greek, and it was consequently unfair to discriminate. "Do you read your examination books?" he once asked a fellow-instructor. "If they are better than you expect, the writers cheat; if they are no better, time is wasted." "Is to-day story day or contradiction day?" he is reported to have said to one who, in the war time, eagerly handed him a newspaper, and asked if he had seen the morning's news.

How much of this cynicism of conduct and of speech was genuine perhaps he knew as little as the rest of us; but

certainly it imparted a pessimistic tinge to all he did and said. To hear him talk, one would suppose the world was ruled by accident or by an utterly irrational fate; for in his mind the two conceptions seemed closely to coincide. His words were never abusive; they were deliberate, peaceful even; but they made it very plain that as long as one lived there was no use in expecting anything. Paradoxes were a little more probable than ordered calculations; but even paradoxes would fail. Human beings were altogether impotent, though they fussed and strutted as if they could accomplish great things. How silly was trust in men's goodness and power, even in one's own! Most men were bad and stupid, — Germans especially so. The Americans knew nothing, and never could know. A wise man would not try to teach them. Yet some persons dreamed of establishing a university in America! Did they expect scholarship where there were politicians and business men? Evil influences were far too strong. They always were. The good were made expressly to suffer, the evil to succeed. Better leave the world alone, and keep one's self true. "Put a drop of milk into a gallon of ink; it will make no difference. Put a drop of ink into a gallon of milk; the whole is spoiled."

I have felt compelled to dwell at some length on these cynical, illogical, and austere aspects of Sophocles's character, and even to point out the circumstances of his life which may have shaped them, because these were the features by which the world commonly judged him, and was misled. One meeting him casually had little more to judge by. So entire was his reserve, so little did he permit close conversation, so seldom did he raise his eye in his slow walks on the street, so rarely might a stranger pass the bolted door of his chamber, that to the last he bore to the average college student the character of a sphinx,

marvelous in self-sufficiency, amazing in erudition, romantic in his suggestion of distant lands and customs, and forever piquing curiosity by his eccentric and sarcastic sayings. All this whimsicality and pessimism would have been cheap enough, and little worth recording, had it stood alone. What lent it price and beauty was that it was the utterance of a singularly self-denying and tender soul. The incongruity between his bitter speech and his kind heart endeared both to those who knew him. Like his venerable cloak, his grotesque language often hid a bounty underneath. For he was never weary in well-doing. How many students have received his surly benefactions! In how many small tradesmen's shops did he have his appointed chair! His room was bare: but in his native town an aqueduct was built; his importunate and ungrateful relatives were pensioned; the monks of Mt. Sinai were protected against want; the children and grandchildren of those who had befriended his early years in America were watched over with a father's love; and by care for helpless creatures wherever they crossed his path he kept himself clean of selfishness.

One winter night, at nearly ten o'clock, I was called to my door. There stood Sophocles. When I asked him why he was not in bed an hour ago, "A. has gone home," he said. "I know it," I answered; for A. was a young instructor dear to me. "He is sick," he went on. "Yes." "He has no money." "Well, we will see how he will get along." "But you must get him some money, and I must know about it." And he would not go back into the storm — this graybeard professor, solicitous for an overworked tutor — till I assured him that arrangements had been made for continuing A.'s salary during his absence. I declare, in telling the tale I am ashamed. Am I wronging the good man by disclosing his secret, and saying

that he was not the cynical curmudgeon for which he tried to pass? But already before he was in his grave the secret had been discovered, and many gave him persistently the love which he still tried to wave away.

Toward dumb and immature creatures his tenderness was more frank, for these could not thank him. Children always recognized in him their friend. A group of curly-heads usually appeared in his window on Class Day. A stray cat knew him at once, and, though he seldom stroked her, would quickly accommodate herself near his legs. By him spiders were watched, and their thin wants supplied. But his solitary heart went out most unreservedly and with the most pathetic devotion toward fragile chickens; and out of these uninteresting little birds he elicited a degree of responsive intelligence which was startling to see. One of his dearest friends, coming home from a journey, brought him a couple of bantam eggs. When hatched and grown, they developed into a little five-inch burnished cock, which shone like a jewel or a bird of paradise, and a more sober but exquisite hen. These two, Frank and Nina, and all their numerous progeny for many years, Sophocles trained to the hand. Each knew its name, and would run from the flock when its white-haired keeper called, and, sitting upon his hand or shoulder, would show queer signs of affection, not hesitating even to crow. The same generous friend who gave the eggs gave shelter also to the winged consequences. And thus it happened that three times a day, as long as he was able to leave his room, Sophocles went to that house where the Harvard Annex is now sheltered to attend his pets. White grapes were carried there, and the choicest of corn and clamshell; and endless study was given to devising conveniences for housing, nesting, and the promenade. But he did not demand too much from his chickens.

In their case, as in dealing with human beings, he felt it wise to bear in mind the limit and to respect the fore-ordained. When Nina was laying badly, one springtime, I suggested a special food as a good egg-producer. But Sophocles declined to use it. "You may hasten matters," he said, "but you cannot change them. A hen is born with just so many eggs to lay. You cannot increase the number." The eggs, as soon as laid, were penciled with the date and the name of the mother, and were then distributed among his friends, or sparingly eaten at his own meals. To eat a chicken itself was a kind of cannibalism from which his whole nature shrank. "I do not eat what I love," he said, rejecting the bowl of chicken broth I pressed upon him in his last sickness.

If in ways so uncommon his clinging nature, cut off from domestic opportunity, went out to unresponsive creatures, it may be imagined how good cause of love he furnished to his few intimates among mankind. They found in him sweet courtesy, undemanding gentleness, an almost feminine tact in adapting what he could give to what they might receive. To their eyes the great scholar, the austere monk, the bizarre professor, the pessimist, were hidden by the large and lovable man. Even strangers recognized him as no common person, so thoroughly was all he did and said purged of superfluity, so veracious was he, so free from apology. His everyday thoughts were worthy thoughts. He knew no shame or fear, and had small wish, I think, for any change. Always a devout Christian, he seldom used expressions of regret or hope. Probably he concerned himself little with these or other feelings. In the last days of his life, it is true, when his thoughts were oftener in Arabia than in Cambridge, he once or twice referred to "the ambition of learning" as the temptation which had drawn him out from the

monastery, and had given him a life less holy than he might have led among the monks. But these were moods of humility rather than of regret. Habitually he maintained an elevation above circumstances, — was it stoicism or Christianity? — which imparted to his behavior, even when most eccentric, an unshakable dignity. When I have found him in his room, curled up in shirt and drawers, reading the *Arabian Nights*, the Greek service book, or the *Ladder of the Virtues*, by John Klimakos, he has risen to receive me with the bearing

of an Arab sheikh, and has laid by the Greek folio and motioned me to a chair with a stateliness not natural to our land or century. It would be clumsy to liken him to one of Plutarch's men; for though there was much of the heroic and extraordinary in his character and manners, nothing about him suggested a suspicion of being on show. The mould in which he was cast was formed earlier. In his bearing and speech, and in a certain large simplicity of mental structure, he was the most Homeric man I ever knew.

George Herbert Palmer.

ROWING AT OXFORD.

THE beginning of the 'Varsity year in October brings with it its new consignment of Freshmen. Of these, some have already, while at school, made a name either as oars, or cricketers, or in one of the two kinds of football. By means of this bias the choice of many is soon decided, though of course one sport need not exclude entirely another during a man's 'Varsity career. The river is always sure of its supply of recruits, for two reasons: first, setting aside those who have already had experience in oarsmanship, a small frame or light weight is perhaps less a disadvantage in rowing than in any other sport; and second, the large amount of practice and coaching which the river recruit will receive gives small-statured skill a chance of differentiating itself from big-bodied stolidity. For rowing preëminently among sports demands the exercise, and consequently favors the development, of intellectual and moral qualities.

Let us suppose, then, that there have come down to the college barge in October thirty Freshmen. From this material are selected all those who are likely to benefit by practice under the eye of

careful coaches. Crews are arranged to row in heavy tub fours, and are taken daily in the afternoon a couple of journeys down to Iffley and back, making for the afternoon's exercise an average of about five miles' rowing. Besides this, individual faults, which in the tyro are legion, are corrected either between or after journeys in a tub pair. This kind of work is carried on for four or five out of the eight weeks of the October term, and at the end of this period the racing capacities of the men are first put to the test. According to the mettle now displayed will be the brief and inglorious, or the long and illustrious, rowing careers of the several oars. These races are the concern of college clubs only, and are managed after the traditional system of each particular college. Thus, while some clubs prefer to have the trial fours rowed in heats of two boats starting abreast, others arrange two or three boats in a heat, at a given distance behind each other, corresponding to the distance separating their respective flags at the winning posts. With the latter method, when the stern of a boat has passed its flag at

the end of the course, a pistol is fired, and the decision is given by the reports. But in either case the rowing and sporting sets of a college run along the towing path, encouraging the crews with bells and rattles and yells. Good fours generally augur successes on the river for the ensuing year. Pots are given to the winning crew, and perhaps a challenge oar or cup, to be held, in the first case, by each member of the crew, or, in the second, by the stroke.

About three weeks now remain of the October term. After a few days' rest, those in authority set about selecting the best men from the fours to represent their colleges in the torpid eight-oared races, which will be rowed in the middle of the next or Easter term. The change from a slow and heavy tub four to a moderately heavy eight is a great one, and the novice at first is surprised at the rate of traveling and the small amount of energy he is able to expend on each stroke. This experience proves that his oarsmanship will necessarily, in future, be of a finer quality, and the greatest attention will have to be paid to the admonitions of the coach, who now runs or rides along the bank each journey to instruct and polish his crew. The coxswain, too, requires some little skill and a considerable voice, to manipulate a long eight through the narrow and tortuous "gut." Something like the probable crew is put together by the end of the term. A six weeks' vacation follows, and when the men reassemble work commences in real earnest. It is no slight or maiden's task that the oarsman undertakes who engages to row in his college torpid. For, to begin with, this is the first occasion on which strong feeling attends the results of the racing, it being the first intercollegiate competition. It must be remembered that the status of any one of the colleges or halls, of which there are about two dozen, depends as much on its position on the river as on its class lists in the schools.

Again, the weather between January and March is, as a rule, the reverse of gentle: strong east winds, rain, hail, snow, and ice have been known to make the thinly clad oarsman wish he had never put his hand to the plough. What is more, before he can row he must become a member of the University Boat Club; and the privilege of membership is not to be bought at a price less than £3 10s., which sum paid, however, he is a member for life. Lastly, it is not one day's racing he is to train for, but six afternoons', broken only by the Sunday rest. There is no turning backward, so one thinks twice before one rows in his "togger." A healthy mind, however, finds a difficulty nothing but an opportunity, and accepts the hardship which his ambition entails. Imagine, then, that I am chosen as one of the eight who are to undergo three weeks' training and one week of racing.

"In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke
late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted
jott."

Thus sings Spenser in *The Faëry Queene* concerning the spiritual training of the Red Cross Knight, and his words not inaptly describe the effect of rowing discipline.

We train, briefly, as follows: Rising at half past seven, we take a brisk run of a quarter of a mile in meadow or park as a breather and to induce a gentle sweat, which we dispel by means of a cold tub and rough towels. This operation in cold weather is followed by a tingling and glowing sensation and a general readiness for breakfast, which the crew eat together, under the presidency of a coach, at 8.30. Fish and fowls, chops and steaks, dry toast and

butter, marmalade and green food *ad lib.*, washed down with strictly limited weak tea, constitute a satisfying repast. Lunch, at one, is a light meal, consisting of a little cold meat and a half pint of beer. Between two and five o'clock is done the rowing exercise for the day, and at seven we dine, again with a certain recognized training *menu*, and go to bed at 10.30. There is no pleasant indulgence in afternoon tea; but after a particularly hard day's work, such as a course rowed over, and during the racing week, a glass or two of port or claret is permitted after the evening meal, to make blood and prevent staleness, which is apt to overtake us during training.

The first day of the racing week is always a Thursday. As there are too many boats to row simultaneously, they are divided into two divisions: the first dozen, let us say, rowing at three o'clock, and the lower half at five. In order to make it possible for a boat to rise from one to the other division, the first of the lower division boats (which row first) is entitled to row again on the same afternoon as last of the upper division. It is then called the "sandwich boat." The system of a bumping race is as follows: The boats start at Iffley from their punts, which have previously been fixed at equal distances (one hundred and twenty feet) below one another. The race is rowed up stream over a course about a mile long. A gun on the bank is fired at five minutes before the start as a warning, a second gun four minutes afterwards, and a third for the start. A dozen boats instantly burst away in a long line divided by the stated interval. But before half the course is rowed the relative positions of the crews are greatly altered. Take, for example, the fortune of the fourth boat. It gradually lessens its distance from the third, at the same time increasing that between itself and the fifth. Presently its bows overlap the stern of number three, and in

a moment more it has grazed the boat well up alongside of the coxswain, who holds up his hand in recognition of the "bump," while both three and four lose no time in falling out of the line toward either bank, to allow those below to continue their race. This is on Thursday. On Friday boat four starts third, and boat three fourth; and so in six nights a boat may normally rise or fall six places, but seven, if it pass through the position of sandwich boat, in which it may bump or be bumped twice on the same day. A position among the first half dozen boats is much prized, and it requires sustained excellence of coaching and rowing to maintain the headship more than a single year.

But there are two boats representing a given college. Its torpid may be fifth, its "eight" tenth, on the river. Who then compose the "eight," and when are the eights rowed? The eight consists of the best oars in college, and is generally recruited from the torpid. It is the representative boat, and no man who has rowed in it may row subsequently in the torpid. These crews race in the third or summer term, generally in May. The boats are lighter, and the oarsman is for the first time introduced to a sliding-seat, but he trains in much the same fashion as for the torpid. With the eights the year's routine is at an end. If a Freshman finds his way into the eight by the end of his first year, he has done exceptionally well. Those eightsmen who continue in residence for the following year manage the college clubs and coach its boats in the manner we have already described. There are distinguishing badges for the status of foursman, toggerman, or eightsmen, consisting of caps or blazers, varying in colors or trimming.

With fours, torpids, and eights the oarsman's career is completed so far as his particular college is concerned. If his ambition looks still higher, he must

now try to represent the 'Varsity in the inter-Varsity race at Putney. *Paulo majora canamus*. This contest is the means of adding two further grades of distinction to the three already mentioned. In October, while colleges are selecting fours, the university president and committee are carefully searching for eligible material among the last year's eightsmen. From these are finally chosen sixteen men to form two trial eights, who row over a longer course at Moultsford. The trial eightsmen is further distinguished by a white cap with black oars crossed in front, and from such sixteen the vacant thwarts in the 'Varsity boat are filled up each year. But neither trial eightsmen or "Blues," as such, are prohibited from rowing in their college eights in May.

So then we have reached the highest rung of the five-stepped ladder if, in January or early February, we are selected to row for Oxford against Cambridge over the Putney course. The efforts required are naturally proportionate to the distinction to be won. If he has not before passed the ordeal, each man must at this stage be medically examined, and certified fit to stand the strain of six weeks' training and the twenty minutes' row from Putney to Mortlake. The "Blue" has attained all that is attainable with the oar, especially if he happen to be a member of a winning boat. "The force of nature could no further go." Still, for the yet undamped enthusiast there are fresh laurels to be won at Henley, or new obstacles for his energy to overcome in the effort to raise a college boat on the river, either by coaching or rowing; and for a rowing god, who has already won his way to celestial citadels, to look down on the struggling mortality of a college eight is indeed proof of pure, disinterested *esprit de corps*.

Such is the main *cursus honorum* in the 'Varsity rowing world, and it is substantially similar in both the sister seats

of learning. But there are also side-lights of greater or less importance which serve to encourage and to improve the public performances, or to bring out the relative worth of individuals. Rowing is nothing if not coöperative; it exhibits the most perfect system of socialism imaginable, and the individual is lost in oblivion. Hence the excellence of the moral training which is on all sides claimed for this form of sport.

Competition between individuals, however, is not studiously avoided. The 'Varsity challenge sculls are rowed after the eights in the summer term, and a better opportunity for displaying "grit" and dogged determination and courage, to say nothing of judgment, is perhaps never afforded. It is among 'Varsity scullers that we expect to find the amateur champion; that is, the winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley.

Another competition open to the whole university is the pair-oar (coxswainless) races. This, the most difficult form of rowing, requires, besides strength and neatness, a very exact balance of weight and similarity of style between the two men rowing together.

Once a man has rowed in his eight, his rowing powers are taxed, in the ordinary course of things, only once a year, for the short period of the summer races. To prevent his sinews and muscles degenerating into fat, and his wrists and arms losing their pliancy, there are two sets of intercollegiate races for fours, one rowed in light, the other in clinker-built ships. Great store is set by the carrying off of the trophy for either event by any particular college.

The several colleges, too, have their own established annual competitions in sculling and pair-oar rowing. At the close of the year, in the warm afternoons of June, are held the college regattas off the barges, in which all the rowing interest of each society makes sport for itself and amusement for spectators on the banks with forms of watermanship

which are lighter and more pleasant, but still require considerable skill and dexterity, such as punting, canoeing, cockle-rowing, etc.

This is the ordinary year's aquatic programme. A few words about the management of this elaborate system. Each college has its own club, with captain, secretary or treasurer, and committee, through which it controls funds and the general working of the boats. There is also the University Boat Club, with its barge and boat-house for headquarters, likewise under a chairman,

president, secretary, and committee. As was said above, a member of a college torpid becomes *ipso facto* a member of the University Club by paying his subscription. This club is responsible for the management of matters of general concern, and especially the funds of the inter-'Varsity race at Putney.

Such is the system of river sport that has gradually developed at Oxford during the present century, admirable alike in its hierarchy of clearly defined gradations, its centralization, and its working results.

S. E. Winbolt.

A TOWN MOUSE AND A COUNTRY MOUSE.

"WELL, Mis' Phelps, I'm reelly a-goin' to Glover to see Melindy at last. I be, pos'itive. Don't seem as though it could be true, 't is so long sence I sot eyes on her; and I've lotted on it so much, and tried so often and failed up on 't, that I can't hardly believe in 't now it's comin' to pass. But I be a-goin' now, sure as you live, Providence permittin'."

The speaker was a small, thin old woman, alert and active as a chickadee, with a sharp twitter in her voice, reminding one still more of that small black and gray bird that cheers us with his gay defiance of winter, though he utter it from a fir bough bent to the ground with heavy snows. Her dark gray hair was drawn into a tight knot at the back of her head; her tear-worn eyes shone with a pathetic sort of lustre, as if joy were stranger to them than grief; her thin lips wore a doubtful smile, but still the traces of a former dimple, under that smiling influence, creased itself in one lined and sallow cheek. You saw at a glance that she had worked hard always; her small hands were knotted at the joints and

callous in the palms; her shoulders were slightly bent. And you saw, too, that poverty had enforced her labor, for her dress, though scrupulously neat, and shaped with a certain shy deference to the fashion of the day, was of poor material and scant draperies.

Amanda Hart was really a remarkable woman, but she did not know it. Her life had been one long struggle with poverty and illness in her family, to whom she was utterly devoted. She had earned her living in one way or another as long as she could remember. Her mother died when she was a mere child, and her father was always a "shiftless," miserable creature, in his later years the prey of a slow yet fatal disease, dying by inches, of torture that defied doctors and wrung poor Amanda's heart with helpless sympathy.

All these years she not only nursed, but supported him; scrubbed, sewed, washed, — did anything that brought in a little money; for there were doctors' bills to pay, beside the very necessities of life to be obtained. Her one comfort was her sister Melinda, a child ten years younger than Amanda, a rosy, sturdy,

stolid creature, on whom the elder sister lavished all the deep love of a heart that was to know no other maternity. At last death mercifully removed old Anson Hart to some other place, — he had long been useless here; but before that relief came, Melinda, by this time a young woman, had married a farmer in Glover, and Amanda had moved into Munson, and was there alone. She “kinder scratched along,” as she phrased it, and earned her living, if no more, in the various ways Yankee ingenuity can discover in a large country town. She had friends who helped her to employment, and always made her welcome in their homes; for her quaint shrewdness, her very original use, or misuse, of language, her humor, and her kind heart were all pleasant to have about.

Melinda’s marriage was a brief experience. She was left a widow at the end of two years, with a small house and an acre of land; and there she lived alone, on a lonely country road, three miles from the village of Glover, and with no other house in sight.

“I guess it is as good as I can do,” she wrote to Amanda. “I cant sell the house, and theres quite a piece of garden to it, besides some apple-trees and quince bushes. Garden sass always was the most of my living, and theres some tailoring to be did, so as that I can get a little cash. Then folks are glad to have somebody around killing times and sech like. Mary Ann Barker used to do that, but shes been providentially removed by death, so I can step right into her shoes. I guess, any way, Ill chance it for a spell, and see how it works.”

Melinda had “faculty,” and her scheme “worked” so well that she lived in the tiny red house for years, and in all that time Amanda had not seen her. It was a long journey, and money was hard to get. Perhaps Melinda might have gathered enough to take the journey, but she was by no means affectionate or sentimental. Life was a steady

grind to her; none of its gentle amenities flourished in the red house. She had her “livin’” and was independent: that sufficed her. But Amanda was more eager every year to see her sister. She thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night; and after fifteen years her cracked teapot at last held coin enough for the expedition. Her joy was great, and the tremulous, sweet old face was pathetic in its constant smiling. She planned her journey as she sat at work, and poured her anticipations into all the neighbors’ ears till their sympathy was well worn out.

But at last the day came. Amanda’s two rooms were set in order, the windows closed, every fly chased out with the ferocity that inspires women against that intrusive insect, and the fire was raked down to its last spark the night before.

“I don’t care for no breakfast,” she said to the good woman in whose house she lived. “I should have to bile the kettle and have a cup and plate to wash up; and like enough the cloth’d get mildewy, if I left it damp. I’ll jest take a dry bite in my clean han’k’chief. I’ve eet up all my victuals but two cookies and a mite of cheese that I saved a puppus.”

“Why, Mandy Hart! you’re all of a twitter! Set right down here and hev a cup o’ tea ’long o’ me. You’ve got heaps o’ time; now don’t ye get into a swivet!”

“Well, Mis’ Phelps, I thank you kindly; a drop of tea will taste proper good. I expect I be sort o’ nervy, what with takin’ a journey and the thought o’ seein’ Melindy. Now you tell: do I look good enough to go travelin’? I thought, first off, to wear the gown Mis’ Swift give me, — that Heneryette, I b’lieve she called it; but I’ve sponged and pressed it till it looks as good as new, and I sort o’ hate to set on’t in the dust o’ them cars all day. I thought mabbe this stripid gown would do.”

"You look as slick as a pin," Mrs. Phelps answered.

It was an odd pin, then! The "striped" dress was both short and scant even for Amanda's little figure; it did not conceal an ancient pair of prunella shoes that use had well fitted to her distorted feet, and her ankle-bones, enlarged with rheumatism, showed like doorknobs under her knit cotton stockings. Over her dress she wore a brown linen duster, shiny with much washing and ironing, and her queer little face beamed from under a wide black straw hat wreathed with a shabby band of feather trimming.

But she did not look amiss or vulgar, and the joy that shone in her eyes would have transfigured sackcloth, and turned ashes into diamond dust. She was going to see Melinda! The unsatisfied mother heart in her breast beat fast at the thought. Neither absence nor silence had cooled this one love of her life.

"I expect I shall enjoy the country dretfully," she said to Mrs. Phelps. "It's quite a spell sence I've been there. Mother, she set such store by green things, trees and sech, and cinnamon roses, and fennel. My land! she talked about 'em all through her last sickness, even when she was dangerous. I shall be proper glad to get out to Glover."

Poor soul! all this meant Melinda.

So she trotted off to the station, with her lunch tied up in a handkerchief in one hand and her cotton umbrella in the other, a boy following with her old cow-skin trunk on a wheelbarrow. He was a bad boy, for on the way he picked up an advertisement of a hair restorer and fastened it upon that bald trunk, chuckling fiendishly. But this was lost on Amanda; she paid him his quarter with an ambient smile, and mounted the car-steps with sudden agility. The car was not full, so she sat down next a window, struggled with a pocketful of various things to find her ticket, thrust it inside

her glove, to be ready, and resigned herself to the journey. Outside the window were broad fields green with new grass, budding forests, bright and tranquil rivers, distant mountains, skies of spring, blue to their depths, and flecked with white cloud-fleeces; but they were lost on Amanda. She had not inherited her mother's tastes: she saw in all this glory only Melinda, the rosy girl who had left her so long ago; to that presence she referred all nature, wondering if this quiet farmhouse were like that at Glover, if Melinda's apple-trees had bloomed like those on the hillsides she passed, or if her sister could see those far-off hills from her windows. It was a long day. The "dry bite" was a prolonged meal to our traveler. Every crumb was eaten slowly, in order to pass the weary time. Nobody spoke to her; the busy conductor had short answers for her various questions. She was tired, dusty, and half homesick when at last that official put his head in at the door and yelled: "Sha-drach! Sha-drach! Sha-drach! Change for Medway, Racketts-Town, and Glover!"

So Amanda grasped her handkerchief, and, helped by her sturdy umbrella, for she was stiff with long sitting, found her way to the door, and was, as she phrased it, "yanked" off the steps upon the platform by an impatient brakeman. Why should he be civil to a poor old woman? Fortunately for her, the stage for Glover stood just across the platform, and she saw the driver shoulder her bare brass-nailed trunk which was duly directed to Melinda and Glover. A long five miles lay before her. The driver was not talkative, she was the only passenger, and it seemed a journey in itself before the stage drew up at the gate in front of Mrs. Melinda Perkins's farmhouse, and she came out of the door to meet her sister. A faint color rose to Amanda's cheek, her lips trembled, her eyes glittered, but she only said, "Well, here I be."

Melinda smiled grimly. She was not used to smiling; there was no sensitive shyness about her. Tall and muscular, her heavy face, her primmed-up mouth, her hard eyes glooming under that deep fold on the lids that in moments of anger narrows the eye to a slit and gives it a snaky gleam, her flat, low forehead, from which the dull hair was strained back and tightly knotted behind, — all told of a narrow, severe nature, at once jealous and loveless, the very antithesis of Amanda's. It is true, she stooped and kissed her sister, but the kiss was as frigid as the nip of a clamshell.

"Come in," she said, in an overbearing voice. "Hiram Young, you fetch that trunk in right here into the bedroom."

"You 'll hev to sleep 'long o' me, Mandy," announced Melinda, as she swung open her bedroom door, "for the' ain't no other place to sleep."

"Why, I sha'n't object, not a mite," beamed Amanda. "It 'll seem like old times. But you 've growed a sight, Melindy."

"I think likely, seein' it's quite a spell since you see me; but I 've growed crossways, I guess," and Melinda gave a hard cackle.

"How nice you're fixed up, too!" said admiring Amanda, as she looked about her in the twilight of green paper shades and spotless cotton curtains. The room was too neat for comfort; there was a fluffy, airless scent about it; the only brightness came from the glittering brasses of the bureau, that even in that half-dark shimmered in well-scoured splendor. Outside, the sweet June day was gently fading, full of fresh odors and young breezes; but not a breath entered that apartment, for even a crack of open window might admit a fly!

Melinda introduced her guest to a tiny closet on one side of the chimney, and then went out to get tea, leaving Amanda to unpack her trunk. This was soon done, for even that small closet

was more than roomy enough for her other dress, her duster, and her hat; so that she soon followed her sister, guided by savory odors of hot biscuit, "picked" codfish, and wild strawberries. This was indeed a feast to the "town mouse;" such luxuries as raised biscuit and aromatic wild fruit were not to be indulged in at her own home, and she enjoyed them even more for the faint, delicious odor of old-fashioned white roses stealing in at the open door, the scent of vernal grass in the meadows, the rustle of new leaves on the great maple that shaded the house-corner, and the sharp chirp of two saucy robins hopping briskly about the yard.

It was all delightful to Amanda, but when night shut down the silence settled on her like a pall; she missed the click of feet on the pavement, the rattle of horse cars, the distant shriek of railway trains. There was literally not a sound; the light wind had died away, and it was too early in the season for crickets or katydids, too late for the evening love-songs of toads and frogs.

In vain did she try to sleep; she lay hour after hour "listening to the silence," and trying not to stir, lest she should wake Melinda. Had a mouse, her lifelong terror, squeaked or scratched in the wall, it would have relieved her; but in this dead stillness there was that peculiar horror of a sense suddenly made useless that affects the open eye in utter darkness, or the palsied lips that can make no sound.

Night seemed endless to the poor little woman; but when at last birds began to awake and chirp to the gray dawn, she fell so soundly asleep that not even Melinda's rising, or the clatter of her preparations for breakfast in the next room, aroused her. But her sister's voice was effectual.

"Be you a-goin' to sleep all day?" said that incisive and peremptory tongue.

The question brought Amanda to her feet, quite ashamed of herself.

"You see," she explained to Melinda at breakfast, "I did n't get to sleep till nigh sun-risin', 't was so amazin' still."

"Still! That had ought to have made ye sleep. Well, I never did! Now I can't sleep ef there's a mite o' noise. I'd have kep' chickens but for that. Deacon Parker wanted to give me some o' his white Braymys, but I said: 'No; I've got peace and quietness, and I ain't goin' to have it broke up by roosters.'"

"Is'pose it's accordin' as we're used to 't," meekly replied Amanda, with an odd sense of being in the wrong, but she said no more; she was beginning to discover that it was not serene bliss to be with Melinda again. In their long separation she had forgotten her sister's hard and abrupt ways, and indeed in Melinda's solitary and very lonely life her angles had grown sharper and sharper; nothing had worn them off. We can enjoy idealizing a friend, but the longer that ideal fills our hearts the harder does reality scourge us. Amanda could not have explained her heart-sinking to herself. She laid it to the isolation of her sister's house, and, while Melinda made bread, went out to walk a little way, to see if she could not enjoy the country. All about lay green fields, wooded hills, and blooming orchards; for spring was late here in Glover, and only the sheltered hillsides had cast all blossoms from the later trees. A deep sense of desolation clutched Amanda's homesick heart; there was not a house to be seen, not even a curl of smoke to show that one might be hidden somewhere. Used all her days to the throng and bustle of a large town, she found this country peace unendurable. She went back to the house, took up her knitting, and tried to be conversational.

"Haven't got any neighbors at all, have ye, M'lindy?"

"Nearest is Deacon Parker, 'n' he lives three mild back behind Pond Hill."

"My sakes! what if you should be took sick?"

"But I ain't never took sick," snapped Melinda, looking like a sturdy oak-tree utterly incapable of ailments.

"But you might be; nobody knows when their time is comin'. Why, when I had the ammonia last year, I do'no but what I should ha' died, — guess I should, — if it had n't have been for the neighbors."

"Well, I sha'n't go over no bridges till I come to 'em," sharply replied Melinda, paring her potatoes with extra energy.

"Glover is quite a ways from here, ain't it?" queried Amanda.

"Three mild."

Evidently Melinda was not given to talking, but Amanda would not be discouraged.

"Don't have no county paper, do ye?"

"No, I have n't got no time to spend on them things. I can 'tend up to my own business, if other folks 'll take care of theirs."

Amanda gave an inaudible sigh, and tried no more conversation. After dinner Melinda did ask a few questions, in her turn, about old acquaintances, but her sister's prattle was effectually cut short. Never in her life had Amanda found a day so dreary or a night so long, for she had it to dread beforehand. Even the sharp rattle and quick flash of a June thunderstorm was a relief to her, for it woke Melinda, and sent her about the house to shut a window here and fasten down a scuttle there, and for a brief space kept her awake; but after that little space the capable woman slept like a log, — she did not even snore, — and the night resumed its deadly silence.

Oh, how Amanda longed for the living noises that she had so often scolded about in Munson! The drunken cackle of men just out from the saloons, the rapid rush of a doctor's carriage whirling by in the small hours, a cross baby next door that would yell its loudest just when she was sleepest, — any, all of

these would have been welcome in this ghastly stillness.

The next day was Sunday, and when the rigidly recurring Sunday breakfast of baked beans and codfish balls was over Amanda inquired timidly:—

“Do you go to meetin’ on the Sabbath, M’lindy?”

“Well, I guess so! We ain’t clear heathen.”

“I did n’t know but ’t was too fur to walk.”

“’T is, but Deacon Parker goes right a-past here, and stops for me. He’s got a two-seater, and there’ll be room for you, for he don’t take nobody but me and Widder Drake.”

“Where’s Mis’ Parker?”

“I do’no. She’s dead.”

Amanda’s eyes opened wide at this doubtful remark about the late Mrs. Parker, but she said nothing; she satisfied herself with watching Melinda dress. Her Sunday garments were a black alpaca gown, shiny with age, what she called a “mantilly” of poor black silk edged with emaciated fringe, and the crowning horror of a Leghorn bonnet, “cut down” from its ancient dimensions into a more modern scoop, but still a scoop. It was surmounted with important bows of yellow-green satin ribbon and a fat pink rose with two stout buds. Amanda felt a chill run over her at this amazing head-gear. She did not know that the rose was Melinda’s last protest against old age, her symbol of lingering youth, her “no surrender” flag.

“Why don’t you wear a hat, Melindy?” she asked meekly, as she smoothed out the dejected band of her own. “Bunnets is all gone out down to Munson.”

“Well, they ain’t here, and I don’t think it’s seemly to wear them flats to meetin’; they’ll do to go a-huckle-berryin’ or fetchin’ cows home from pastur’, but, to my mind, they’re kinder childish for meetin’.”

Amanda said nothing, and just then the deacon drove up to the gate,—a spare old man, with long, scanty white hair and red-rimmed, watery eyes. Amanda was duly presented.

“Make you ’quainted with my sister, Mandy Hart, down to Munson.”

“Pleased to see ye,” bobbed Deacon Parker, with a toothless grin. “I’d get out to help ye in, but old Whitey don’t never stand good without tyin’; and gener’ly Mis’ Drake holds her, but she’s gone to Shadrach this week back. She’s gardeen to a child over there, and there’s some court business about the prop’ty.”

“Lawsy! we can get in good enough,” said Melinda, alertly climbing over the hind wheel, and helping Amanda to follow.

“Spry, ain’t she?” said the deacon to Amanda, with another void and formless smile. “Huddup, Whitey! We don’t want to be late to the sanctooary.”

The drive was beautiful, and gave poor Amanda a gentler opinion of the country. It wound by little silver brooks, under the fragrant gloom of pine woods, and the sweet breath of the fields filled her weak lungs with new life. But alas! the meeting-house was a square barn with a sharp steeple, and as she sat down on the bare seat of a corner pew, and choked with the dead odors of “meetin’-seed,” the musty chill of the past week, the camphor that exhaled from Sunday clothes but recently taken from their wintry repose, and the smell of boots that had brought their scent of stable and barnyard, she longed to be back in the handsome, well-ventilated church at Munson, with the soft rustle of a well-dressed, perfumy congregation about her, and the sound of a fine organ and well-trained choir in her ears, offended now by the tuneless squalls and growls of these country singers. Poor town mouse! She was ready to exclaim with the mouse of Horace:—

“But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene!”

That very night she told Melinda that she must leave her on Tuesday, on account of promised work, and accordingly Tuesday saw her safely back again in dear Munson. Her tiny rooms seemed like a refuge to her, as she opened the blinds and let in the warm air. Her natural vivacity, subdued by Melinda and the solitude of the country, returned.

"Goodness gracious, Mis' Phelps!" Amanda exclaimed to her landlady, "I would n't no more live in the country than nothin'. Why, 't was as still as a ear-trumpet out there. I'd ha' give all my old shoes to ha' heard a street car or a coal wagon a-rumblin' by. And lonesome! There was n't so much as a rooster a-predicatin' by in the road. I thought I should die for want of knowin' I was alive; and the nighttime shuts down onto ye like a pot-lid. You know you can't go marvelin' round in other folks' houses. I jest had to set and knit daytimes, and sense the lonesomeness. I know I should have shock-anum palsy if I had to stay there. Melindy is comin' to see me for a spell early in July, about the Fourth, when it's kinder lively, and I guess 't'll wake her up some."

"I expect you had good country victuals and plenty o' flowers, though?" asked Mrs. Phelps, in the indirect Yankee fashion.

"Well, I did. Melindy's a-most an excellent cook, and the' was a patch of wild strawberries growed to the south side of her old barn that was ripe a'ready; they have got taste into 'em, I tell ye! But, land! victuals and drink ain't the chief o' *my* diet. I'm real folksy; grasshoppers ain't no neighbors to me. I want to be amongst them that'll talk back to me; not dumb things that won't never say nothing if you should merang 'em all day."

"Why, how you talk! How does Mis' Perkins stan' it?"

"I do'no. I expect she's hardened to it, as you may say. I'd jest as lives

set down on a slab in the sempitery all my days as to stay out to Melindy's. I do'no but I'd ruther; for there'd be funerals, and mourners, and folks comin' to desecrate the graves with flowers, and sech, intervenin' 'most every day there. 'T would be real lively in caparison with M'lindy's house."

Now Amanda set herself to adorn her little rooms and keep them in spotless order till her sister should come; and when that happy day arrived she met her at the station, her smiling old face as pleasant as a hollyhock blossom.

"If I ain't tickled, now!" she beamed on Melinda. "I've reelly got you here."

"I said I'd come, didn't I?" answered Melinda, with a laborious smile. "I have n't fetched no great of clothes, for I can't stay long; fruit is comin' in, and I've got to make preserves for quite a few folks down to Glover."

She secretly blessed herself for making this announcement early, when she reached Amanda's little tenement: two rooms over a grocer's store, redolent with smells of kerosene, cloves, pepper, and the like, added to the fumes of bad tobacco from customers' pipes.

Not only smells, but dust and the heat of a blazing July day added to her discomfort, though she had the grace not to complain; and when Amanda had laid aside that wonderful "bunnet," and set Melinda by the north window with a fan, the country mouse felt a little more comfortable. The tea daunted her; she could not eat the sliced "Bolony," as Amanda called it; the baker's bread was dust and ashes to her taste; the orange marmalade found no favor, though it was a delicacy Amanda had kept for this special purpose, the gift of a friend. Poor Melinda gave afterward a graphic description of this dainty meal to Deacon Parker.

"I never see sech victuals in *my* life! No wonder Mandy's lean. Cake and bread jest like sawdust, and, if you'll believe it, raw sassage, actooally *raw*,

sliced up on a dish! I never could eat raw meat, much less pork. And the preserves was as bitter as boneset! I went hungry to bed, you'd better believe."

Yet worse was in store for the country mouse. Amanda had given up her bed to her visitor, and lain down on the sitting-room lounge; and though it was a breathless night, at first Melinda slept, she was so tired, in spite of the noisy horse cars, rattling wagons, and click of feet.

It was the night of the third of July, and as a neighboring church clock struck twelve the first giant cracker exploded right under the bedroom window. Roused by the crash, that was followed fast by another and another, Melinda started up in all the terror of darkness and din, screaming:—

"Mandy! Mandy! where be ye? What on earth's the matter?"

Smiling superior, though but half awake, Amanda answered:—

"'Tain't nothin'; it's the Fourth, and them boys is a-settin' off crackers. Pesky little sarpents! I s'pose there is a puppus in boys, but I've wished frequent that men growed out o' somethin' more pleasant. You turn over an' go to sleep, sister; the' won't nothin' do ye no harm."

"Oh-h!" shrieked Melinda again, as a cannon roared from the green close by, and then the whole pandemonium set in.

The cat Civilization, with the ribbon of simulated patriotism round its neck, set upon our country mouse now with feline fury. Every noise that could be made by gunpowder, horns, or bells, as well as yelling boys, crashed upon this poor woman's head till she was all but crazy. How she longed for the sweet quiet of her own home, and longed in vain, for she could not get away! Stern and silent as she seemed to be, she was but a woman, and a real feminine panic ensued.

Amanda had her hands full for the rest of the night. Her panacea of "red lavender" was useless, and this was no case for her favorite salve that cured everything. She fanned Melinda, soothed her as she best knew how, and tried with all her heart to comfort and compose the frightened woman, steadied herself by a shy sense of superiority and courage to which Melinda could not attain. But not until sunrise dispersed the crowd of celebrators, and a sort of silence replaced the clamor, could Melinda close her eyes and snatch a nap before breakfast.

Coffee, steak, and stewed potato she could eat when that breakfast came; and later on, when Amanda said timidly, "Would you like to walk out a ways?" 'Tis n't quite so hot, and we can get a good place to see the percession," Melinda did not refuse. She was glad to get out-of-doors, but nothing could induce her to ride in the horse cars; so Amanda guided her about the pretty town, showed her the public buildings, the fine houses of summer residents, the various churches, and the gay shop-windows, till, worn out, they sat down on one of the hard benches set here and there on the green, to wait for the event of the day.

"Who goes into the pr'cession?" inquired Melinda.

"Oh, fire comp'nies, an' temperance s'cieties, the perlice, and th' elect men. Bands, too,—brass bands with insterments."

Melinda stared her fill at the *mélange* that soon wheeled by.

"Say, Mandy, what be them fellers with muffs on their heads, a-throwin' up sticks and ketchin' of 'em?"

"They call 'em drum majors, I b'lieve, though I don't see no drums. I do lot on seein' 'em always, they're so pompious, and yet so spry. Look! d'ye see that one catch his batten an' twirl it?"

Melinda nodded her great bonnet, which had all day attracted nearly as

much attention as she bestowed on the drum majors, but she was tired enough to go home now and enjoy a cold dinner.

Perhaps she thought the terrors of the day were over, but they were not. For years before her marriage they had all lived in the deep country, so that the most common sights of the town were unknown to her; and when Amanda insisted on her going out to see the fireworks that wound up that holiday, Melinda's nerves received another shock. The star-dropping rockets, the spitting pinwheels, the soft roar of Roman candles, the blare of "set" pieces, neither pleased nor interested her; she was in terror lest those irresponsible fire-flakes should light on her Sunday bonnet, and every fierce rush of a rocket made her jump with fresh fear.

"Don't say no more, Mandy!" she declared the next day, when her sister tried to have her stay longer. "I've got to go. I could n't stan' it another minute. I'm real obleeged to ye for what ye've did to make it pleasant for me, but I can't stan' a town. I'm all broke up a'ready, and I'm as homesick as a cat to get back. I'd rather have a hovel out in the lots than a big house here. There's too many other folks here for me. I wish 't you'd come out to Glover and make it home 'long o' me."

"Land, Melindy! I could n't live there an hour. I should die of clear lonesomeness, — I know I should. Why, when I had the neurology in my diagram, last winter, and there come a dretful snow, so as that the neighbors could n't none of 'em happen in, I thought 't would finish me up. What should I do if I was took sick to your house? No doctor, no folks around! It makes me catterpillar to think on 't. But I'm jest as obleeged, and I hope you 'll come to Munson some time when 't ain't the Fourth."

So Melinda went back to her solitude,

and Amanda settled down again to her town life, yet with a vague sense of trouble. She could not have defined it, but it really was the consciousness that, having obtained her heart's desire, it had not satisfied her. We all come to it sooner or later. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness," says David. Is not the phrase a tacit confession that nothing on earth had ever satisfied him, king and poet as he was?

A month or two after Melinda went back to Glover, Amanda received a more positive, an appreciable shock in the following letter: —

DEAR MANDY, — I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am usually well and hope you enjoy the same blessing. I have been busy continual sence I come back, finding quite a little to do about the house and gardin.

I suppose I had better speak wright out, though you will be some surprised I expect to hear that I am intending for to change my condishun soon. Fact is Deacon Parker and I calculate to be joined in the bans of Matrimony Monday next. twas quite unexpected to me when he spoke, but after a thinking of it over it looked as though the was a Providence into it for I called to mind what you said about my being took sick here all alone, and though I am not fur along in years, nor sickly, still the is sech a thing as accidents to be pervided against at all times. I have heered folks say that they would n't be no man's fourth but law! what's the difference? The others is all dead, and buried.

We shant make no weddin, but he and me will be pleased to see you when you can make it convenient to come out to Glover for a spell. Mabbe you wouldnt be so lonesome now for he keeps quite a few chickens; hes a master hand for eggs.

So no more at present from

Yourn truly

MELINDY PERKINS.

"Oh, Lordy!" shrieked Amanda, as Mrs. Phelps opened the door and she dropped her letter. "Oh! I never did! What upon airth *is* she a-thinkin' of? Heavens to Betsey! that miser'ble old stick!"

"Why, Mandy Hart, what's befell you?"

"Befell *me*? 'T ain't me. I ain't nobody's fool. Mis' Phelps, Melindy is a-goin' to marry a old feller out to Glover as white-headed an' red-eyed as a albinia rabbit, and as toothless as a punkin lantern. Pos'tive! I don't no more know how she can! Moreover, she sort of twits me with sayin' that I should n't know how to be took sick in her house, 't was so lonesome, and no doctor within five mild, and no way of gettin' to one at that. Says that put it into her head!"

"Well off, ain't he?" asked Mrs. Phelps, with the crisp acerbity of a woman who knows her world.

"She says he's got means and she'll hev a home. A home, with that little ferret a-hoverin' around the hull endurin' time! I'd rather grind a hand-organ round Munson streets! I did n't think Melindy *could*."

Two irrepressible tears trickled down the grieved old face from eyes that were sadder than the tears. But Amanda had made her moan. She did not answer Melinda's letter; she went on her tedious way with more patience but less cheer than ever, and the next thing she heard of her sister was the following spring, when a note from Deacon Parker arrived, running thus: —

MISS AMANDY HART, — This is to inform you that your sister is real sick with a fever; the doctor thinks shes dangerous. Shes kep a-askin for you for a week back, but I didnt pay no attention tot, thought she was kind of flighty and twould only be a bill of expense to send for ye. But now Doctor Fenn says shes got to hev a nuss any

way, so I bethought me to send for you. I expect to pay your way so I put in a five dollar bill. If youll come a Wednesday I shall be pleased to see ye.

Yours to command

AMMI PARKER.

Amanda was alert immediately; she had short notice to set her house in order and buy a few little delicacies for her sister. A born nurse, she knew just what to get and what to take, and was ready to set off on the early train next day. The journey seemed longer than before, the stage road was heavy, and it was much further to the deacon's house than to her sister's. She found Melinda very ill indeed.

"You poor dear soul!" Amanda said, as she bent over her sister, with her heart in her kind eyes. "I wish 't you'd sent for me before. I wish I had ye down to Munson in the Home Hospittle; you'd be so much better off."

A flash of hot color surged up into the sick woman's sallow, listless face; she lifted herself, with the sudden force of will, higher on her pillow; a weak, hoarse voice issued from her blackened lips.

"I would n't go! Don't ye speak on 't! None o' them institootions for me. I ain't so low down as that, — not yet!" It was the last protest of sturdy independence; she sank down again, and began muttering to herself.

Amanda looked about her to see what could be done. The room was small and dark, opening out of the kitchen. The one window faced the north; not a ray of sun ever visited it, and its outlook was on a rough lane leading to the near barnyard. On the other side of the lane was a swamp, where the first grass was just greenening the tussocks, and folded cones of skunk cabbage were slowly growing up out of the black stagnant water. The window could not be opened; evidently no one had tried to open it since it was paint-stuck, years ago. She could do no-

thing there, so she set the door wide into the kitchen and opened the outer door. Fumes of boiling cabbage and frying pork came into the bedroom in clouds, but there was fresh air mingled with them. Melinda lay in the hollow of a feather bed, burning with typhoid fever, and Amanda could not lift her without help; the deacon was milking, and old Moll Thunder, the temporary "help," was half drunk. Amanda thought with a pang of the clean rooms and easy beds of the Cottage Hospital at Munson, the white-capped nurses, the skillful doctors, and her heart sank, though she knew, from long experience of sickness, that no human power could save Melinda now; but it might have been otherwise, and she was her only sister, the last tie of kindred blood. She did what she could to make the poor woman comfortable, but it was too late. Melinda did not utter a rational word again: a few broken whispers, — "To home," "What a green medder!" "Tell Mandy," — and then stupor overpowered all her faculties. There were a few hours of sonorous breathing; the stern features settled into the pinched masque of death. Melinda had gone beyond her sister's help.

"Yes," said Amanda, the week after, to Mrs. Phelps, who had come in to sympathize with her, "she was dretful sick when I got there; reelly you may say she was struck with death. And now the last one I'd got lies a-buried in the sand an' stuns in that lonesome graveyard, full o' hardbacks and mulleins. 'Twa'n't much of a funeral, but I had 'em sing Jordan, for you know it tells about 'sweet fields beyond the swellin' flood;' and she favored the country so, it seemed sort o' considerate so to do. Oh, dear! she was all the sister I'd got, Mis' Phelps, and 't is a real 'fliction. Deacon Parker was a mind to

have me stay 'long o' him, for company; he was, pos'tive! But mercy! I should ha' gone crazy a-lookin' at him, if I had!"

Now Amanda was alone indeed: she had been so for years, but there had always been an aim and object to her life; Melinda was in her mind and on her heart. The pleasant expectations, the frail hopes, that had been so dear to her tried in vain to live: they had no resting-point; they recoiled on her with a dull sense of want and solitude. She grew listless, feeble, and sad; yet when a friend or neighbor came in to see her she brightened up, and was so cheery that it was a surprise to them all when she took to her bed and had a doctor. He could find nothing that seemed to warrant her weakness; ordered nourishment, as doctors do, gave her some harmless pills, and went away smiling.

"He do'no nothin' what ails me," Amanda said in a half whisper to Mrs. Phelps. "I guess I've got through. I've always looked forrard to Melindy's comin' finally to live with me; an' fust she went an' married that old Parker, an' then she up an' died. I wish 't I'd ha' stayed with her longer; mabbe she would n't have died. She was n't old; not nigh so old as I be. I feel as though there was n't nothin' to live for; but I s'pose if 't is the Lord's will I *shall* live, only I guess 't ain't. I feel a goneeness that I never had ketch hold o' me before. Well, I sha'n't be lonesome, any way; there's many mansions, and they tell about the holy city; and all my folks is there — or somewhere."

A vague look clouded her eyes for an instant, but she was too weak to speculate. Once more she spoke, very softly:

"I hope M'lindy likes it. 'Sweet fields,' — that's what the hymn tells about."

She turned her head on the pillow, sighed — and was gone.

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE LAST WATCH.

COMRADES, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the sea,
With the flag across my breast
And my sword upon my knee.

Steering out from vanished headlands
For a harbor on no chart,
With the winter in the rigging,
With the ice-wind in my heart,

Down the bournless slopes of sea room,
With the long gray wake behind,
I have sailed my cruiser steady
With no pilot but the wind.

Battling with relentless pirates
From the lower seas of Doom,
I have kept the colors flying
Through the roaring drift and gloom.

Scudding where the shadow foemen
Hang about us grim and stark,
Broken spars and shredded canvas,
We are racing for the dark,

Sped and blown abaft the sunset
Like a shriek the storm has caught;
But the helm is lashed to windward.
And the sails are sheeted taut.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the night.
I can hear the bell-buoy calling
Down below the harbor light.

Steer in shoreward, loose the signal,
The last watch has been cut short;
Speak me kindly to the islesmen,
When we make the foreign port.

We shall make it ere the morning
Rolls the fog from strait and bluff;
Where the offing crimsons eastward
There is anchorage enough.

How I wander in my dreaming!
Are we northing nearer home,
Or outbound for fresh adventure
On the reeling plains of foam?

North I think it is, my comrades,
Where one heart-beat counts for ten,
Where the loving hand is loyal,
And the women's sons are men;

Where the red auroras tremble
When the polar night is still,
Lighting home the worn seafarers
To their haven in the hill.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the North.
Lower me the long-boat, stay me
In your arms, and bear me forth;

Lay me in the sheets and row me,
With the tiller in my hand;
Row me in below the beacon
Where my sea-dogs used to land.

Has your captain lost his cunning
After leading you so far?
Row me your last league, my sea-kings;
It is safe within the bar.

Shoulder me and house me hillward,
Where the field-lark makes his bed
So the gulls can wheel above me
All day long when I am dead;

Where the keening wind can find me
With the April rain for guide,
And come crooning her old stories
Of the kingdoms of the tide.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the sun;
I have carried my sealed orders
Till the last command is done.

Kiss me on the cheek for courage,
(There is none to greet me home,)
Then farewell to your old lover
Of the thunder of the foam;

For the grass is full of slumber
In the twilight world for me,
And my tired hands are slackened
From their toiling on the sea.

Bliss Carman.

WHAT THE SOUTHERN NEGRO IS DOING FOR HIMSELF.

FOR twenty-six years the Negro has had his freedom, and now the question is, What use has he made of it? I have just returned from an extended trip through the South, arranged and made solely for the purpose of getting an answer to the question, What is the colored man doing for himself? I have traveled through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, returning through Tennessee, the District of Columbia, and Maryland. In the course of this journey, covering 3500 miles, I have visited schools, colleges, and industrial institutions in most of the large centres of the South, from Baltimore to New Orleans. I have gone through the Black Belt, inspected the agricultural districts, visited farms and cabins, and have seen every phase of Negro life, from the destitution of the one-room cabin to the homes of the comfortable and prosperous, and every degree of social standing, from the convicts in the chain gang in the New Orleans Parish prison and the Birmingham mines to ministers, lawyers, doctors, and bankers on the top round of the social ladder. As a result of this observation and experience, I have some clearly defined impressions and some interesting evidence as to what the Negro is doing for himself.

Under slavery the Negro was mainly a plantation laborer. Freedom found him where slavery left him. While there has been some transmigration to the South and North, the shifting of population since the war has not been

great. The Negro and his descendants remain pretty much in the places where they lived when the war closed. Three courses were open to him as a free man: first, to rent his own labor; secondly, to rent and work the land of his former master; thirdly, to buy and work a farm for himself. All these courses have in turn been accepted. As a simple farm laborer the Negro has small opportunity to accumulate. His wages do not average over fifty or sixty cents a day. Two tendencies are observable in the agricultural districts of the South: one is the exceptional aggregation of immense farms under white ownership, worked by Negro laborers; the other is the segmentation of the old plantations into small farms let out to Negro tenants. In Georgia, for example, one white farmer owns 20,000 acres of land, and employs a vast number of Negroes. But in the districts I have visited the breaking up of the old plantations into small farms has been the more common process. All through the Black Belt and the adjacent country, plantations have been cut up and rented to Negroes in "one-mule farms" of from twenty-five to thirty acres each. Other things being equal, the step from the position of a man who simply lets out his own labor to the position of one who hires a field for its exercise is a step in advance. It furnishes conditions which stimulate intelligence, self-interest, and power of self-help; it is the roadway towards earning a farm and a home. Great numbers of Negroes have taken this initiative. But

the transition is not easily made. Farms are not to be had for the asking. The Negro was not a capitalist. He was without credit, and his capacity for managing his own affairs was distrusted. He has had to contend, and is still contending, with an onerous system of commercial oppression which keeps him down. This is the mortgage system, or the lien on the crop, which prevails very extensively in the Black Belt. The colored man who hires twenty-five or thirty acres of land pays at the lowest one bale of cotton, worth about \$50; or sometimes he pays as much as two or two and a half bales, equivalent to \$100 or \$125 rent. When we know that land can be bought at from five to seven dollars an acre, we see that the rent in some cases equals half the value of the farm. If the Negro raised all his own corn, meat, and vegetables, he would still be able to make progress, but he is dependent for clothes and much of his provisions upon the storekeeper. As he cannot buy with ready money, he mortgages his crop, paying twenty and twenty-five per cent, and in exceptional cases one hundred per cent, interest on the amount of his bill. It matters not that he does not begin to draw his goods for three months after the contract is made; he pays interest just the same on the whole amount from the beginning. Add to this that the Negro is charged in the first instance three or four prices for what he buys, and it can easily be seen that when the crop is all gathered little or nothing of it belongs to him. "I go to Pennsylvania," said a colored farmer, "and can buy sugar for six and a half cents a pound, but in North Carolina it is eleven cents. The merchant is making a vast profit." The colored race has emerged from civil bondage. The next step will be to come out of a bondage which is financial.

To know, therefore, what the colored man is doing for himself we must know the conditions from which he has to

rise. These are hard enough, but not beyond the capacity of the Negro to break through them, as is shown in thousands of instances. Thus in Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee the condition of things is much better than further south, and the colored man, in spite of these obstacles, is rapidly becoming a farm-owner and householder. "In North Carolina," said Bishop Moore, "our people are buying land wherever they can get it." Land ranges from ten to fifteen dollars an acre, in some places running as low as eight dollars. The bishop himself has a little farm of thirty-three acres, near Salisbury, that cost thirty-four dollars an acre. "I am so anxious to see my race improve," he said, "that I should like to have a great deal more done, but in view of the small wages we get for labor we are doing pretty well." In Tennessee, experts assured me that the colored people are buying land throughout the country, and the mortgage system does not prevail extensively. As we go south and enter the Black Belt, the conditions vary with the fertility of the soil, the intelligence of the people, and the degree of education. A great difference is sometimes apparent in different counties in the same State. Thus in Lee County, Georgia, the people are largely laborers, working for wages. But in Marion County fifty per cent of the people own homes, and some of them have large plantations. In Sumter and Terrell counties, they likewise live mostly on farms. In the latter county, I was told that in a small city of 10,000 nearly all the colored people own their homes, and live in cabins or houses varying in size from one room to eight. The same difference is seen in Alabama. In Russell County the blacks are much behind those of Pike County, where there are better schools and more freedom from the mortgage system. In Bullock County, much government land has been preempted by the Negroes. In one section

of that county the colored people are prosperous, one man of exceptional thrift owning 300 acres, twelve good mules, and four horses, and raising his own meat and potatoes. In Coffee County, the people are just beginning to rent their homes. In Elmore County, many have farms of fifty acres. In Macon County, not much land is owned. In Barbour County, land is mainly rented, but there are many who have stock. In the southern part of Randolph County, about half of the blacks own their land. In one township of Lee County, nearly all the colored people own their homes. At Notasulga, about half the people have farms ranging from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty acres. Here I learned of one prosperous woman farmer, who raises three or four bales of cotton, as well as potatoes, chickens, and cows. In the vicinity of Birmingham, farms are owned ranging from fifty to two hundred acres.

The home-buying that is going on in the agricultural districts is going on also in the cities. In Montgomery, street after street is owned by colored people. In Chattanooga, one third of the colored people own their homes. Suburban lots range in cost from \$350 to \$400. A cottage costs in the neighborhood of \$600 to \$650. In Birmingham, colored people pay \$10 or \$12 a month rent. A number of householders have gardens with two or three acres of land. Some were fortunate enough to purchase land before the prices went up, and have profited by the rise.

The Negro is also venturing as a tradesman. In all the large cities, and even in the smaller towns, in the South, he is hanging out his sign. Two young men have engaged in the grocery business at Tuskegee, Alabama. Their credit is good at the bank, and I was told that they were doing more for their race by their industry and thrift than could be done by any amount of talk. The colored grocers in Birmingham are shar-

ing the prosperity of this thriving city. Near a little place which I visited in the Black Belt, a colored school-teacher, who got his education with hand and brain at Tuskegee, had bought for \$225 a lot of land, and established a grocery store. At Tuscaloosa, the livery stable man who drove me owns several horses and carriages, and is doing well. Thus, in whatever direction one goes, he can find Negroes who are rising by force of education and of character. The influence of such schools as Hampton, Atlanta, and Tuskegee is felt all through the South in the stimulus given to industrial occupations. Tuskegee has turned out a number of printers, who have made themselves independent, and get patronage from both white and colored customers. One has a printing office in Montgomery. Another has opened an office in Texas. The growth of journalism and the gradual reduction of illiteracy among the colored people will make a way for many printers. In all the mechanical trades, colored men are finding places as blacksmiths, wheelwrights, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, tinsmiths, harnessmakers, shoemakers, and machinists. In Washington, colored brickmakers are earning from four to five dollars a day. Hod-carriers receive \$1.50. A boy trained in the industrial department of Atlanta University has built a school-house in Alabama on contract. This boy can earn \$2.50 a day with his hands and tools, and is besides a college graduate.

In slavery times there was no stimulus to Negro inventiveness. Before the war, an application made at the United States Patent Office for a patent for a Negro inventor was denied, on the ground that he was a slave. With industrial education and diversified mechanical pursuits, the Negro brain is becoming adaptive and creative. The records of the United States Patent Office make no distinction between white and colored inventors. It is impossible to furnish statistics,

therefore, showing how much the colored man has done in this direction. The chief of the issue division surmises that there may be between five and ten thousand colored patentees, but this estimate has no reliable basis, being derived simply from the casual reports of attorneys in paying their fees. A colored assistant examiner in the Patent Office department has, however, placed at my service a list of some fifty patents taken out by colored people, which show the scope of their inventive genius. In the list of things represented are an improved gridiron, a locomotive smoke-stack, a cornstalk harvester, a shield for infantry and artillery, a fire extinguisher, a dough kneader, a cotton cultivator, life-preserving apparatus, a furniture caster, a biscuit cutter, a rotary engine, a printing press, a file holder, a window ventilator for railroad cars, an automatic switch for railroads, and a telephone transmitter. The electric inventions are said to have a good deal of merit, and have been assigned to a prominent company. In Birmingham, a colored inventor is making money out of his patent.

With the purchase of homes and the accumulation of property, the colored people are gradually changing their condition of living. It is seen at its worst in the miserable one-room cabins of the country districts, and in the alley population of such cities as Washington and Baltimore. In the Black Belt, the typical home is a rude log cabin, without windows, and with one door and a stick chimney. The door is usually kept open during the day, in fair weather, to admit light, which at night is furnished by a pine knot. Into such cabins a whole family is frequently crowded. In Alabama, I heard of twenty-five persons living in three rooms. The genial climate permits a good deal of outdoor living, and the babies need no sand yards to be made for their benefit. The mother sets them out on the ground, and lets

them roll. Bad as the one-room cabin is, it is not so bad as the tenement house in the slums of the great cities. The Negro, too, can rival the Chinaman in practicing economy. Sixty cents a week, spent in pork, meal, and syrup, will keep him well alive. At Athens, Georgia, a colored man testified in court that "a man can live mighty good on thirty-five cents a week."

The social evolution of the Negro can be seen even by the casual observer. A house with a window, even if closed with a shutter, is an improvement over one which has only a door, and a double-room house is an improvement over one with a single room. The influence of new ambition is seen later in the growth of the cabin into a two-story house, and at the dinner table in a more varied bill of fare. At Pensacola, where the wages received for loading vessels are unusually good, the laborer is prosperous, and a colored censor said, deprecatingly: "They live 'most too high as far as eating is concerned; some of them eat as fine food as millionaires." A Methodist bishop told me that in Montgomery \$24,000 was spent annually on excursions. The Negro is surely learning how to earn his dollar, but he has not learned how to spend it. He is buying his experience dear. The patent-medicine vender and the sewing-machine peddler draw no distinctions in regard to color, and the black often insists on spending his money as foolishly as his white brother. In one little country cabin stood a wooden clock worth about \$1.25, for which a woman had paid \$10, giving new sarcasm to the proverb that "time is money." Yet the Negro's knowledge of what a dollar will buy is growing.

New social ambitions are manifest even in the humblest cabins. The illustrated newspaper furnishes decoration for the walls. The old people can admire the pictures, and the younger ones can read the text. The cheap chromo

follows, until by and by the evolution of taste produces a home such as one I visited in Washington, in which three beautiful copies of celebrated Madonnas were hanging on the walls. In the cities social development is going on more rapidly, though here we also find greater social degradation. With all their destitution, the people in the country cabins are not tempted by the liquor saloons.

The social progress of the Negro is well illustrated by two historic cities,—the federal capital at Washington and the former capital of the Confederacy at Montgomery. The casual traveler, who sees the alley districts and the settlements around the railroads, forms no better idea of the social development of the Negro than he does of Northern whites, if he confines his inspection to similar localities. In Montgomery, under the guidance of Dr. Dorsette, a colored physician and a respected citizen, I had an opportunity to see the homes of the colored people at their best. In some of the streets, the whites occupy one side, and the blacks the other. Occasionally the colors alternate, like the squares on a checkerboard. It is not easy externally to tell one from the other. The interiors of these homes, especially of the younger and more progressive people, are comfortably and tastefully furnished. The rooms are as high as those of their white neighbors, well carpeted and papered, while the piano or the cabinet organ suggests loftier musical tastes than that of the plantation banjo. While in most respects the movement or development of the white and colored races runs on parallel lines, in music they seem to be going in opposite directions. Though I traveled all through the South, in urban, suburban, and agricultural districts, from Baltimore to New Orleans, the only banjo I heard was played in Atlanta by a white man. Returning to Boston, one of the first sights which met my eyes was that of a fashionable young lady carrying the

instrument the Negro is discarding. I was twice serenaded at Tuskegee, once by a brass band, once by a string band, and I slept well after both performances. In New Orleans, I was astounded at the strange phenomenon of a colored hand-organ grinder. Whether this represents a state of musical development or degeneracy, as compared with the banjo, I will not undertake, in the present state of Northern fascination, to decide. It is estimated that there are from 250 to 300 pianos and cabinet organs in the homes of colored people in Montgomery.

The pride of the colored people in buying these homes and furnishing them is a healthful form of domestic ambition, requiring sacrifice and resolute concentration of purpose. A fine house on a corner lot was shown me which had been bought with the savings of a hackman. Even in the poorer districts it is interesting to note the ambition to improve. "I have seen these houses grow," said the doctor. "There is one in which lives an old woman. She began with one room, then built on another; then finished off one, and now has just finished off the other. It has taken her some time, but she has done it."

Immediately after the war I lived at the national capital. Thousands of destitute blacks from Virginia and further south had settled in the barracks around the city. They owned little more than the clothes on their backs, and most of these had been given to them. The change in these districts is remarkable. Large numbers of people live in their own homes. There is not much squalor outside of the alley population. Even the poorest houses have some comforts and show some endeavor to improve. A similar story may be told of Baltimore.

Standards of social position and refinement among the negroes are becoming as varied as among the whites. In some districts I was informed that a colored man had very little standing with his own people unless he had a trade or

profession. It is inevitable, too, that cliques and affiliations should be formed, with the advantage and disadvantage which come from such social differentiation. Two aristocracies are appearing in the colored race, — the aristocracy of culture and the aristocracy of wealth. Fortunately, at present, in the younger generation culture and prosperity are moving together. The colored man's standard of wealth is relatively much smaller than that of the white man. There are no Negro millionaires that I know of; but there is growing up a class of men with fortunes ranging from \$15,000 to \$100,000. This accumulation has been going on in recent years with increasing rapidity. The colored people in North Carolina are said to have amassed more in the last five years than they did in the twenty years preceding. In most of the States, there are no data from which the amount of taxes paid by the Negroes can be separated from that paid by the whites, or the valuation of their property ascertained. It is one good result of the Fourteenth Amendment that no distinction is made in law between property owned by whites and that owned by blacks. Georgia is the only State in which the comptroller is able to furnish the figures for 1890. The amount of taxes paid by the whites in that State was \$1,599,977.75; by the colored people, \$48,795.13. The property of whites was assessed at a valuation of \$404,287,311; the property of blacks, at a valuation of \$12,332,003. The Census Bureau at Washington has the material for making these comparisons in the different States, and as the question is now one of sociology, and not of politics, it is to be hoped that the figures which illustrate the progress of the Negro may be published. The total valuation of Negro property in the South has been given as \$150,000,000 or \$200,000,000. There are those who maintain that the colored man does not receive full credit for what he is paying. In

North Carolina, a daily Democratic paper claimed, about two months ago, that the colored people are paying about three times the tax they are credited with by actual statistics.

There are conspicuous cases of individual prosperity in nearly all the large centres and in the agricultural districts. Thus, in Montgomery, Alabama, a colored barber, originally a slave, has accumulated property amounting to \$75,000 or \$100,000. An ex-slave in Mississippi has bought one of the plantations that formerly belonged to Jefferson Davis. The colored people of Maryland are said to possess property to the amount of \$9,000,000. In Baltimore, there are several colored men worth \$15,000 each, three or four worth from \$40,000 to \$60,000, and the estate of a Negro recently deceased was appraised at \$100,000. In Washington, also, colored men have profited by the rise of real estate, and a few are possessed of ample fortunes. These instances might be greatly multiplied from my notes.

The subject of Negro education is vast and absorbing. Among its varied aspects two are of special and correlative interest: first, What is education doing for the Negro; secondly, What is the Negro doing for education? In this paper I can refer only to the latter topic. But these questions cannot be absolutely separated. No man "receives an education" who does not get a good deal of it himself. The student is not so much inert material; he reacts on the forces which impress him. The Negroes are showing their awakened and eager interest in education by the zeal with which they are embracing their opportunities. Everywhere I found in colleges, normal institutes, and district schools fresh, live interest. In some sections, the eagerness of the colored people for knowledge amounts to an absolute thirst. In Alabama, the state superintendent of education, a former Confederate major, assured me that the colored people in that

State are more interested in education than the whites are. Nothing shows better this zeal for education than the sacrifices made to secure it. President Bumstead, of Atlanta University, asks, "Where in the history of the world have so large a mass of equally poor and unlettered people done so much to help themselves in educational work?" This challenge will long remain unanswered. The students of Atlanta University pay thirty-four per cent of the expenses of that institution. A letter from the treasurer of Harvard College informs me that about the same proportion of its expenses is paid from tuition fees. If we compare the wealth represented by the students of Harvard with that represented by the colored students of Atlanta, we shall find how large a sacrifice the latter are making in order to do so much. It must be remembered, also, that at Harvard tuition fees and other expenses are mostly paid by parents and guardians; at Atlanta they are paid by the students themselves, and to a large degree by personal labor. President Bumstead calculates that for every million dollars contributed by the North at least a half million is contributed by the colored people for educational purposes. Though it is difficult to get the material for such large and general totals, it is easy to furnish a vast number of facts illustrating the truth that in the very process of getting his education the Negro is learning the lesson of self-help. Among the denominational colleges, the Livingston Institute at Salisbury, North Carolina, is a good illustration of this capacity for self-help. It receives no state aid. The colored people of the Zion Methodist Episcopal church give \$8000 towards the support of this school. The students give towards their own support not less than \$6000 more. The president, Dr. Price, one of the ablest colored orators of the South, is a conspicuous example of what the colored man can do for himself.

Another remarkable illustration is furnished by the Tuskegee Normal School. This institution was started in 1881 by a Hampton graduate, Mr. Booker T. Washington, on a state appropriation of \$2000. It has grown from 30 pupils to 450, with 31 teachers. During the last year 200 applicants had to be turned away for want of room. Fourteen hundred acres of land and fourteen school buildings form a part of the equipment. While friends of education, North and South, have generously helped its growth, the success of the school is due largely to the executive ability of Mr. Washington and his officers. General Armstrong says, "I think it is the noblest and grandest work of any colored man in the land." All the teachers are colored. Of the fourteen school buildings, eight have been erected, in whole or in part, by the students. The school is broadly unsectarian. It is teaching the colored people the dignity of labor and how to get out of debt. It is an agricultural and industrial school combined. Its stimulating and renovating influence is felt all through the Black Belt.

One of the most important results of the excellent work done by Hampton, Atlanta, and Tuskegee is seen in the radiating influence they exert through the country in stimulating primary education. In most of the communities of the lower Southern States, the money derived from local taxation is not sufficient to keep the school more than three months in the year, and the pay of teachers is poor. The interest of these communities is so quickened by a good teacher that the people raise money to extend the school time and supplement the pay of the teacher. A few examples taken from many will illustrate. In one district in Alabama, the school time was thus extended by private subscription from three months to seven. In Coffee County, the teacher's salary was increased from ten to twenty-five dollars

a month. In many cases the raising of this extra sum means a good deal of self-denial. As the State makes no appropriation for school-houses, most of the schools in the Black Belt are held in churches, which gives rise to sectarian jealousy and disturbance. To overcome these difficulties and build school-houses, additional sacrifice is required. In a district of Butler County, Alabama, the children formed a "one cent society." They brought to the teacher a penny a day. About thirty dollars was raised to buy land, and the school-teacher, a colored girl, helped to clear it and burn the brush. In one township, where the school fund is sufficient for seven or nine months, the teachers are paid thirty-five dollars a month. In Lee County, the people "supplement" for an assistant teacher. One district school which I visited, eighteen miles from Tuskegee, taught by a graduate of its institute, well illustrated the advantage of industrial education. Having learned the carpenter's trade at the normal school, he was able, with the help of his pupils, to build a fine new school-house. The girls often do better than the men. One, who teaches about twenty-five miles from Tuskegee, has now a good two-story school building with four rooms. She has two assistant teachers, who live with her in the building. She has revolutionized that section of the country. A Hampton student whom I met once applied for a school in his district, as he wished to learn to read and write. He was told that there was not a sufficient number of children. Then he offered to give a school building, if the town would furnish a teacher. With the aid of his father he carried out the plan, and established a good school. Samuel Smiles might easily make a library of books on Self-Help out of thousands of individual examples furnished by the colored people.

The interest in education is seen also in the self-denial and sacrifice which

parents make to keep their children at school. This sacrifice falls chiefly on the mothers. A student told me that two thirds of the younger scholars at Tuskegee were sent by their mothers. Very often the mother is a widow. She may get twenty dollars a month, or eight, or only four, for her labor. Out of this small sum she sends to college and clothes her boy or girl. "I know mothers," said a student, "who get three dollars a month, and out of that pay one dollar for the rent, and yet send their children to school." To do this they will wash all day and half the night. Said a colored clergyman in Chattanooga: "Sometimes, when I go about and see how hard many of these mothers work, I feel almost inclined to say, 'You ought to keep your child at home;' but they hold on with wonderful persistence. Two girls graduated from Atlanta University. Their mother had been washing several years to keep them in school. She came up to see them graduate. She was one of the happiest mothers I ever saw." At Selma University, some of the students walk from ten to fifteen miles a day in going to and from the university.

There is one education which the children get; there is another which they give to their parents. The influence of the normal school reacts on the home life. The boys and girls at Hampton and Tuskegee are taught to keep house. They are not satisfied to live in the old way, when they go home. "I have seen," says Professor Washington, "the influence of the daughter so potent, when she got home, that the father has torn down the old house, and built another and better one."

The result of higher education is seen in the rise of a professional class. I remember the time when a colored doctor was a curiosity even in Washington; but colored physicians, lawyers, journalists, college professors, dentists, educated clergymen, and teachers are now to

be found in all the large cities of the South. In Montgomery, Dr. Dorsette has built up a thriving practice. He has erected a three-story brick building, on the lower floor of which are two stores, one of them a large and well-equipped drug store. A hall above is used for the accommodation of colored societies. In Birmingham, there are two practicing physicians, one dentist, and one lawyer. At Selma, the practicing physician is a graduate of the university. There is also a pharmacist, owning his drug store, who studied at Howard University. There are six colored lawyers and seven colored physicians in Baltimore. The professional men command the confidence and support of their own people.

Journalism is growing slowly. There are now about fifty-five well-established Negro newspapers and journals. Thirty-seven are in the Southern States; seven are monthlies and two are semi-monthlies. The aggregate weekly circulation of all is about 805,000 copies. There are other ephemeral journals, not included in this list. The largest circulation, 15,000, is claimed for the Indianapolis Freeman.

The colored people are determined to have their churches, and they subscribe, in proportion to their means, large sums to sustain them. Last year the Zion Methodist Episcopal church* in North Carolina raised \$84,000 to support its religious institutions. This amount represents but one State and but one denomination. The churches built reflect fairly the social standard of the people. In the comparatively new city of Birmingham, there are seven comfortable colored churches, ranging in cost from \$2000 to \$15,000. In Washington, two churches cost nearly \$30,000 each, and the money has been raised almost exclusively by the colored people. In Baltimore, there are forty-four colored churches, holding a large amount of property. The old-time preacher still fills

the pulpit in many communities, and the old slaves are loath to give up the hysteric emotionalism of revival preaching. The younger and progressive Negroes are breaking away from it, and demanding preachers whose intelligence and education secure respect. They are giving up, too, the old slave melodies. Modern Protestant hymnology is substituted. The universities and theological schools are meeting the demand for better preachers. The colored people are also ambitious to pay their preachers as much as the whites pay theirs. In Montgomery, one colored preacher has a salary of \$1200 a year with a parsonage. In another city in Alabama, \$1800 is paid.

The standard of morality is rising, also. There is more respect for property now that the Negro is learning what mine and thine mean. An eminent judge of Louisiana assured me that intoxication among the colored people is the principal cause of crime, but that crime does not exist to the same extent that it formerly did. Marriage, he said, had changed largely the condition of their society. The Negroes are seeking to make this a matter of importance, so that their rights of property may be respected. The temperance movement makes headway. In Methodist conferences in North Carolina, and possibly elsewhere, no one is admitted to the ministry who uses liquor or tobacco.

The colored people do more towards taking care of their unfortunate classes than is generally realized. With all the destitution that exists, there is almost no mendicancy. When one considers how much is done in the North for hospitals, homes, and institutions of every sort, and how little in the South, it is apparent that aid must come from some other quarter. The colored orphan asylum established by Mrs. Steele in Chattanooga is, I am told, the only Protestant colored orphan asylum south of Washington. What, then, becomes of orphan

children? They are adopted. I have met such children in many homes, and their love and respect for their foster parents refute the charge that the Negro is incapable of gratitude. Thus the colored people have instinctively and of necessity adopted the placing-out system for orphans, which, other things being equal, is the best disposition that can be made of them.

In other respects the colored people have developed a laudable disposition to take care of their own poor. In addition to the Odd Fellows, Masons, and Knights of Pythias, benevolent and fraternal organizations are multiplying. The city churches are feeling a new impulse to such work. Brotherhoods, Good Samaritan societies, and mutual benefit organizations are established. Members of these organizations are allowed a regular stipend when sick. In New Orleans, the colored people have started a widows' home, and have collected enough money to buy a piece of ground and to put up a respectable building. In Montgomery, I visited the Hale Infirmary, founded by the late Joseph Hale and his wife, leading colored citizens. It is a large two-story building, especially designed by the son-in-law of the founder for hospital purposes. Such gifts and such organizations show that there is a disposition among the colored people to adopt the practices of a higher order of society. It is charged that the Negro imitates the vices of the white; it is often overlooked that he also imitates his virtues. A good illustration of practical Christianity was given by the Young Men's Christian Association at Tuskegee, in building, last year, a little house for an old colored woman. A colored teacher paid the cost of the lumber, and the young men gave the labor. They are planning more work of this kind. One interesting case of Negro generosity shows the reverses of fortune which followed emancipation. An ex-slave in Louisiana bought

a farm, paid for it, and became prosperous. Not long after his old master came to him in a state of destitution. The Negro took him in, kept him for a week, and gave him a suit of clothes on his departure.

Under slavery the Negroes were not organized, except in churches. The organic spirit must have time for growth. Coöperation has made no great headway. In various States and counties the Farmers' Alliance is attracting attention, many of the Negroes hoping to find relief through it from the bondage of the mortgage system. Small stock companies for various purposes exist in a number of cities. A little has been done in the way of building associations. There is one at Atlanta, with branches and local boards elsewhere; others at Tuskegee, Montgomery, Selma, Baltimore, and Washington. In Baltimore there are three or four such associations, but the German organizations, managed by white people, have had much more of their patronage. A daily paper of Charlotte, North Carolina, in speaking of the loan associations there, said that the colored shareholders were outstripping the white. It was noticeable that they paid more promptly. A penny savings bank, chartered under state law, was organized at Chattanooga about ten months ago. It has already one thousand depositors, the amounts ranging from two cents to one thousand dollars. The white as well as the colored children are being educated to save by this bank. In Birmingham, a similar institution was opened last October, and has about three thousand depositors. A school savings bank or postal savings bank system, as recommended by the Mohonk Negro conference, would be of great benefit to the colored people.

A full report of what the colored man is doing for himself within the old slave States can be given only when the census reports are elaborated, or when such a thorough record of his progress is made

in every State as Dr. Jeffrey A. Brckett has made for the State of Maryland. All that has been attempted in this article is to give such indications and evidence as can readily be obtained by one who travels through the South, on this mission, with his eyes and ears open.

To sum up, then, the facts which show what the Negro is doing for himself, it is clear that the new generation of Afric-Americans is animated by a progressive spirit. They are raising and following their own leaders. They are rapidly copying the organic, industrial, and administrative features of white society. They have discovered that industrial redemption is not to be found in legislative and political measures. In spite of oppressive usury and extortion, the colored man is buying farms, building homes, accumulating property, es-

tablishing himself in trade, learning the mechanic arts, devising inventions, and entering the professions. Education he sees to be the pathway to prosperity, and is making immense sacrifices to secure it. He is passing into the higher stages of social evolution. In religion the "old-timer" is giving way to the educated preacher. Religion is becoming more ethical. The colored people are doing much to take care of their own unfortunate classes. The coöperative spirit is slowly spreading through trades unions, building associations, and benevolent guilds. In no way is the colored man doing more for himself than by silently and steadily developing a sense of self-respect, new capacity for self-support, and a pride in his race, which more than anything else secure for him the respect and fraternal feeling of his white neighbors.

Samuel J. Barrows.

ON THE STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY.

THERE is a remarkable diversity of opinion as to the value of geographical studies as a part of the curriculum in school and college. Look at the time devoted to geography in the public schools, and this would seem to be one of the most important topics. Talk with the teachers, the scholars, and the parents, and loud outcries may be heard against its domination. Confer with the members of a college faculty. Now and then, from authorities like Arnold Guyot or George P. Marsh (not to name any one living), the most glowing commendation of such studies will be heard, but oftener, expressions like those of the late Coutts Trotter, of Trinity

College, Cambridge, who frankly admitted, in a letter intended for publication, that he had not "any very clear ideas of what the study of geography as a separate subject would mean, or what would be the nature of the lectures of a professor or reader in geography." Yet Mr. Trotter was a scholar, a traveler, a man of varied interests, and well acquainted with the problems of modern higher education. This divergence of opinion is more apparent when the ways of German universities are compared with those of English and American institutions. In Germany, there are more than a dozen chairs of geography, filled by men of high distinction,¹ and a trust-

¹ Since the days of Kant, author of one of the earliest physical geographies, a succession of distinguished Germans have been devoted to geography. Humboldt, Berghaus, Ritter,

Steffens, Kiepert, Petermann, Peschel, Richt-hofen, and many younger men deserve remembrance.

worthy authority, Mr. Scott Keltie, states that their courses are attended by from twenty to eighty hearers. In England, the neglect of geography in education has led the Royal Geographical Society to concerted efforts for reform. The recent Proceedings of that body, and especially the first volume of supplementary papers, contain many significant articles upon this theme. Among them, attention may be directed specially to the opinions that have been collected from enlightened men in different countries by the editor, Mr. Keltie.

In the United States, we cannot be reproached with the neglect of geography. The public chest, from the days of Lewis and Clark, and the private purse, from the days of Peabody and Grinnell, have been opened for the aid of continental, oceanic, arctic, and African researches. In the primary and grammar schools, much time (we have already said) is bestowed upon the study, but books and methods are often dry, and not infrequently sterile.

As these facts are borne in mind, it is a hopeful sign that the Brooklyn Institute has recently made a public exhibition of the best maps, charts, models, reliefs, diagrams, atlases, and books that the world has produced, and having shown them, free of charge, to throngs of Brooklynites, is now ready to transfer the collection to other cities. Nothing but good can come from such a display. It was undoubtedly superior to any of the kind that has been seen in the United States. It comprised the varied sorts of educational apparatus published in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Italy, as well as in England and the United States. The general effect was impaired by want of sufficient wall-room, and by the unsympathetic surroundings of the Arcade in which the collection was arranged. If these objects are to be transferred to other cities, larger halls with plenty of wall-room should be secured, and much more should be done

than was attempted in Brooklyn to guide the visitor by labels, descriptive cards, leaflets, and familiar lectures. Nevertheless, the collection exhibited by the Brooklyn Institute is most praiseworthy. It should not be too soon dispersed. Its display in other cities would certainly acquaint many teachers and managers of schools with the general inferiority of the maps now employed in this country for school and college instruction. Better apparatus would soon be called for. It is the want of acquaintance with the progress of geographical science which makes our educational authorities indifferent to the methods that are employed on the continent, and to the aids that are provided in Germany and France.

Everybody knows that we live in space of three dimensions, not two; on a sphere, not on a plane; yet maps are often constructed as if they represented "flat land," or the world of two dimensions. Mountains are omitted altogether, — as in a popular historical atlas that lies before me, and in most of our railroad guidebooks, — or else they are indicated by symbols which suggest narrow ridges crossing the country as a zig-zag rail fence runs across the meadows. The indication of broad regions of upheaved land, like those of Spain or Anatolia, or the vast plateaux of Asia and North America, is generally wanting. Countries which are diversified by low and lofty plains, by ridges, peaks, and passes, by broad and narrow valleys, are represented as if they were as level as the sea beach or the prairie. Hence the circuitous routes of traffic and travel, the tortuous movements of armies, the sites of memorable battles, the sinuous windings of political boundaries, are not understood.

Yet admirable maps, for the wall and for the table, exhibiting the reliefs as well as the horizontal outlines, have been prepared for every part of Europe, for the United States, for all the continents,

and for many of the islands of the sea. Regions of noteworthy geographical or historical significance are also illustrated by special orographic maps. It is a wonder that they are not more commonly used. Compare, for example, Levasseur's map of the region that is bounded on the south by the sea and the Pyrenees, on the east by the Alps and the Rhine, with a common map of France. The one is full of suggestions to the traveler or the student; the other is flat. The one is alive; the other is dead. On the one the routes that Hannibal, Caesar, Louis XIV., Napoleon, must have followed are apparent. The meaning of transalpine and cisalpine Gaul requires no glossary. Ultramontanism is not an obscure term. "There are no more Pyrenees" is a rhetorical phrase, not a geographical fact. The prolonged disputes with reference to the Rhenish frontier appear foreordained. Metz, Strasburg, Belfort, are not merely artificial fortresses; they are natural strategic points. Great Britain faces little Britain. The conditions which have made Paris the central city of a great state are easily comprehended. The less one knows of French geography, the more he is incited to study it by this map; the more he knows, the more he will enjoy the study. Or, instead of Levasseur's France, examine Kiepert's Hellas. The limitations of Greek states, their rivalries, alliances, points of contention, places of assembly, shrines, are seen to be based upon the orography of the land. Indeed, without such a map of Greece the classical and the modern historians are alike difficult and obscure. Pen descriptions like those of Curtius, Grote, Kiepert, Jebb, are indeed most graphic, but even their skillful phrases are illuminated by good maps that exhibit the upliftings of the land surfaces as well as their horizontal dimensions.

One word of caution should perhaps be added. In selecting a physical map,

avoid, as a general rule, those that are overlaid with typography. Out of deference to the prejudices, or perhaps to the ignorance, of purchasers, the cartographer often endeavors to make the same map serve for natural, historical, and actual political conditions, and consequently he obscures the sheet by a profusion of names. There are, of course, reasons why certain maps must be covered with words, — that is what a postal map is for, and a map of the bishoprics of Christendom or of the minor sovereignties of Germany will be meaningless unless well lettered; but even maps for such purposes as these will be more useful and intelligible if paired with maps that indicate the orographic features, free from disturbing elements. Under no circumstances is it wise to obscure topography by typography.

An admirable piece of geographical apparatus has lately been prepared for Baltimore by Mr. C. Mindeleff, of the United States Geological Survey. He has translated (if that expression may be allowed) into a topographical model the topographical map of the city and its environs lately made by the government. The elevations are represented without exaggeration, — just as they are in nature. Here may be seen in true relations the hills, rising to five hundred feet of altitude; the cañon-like ravines of Jones' Falls and Gwynn's Falls; the broad plateau over which runs the Pikesville turnpike; the rolling country on the summits of which the Cathedral, the Washington Monument, the Johns Hopkins Hospital, the Bay View Asylum, and other edifices are placed; as well as all the watercourses and shore lines. Everything on the map is as trustworthy as it is clear. For instruction in geographical forms, nothing better could be wished for. If reliefs like this, representing districts of special significance and importance, were common in our schools and colleges, the value

of geographical study would quickly be recognized. A few hundred dollars would insure the preparation of a like model for Boston, New York, and other large cities. The original, once made, might be copied at moderate cost. When the full meaning of such maps is perceived, they will be found valuable as accessories for the prosecution of many branches of science.

Not only the student of history, but the student of political economy, will demand them, as they are now called for by geologists and naturalists. Statesmen and legislators will make fewer blunders to be corrected by after generations, if they will only become familiar with the enduring physical characteristics of every region which they are called upon to govern, or over which they exert an influence. Goldwin Smith wisely opens his new book by saying that whoever wishes to know what Canada is, and to understand the Canadian question, should begin by turning from the political to the natural map. "The political map displays a vast and unbroken area of territory, extending from the boundary of the United States up to the north pole, and equaling or surpassing the United States in magnitude. The physical map displays four separate projections of the cultivable and habitable part of the continent into arctic waste." What he says so concisely of Canadian maps may be universally extended. To understand any country, "turn from the political to the natural map." We may even go further, and demand a map which shall show a geographical unit in its relations to other geographical units. For example, the valley of the Mississippi, from the Appalachians on the east to the Cordilleras on the west, is a geographical unit; and to comprehend it, the relations of this vast territory to the lake system and the Canadian territory on the north, and to the mountain barriers, eastern and western, must be examined. For another example consider

the peninsula of Arabia, a geographical unit. Its relations to the two great river valleys, the Nile and the Euphrates, and to the three great seas, the Persian, the Red, and the Mediterranean, must be clearly appreciated. In this vast domain and its adjunct territory five ancient empires were established; here the great soldiers of antiquity led their armies; three religions of world-wide significance were cradled on this peninsula. But how rarely a good map of the natural features of Arabia is seen upon the wall of a class-room or lecture-room! Let me give a third example. Not long ago, in a course of lectures prepared for an audience of one hundred and fifty persons, there was need of a wall-map to illustrate the natural characteristics of the Mediterranean lands. With all the favor bestowed on classical studies, anybody would suppose that such a map could easily be found. Not so. I wrote to Washington, New York, Princeton; I searched the resources of Baltimore. I could find separate maps of Asia, Africa, and Europe, the continents being as carefully isolated as if there were a cartographical quarantine. Kiepert's map of the ancient world was accessible. The six sheets of a German hand-map could be pasted together. A map of south-eastern Europe in its physical aspects, prepared for Professor Freeman when he lectured in Baltimore, included half the sea; but a suitable wall-map of the entire Mediterranean for a college lecture-room must be made to order. Mr. Sandoz, the expert draughtsman, whose handiwork is familiar to the owners of the Guyot maps, prepared it; and Mr. Mindeleff, who made the beautiful reliefs that serve as the basis of the continental maps in Butler's geographies, prepared a smaller map, which was photographed and supplied to the class; so that at last they were well provided with the graphic representation of the sea and its border lands.

The instructiveness of such a map is

obvious. The barriers which have interrupted human intercourse; the islands and headlands that have served as stepping-stones for successive emigrations; the portals that are opened by rivers into the interior of continents; the strategic points which defend vast areas; the natural boundaries, not only of great states, but of minor provinces, are seen at a glance distinctly. This portion of the world thus appears to have been arranged for the life of mankind, as a house is built for the family that is to occupy it, as a body is grown for the mind that controls it. How persistent the influence of those four great breaks in the coast line: the Straits of Gibraltar, a portal to the ocean, and so to America; the Bosphorus, a portal to the Black Sea, and so to the heart of Asia; the Nile, a portal to the heart of Africa; and the Rhone, a portal to the heart of Europe. Alexandria, Constantinople, Marseilles, Gibraltar, are the doorkeepers, and the fate of the world is controlled by the states that direct these warders. The early commercial prosperity of Phœnicia was obviously governed by its physical limitations, its physical opportunities. A strip of seaboard, fertile but narrow, with harbors of moderate excellence, lying between the rich valley of Mesopotamia on the one side and the Nile on the other, developed a certain degree of prosperity, and suggested *plus ultra*. Cyprus invited ventures. The headland just west of that which we know as Cape Bon became the seat of Carthage. Beyond the Pillars of Hercules other allurements invited the Tyrian mariner, — the mines of tin in fact, the Isles of the Blest in fancy. So from Asia to Africa, and from Africa to Europe, the course of commercial empire proceeded. On the other hand, "to the eye of modern poetry, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean have changed places. . . . It is to the basin of the Mediterranean, fringed with storied cities and venerable ruins,

with the crumbling sanctuaries of a creed which has passed away and the monuments of an art which is imperishable, that man turns to-day." So writes Mr. H. D. Traill in his introduction to *The Picturesque Mediterranean*. The wings of trade likewise turn from the ocean to the Levant, and from the Levant to the more distant Orient. "The eternal Eastern question" is still unsettled, and the opposing civilizations of Europe and Asia confront one another on the borders of this sea.

My advice to the teacher of geography would be given in a few general propositions.

Abandon the idea that teaching lists of names is teaching a knowledge of the surface of the globe. You might as well suppose that you are acquainting a countryman with city life because you teach him the name of every store from Central Park to the Battery. Such knowledge is of little use to any one but the postman, and he does not require a school-master to give him lessons. Mere nomenclature is as sterile in geography as it is in botany, zoölogy, anatomy, or any other natural science. This everlasting repetition of names of places makes geography unpopular. Of course a certain amount of place-naming must be taught, but let the teacher give the right emphasis to his lists. Let regions or places of importance be kept prominent, and the reasons why they are important; then let the pupil be wonted to the use of a gazetteer, if he would know the secondary facts. Avoid the heresy that appears at the beginning of a recent elaborate *Physical, Historical, Political, and Descriptive Geography* (published in England), which declares that "the first and most important question that the geographer has to answer is *Where*." *What* and *Why* are, to say the least, quite as important as *Where*. *Where*, *What*, and *Why* are three questions that should always go together.

My next advice to the teacher is to make free use of maps which correctly represent the great upheavals of land. Give the mountains their due. Emphasize orography. Reliefs are good, but when the altitudes are not "forced" or exaggerated they seldom convey the right impression; when they are out of scale they are also likely to mislead. For this reason, flat maps, colored so as to indicate height contours at moderate intervals, are on the whole more satisfactory.

Mr. Grote concludes the preface to his history of Greece by referring to the habit of the Spartan king to perform his morning sacrifices immediately before sunrise, in order that he might be beforehand in obtaining the favor of the gods; and by adding that this habit cannot be adequately appreciated if the reader be not familiar with the Homeric conception of Zeus going to rest at night, and awaking to rise, at early dawn, from the side of the white-armed Hêrê. So we may say that the course of empire, the march of civilization, the les-

sons of history, cannot be understood unless the reader is familiar with the enduring features of the earth moulded by primeval forces upon the plastic surface.

Geography, history, politics, — this is the natural sequence of study; and this is a prosy way of stating what has thus been expressed in a suggestive couplet:

"Space, Time, Spirit, — these three are revealed to the mind of the Finite.

Each in its order appears flooding the soul with its light."

Carl Ritter, in the essay introductory to the *Erdkunde*, made this remarkable utterance seventy years ago: —

"It is not impossible that the time may come when certain minds, who have compassed the world of nature as well as of morals, shall be able, sending their glance backwards and forwards, to determine from the whole course of a nation's surroundings what the course of its development is to be, and to indicate in advance of history what ways it must take to attain the welfare which Providence has indicated to it."

Daniel Coit Gilman.

GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST.

THIRD PAPER: THE SECOND PART OF FAUST.

As we reach the end of the tragedy of the First Part of Faust and look back, we seem to have come, with Mephistopheles, upon that midway height where we can see only with astonishment "how Mammon in the mountain glows;" selfishness everywhere triumphant; the lovely sacrificed, the evil saved. The poet has told us it is the picture of life as mirrored in his own soul. To pause here is to feel ourselves in a witches' revel, a Walpurgis-Night indeed. This incomplete view of the poem has led to the mistaken idea that Goethe himself

is but a sublimated Mephistopheles, a demon of selfishness. The First Part is only half the picture, — the storm and stress period of his darkened youth, — the shadow, not the light. To judge Goethe by this alone is as if we should judge of a Rembrandt by only the darkened side of the picture.

"Youth," says Goethe, "must always begin at the beginning, and thus repeat the story of Man." The First Part of Faust is but the picture of the period of selfishness in the individual, which in the history of the race we call the

dark ages. Goethe forestalls our condemnation. "I have continued the poetical confession which I had begun, that, by this self-tormenting penance, I might be worthy of an internal absolution." But is this individual life the reflex of the All? Can any soul mirror for us the universe? Can the tiny, darkened chamber of the eye hold all this immensity and wondrous beauty, Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau?

"We find ourselves," writes Goethe from the Rigi, that midway elevation of Alpine scenery, "at the foot of the Mother of God. I will not deny that those representations of the higher and better qualities of human nature proceed from that source." "Nay, without fresh impressions of the wonderful scenes I could never have conceived the subject of that *terza rima* passage which opens this Second Part of Faust." These are the impressions which Swiss scenery made on his mind, whither he had rushed for refuge from his tormented and torrenting self.

Here around the tortured man, in whose torn heart still rangles the burning shaft of remorse, gather all the gentle influences of nature, which

"Each, in elfin-wise, a noble fairy,
Soften the furious struggle in his heart;
Remove Reproach's glowing, bitter dart.
And cleanse his thought from horrors past,
and still them."

"Perform your fairest elfin rite,"

sings Ariel, that lovely spirit of the mountain air,

"And bring him back to the holy light."

"Light and spirit are the highest imaginable primal energies." "I have ever seen God in Nature, and Nature in God, to such an extent that this conviction is the basis of my entire existence." "If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay devout homage to the person of Jesus, I say: Certainly. I bow before Him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality." "If I am asked whether

it is in my nature to revere the sun, I say again: Certainly; for he is likewise a manifestation of the highest Being, and indeed the most powerful which we children of earth are permitted to behold. I adore in him the light and productive power of God, by which we all live and move and have our being." "This is the point of view of a sort of primitive religion of pure nature and reason, which is of divine origin. The light of unclouded divine revelation,—it is far too pure and bright to be suitable to, and supportable by, poor weak man. But the Church steps in as a useful mediator to soften and to moderate, by which all are helped and many are benefited." "I was like one who had walked in the night, when this sense of the imminence of Deity shone upon and blinded me." Like the dawn of that light which is its visible symbol and agency in the universe, it is so glorious, so huge and vast, one is blinded, and turns for shelter to that historical image of the Divine in Man, the Man-God of the earliest theologies, with which mankind would veil the too dreadful sublimity of the Source of Life itself. "I was full," he says, "of this beautiful subject. I saw the lake in the quiet moonlight, illuminated mists in the depths of the mountains; then I saw it in the light of the loveliest morning sun,—a Rejoicing and a Life in wood and meadow." Let us listen now to Faust.

FAUST (*awakening*).

The pulse of life beats fresh and quick to greet

The mild, ethereal gleam of early morn.

Thou, Earth, wert firm and constant at my feet

To-night, and breath'st refreshed, as one new-born.

Thou now beginn'st to gird me with a zone

Of joy, and stirr'st a strong resolve to scorn

All else, and strive for Being's height alone.

The world now lies revealed in dawn's first beam;

The wood with Life resounds in many a tone;

Within, without the vale, the mist-wreaths stream;

Yet heavenly clearness sinks into the deep,
 And bough and spray, refreshed, spring forth,
 and seem
 To wake from sweet depths where they sank
 to sleep.
 Color on color flashes from the ground,
 Where flower and leaf their trembling pearl-
 drops weep.
 It seems a paradise these hills surround.
 Look up! The giant mountain peaks are
 bright;
 Already they their festal hour have found;
 They early may enjoy eternal light,
 That later here, to us below, will turn.
 Now the green meadows 'neath the Alpine
 height
 Shine with new glories, meanings new discern
 That step by step the lowest depth will gain.
 Now It comes forth! Alas! eyes, blinded,
 burn,
 And turn away, pierced through and through
 with pain.
 'T is always so; when longing Hope, at last,
 Can, confident, the Highest Wish attain,
 Fulfillment's portals open. But from vast,
 Unfathomed spaces, those eternal deeps,
 A mass of flame breaks forth. We stand
 aghast.
 We would Life's torch have lighted. Round
 us sweeps
 A surging sea of fire. Ah, what a fire!
 Is 't Love, is 't Hate, that, glowing, o'er us
 leaps,
 With pain and joys still mounting high and
 higher,
 So huge and vast we look to Earth again,
 For shelter 'neath Youth's earliest veil retire?
 Then may the sun behind my back remain!
 I see, with new delight that ever grows,
 The cataract roaring through the rocky vein.
 From plunge to plunge she whirls herself, and
 throws
 A thousand, thousand streams, that onward
 pour;
 And, high in air, foam upon foam-wreath goes.
 But gloriously, how bright, it arches o'er
 The storm, this Bow of changeless change!
 Now clearly cut, now lost in air once more,
 And then abroad, in cooling showers, 't will
 range.
 It mirrors man's unceasing toil and strife.
 Think! Is the many-colored image strange?
 In this reflected glory we have — LIFE.

In his *Annals* Goethe remarks that
 "the Swiss journey opened up to me man-
 ifold glimpses into the world. The visit
 to Weimar surrounded me with pleasant
 and beautiful relations, and, unrecog-
 nized, pressed me forward upon a new

course of life. Meanwhile I acquired
 a bolder hold of the depths of humanity;
 a passionate opposition to all mislead-
 ing and confining theories arose within
 me."

As we look along the torrent of the
 ages, whose image we are to trace in
 the coming scenes, we shall find that
 that other Divine Influence, which eman-
 cipated the personal Faust of the First
 Part from the thralldom of selfishness
 and the narrow confinement of pedan-
 try, taking him out of his cell into life
 and the sense of that Beauty which is
 the Divine, is also at work in this wider
 arena, the history of the race. "Look,"
 says the poet, "this same Influence is
 here, too, the Redeemer of the race.
 Follow its history with me, and you
 shall see this manifestation of the Divine
 not only in the labor, the energy, of
 Nature, but in that redeeming Love as
 well, whose bright reflection floats above
 all the tumult of the ages, and which,
 manifest in, incarnate in, Woman, has
 forever led, and will forever lead, us up-
 ward from darkness and despair to the
 glory of the brighter day."

It is still a personality moving before
 us, — our old friend of the First Part;
 but the arena has widened; the figures
 are now thrown upward, and sweep over
 the clouds of Time, like the gigantic
 shadows of man which travelers see
 looking off from the Brocken. Here it
 is the greater world, not a man, but
 Man, whose course we are to follow. In
 some sort, it is still, indeed, a reflex of
 Goethe's own experience, but used as
 a symbol only, significant of the experi-
 ence of the race, and of "the operation
 of those eternal laws in which we move
 and have our being."

"The rational world," says Goethe
 in his *Sayings*, "is to be regarded as
 a great, immortal individual that, un-
 restrained, effects the necessary, and
 makes itself master of the accidental."
 "Here, in the romantic, involved des-
 tiny of man, is the groundwork of the

action;" for here, as he told Eckermann, we are to see the "whole of antiquity and half the history of the modern world."

"Great events, the whole world's story;
Nations first suggested, then
Won with words, the prophet's glory,
A new law imposed on men.
All the great deeds of the races,
Where Passion works with Wisdom still at
 strife,
To be seen in smallest spaces,
Bounded thus, an image still of life."

Not that we are to look for a consecutive history of the race, but only for such parts of that history so arranged as to be significant of this law of life, this harmony, this union with Deity, which he will bring home to men. "We are to look for the symbols of human life." "The great point," Eckermann reports Goethe as saying, — "the great point with the poet is to express a manifold world; and he uses the story of a celebrated hero merely as a sort of thread on which he may string what he pleases; the only matter of importance is that the single masses be clear and significant."

The difficulty has been that the commentary on *Faust* has paid more attention to the separate pearls of thought than to this thread, the law of life, that holds them together. The result is described by Goethe in the account given, by the Herald of the Masquerade, of the manner in which the multitude are treating the poet's (the Boy Charioteer's) gifts which he strews among them: —

"The gifts have wings and fly away;
The pearls are loosened from their band,
And crawl like beetles in his hand.
He shakes them off, the wretched dunce;
They buzz about his head at once.
The others, 'stead of solid things,
Catch wanton butterflies with wings.
Though much he promised, yet the knave
Only a golden glitter gave."

Let us, then, try to keep in mind the connection with the whole. "Remember the All." Look out on that eternal conflict of Light and Darkness which

was promised us in the earlier Prologue, and see how this Divine Influence has brought us to the light.

We first find ourselves in the Emperor's court. The old fool is gone, drunk or dead, but Mephistopheles, the Demon of Selfishness, has crowded in, regardless of the halberds held crosswise before the door to bar his entrance. He at once places himself between the clergy and the nobles, on the steps of the throne. As the new fool and counselor, he proceeds to cozen the Emperor into the belief that he can get without giving an equivalent. All things are at the lowest ebb, because the Emperor has been amusing himself instead of governing.

"Who with life still plays
Ne'er knows the good it gave;
Who rules himself not stays
Fore'er a slave."

This quatrain from Goethe's *Sayings in Rhyme* might stand as the motto of the first act of the Second Part; indeed, it would not be inappropriate as the text of the drama. "The land is without law and justice; the judge himself is on the side of the criminal; the most atrocious crimes are committed without check and with impunity. The army is without pay, without discipline, and roams about plundering in order to provide its own pay and help itself as it can. The state treasury is without money, and without hope of replenishment. In the Emperor's own household things are no better. There is a scarcity both in kitchen and cellar. The steward, who cannot devise means how to get on from day to day, is already in the hands of usurious Jews, to whom everything is pawned, so that bread already eaten comes on the Emperor's table. The counselor of state wishes to remonstrate with his majesty upon all these evils, and advises as to their remedy. But the gracious sovereign is very unwilling to lend his sublime ear to anything so disagreeable; he prefers amusing himself. Here, now," says

Goethe to Eckermann, "is the true element for Mephisto."

Need we look very far down the history of modern Europe to see this state of things reflected there? As a youth, Goethe saw Marie Antoinette on her way through Strasburg to France, and was filled with forebodings for her subsequent fate, which he even then foresaw. In his *Annals* he says: "The affair of the Queen's necklace produced an indefinable impression upon me. From this abyss of immorality, which in the town, the court, and throughout the whole state opened before me, I saw rising the most terrible consequences, and could not free my imagination from the ghosts that haunted it."

Looking out on the changing spectacle of the carnival at Rome, the thought comes to him, "Why, this is human life!" In this falling court of the play we see the Emperor turn his councilors aside to witness a similar festival, which the Herald tells us his master brought from Rome. So we will all "pull down the fool's cap over our ears,"

"But be as wise beneath, though, as we can."

This is the masque of which Wilhelm Meister speaks, which is to represent the life of man, where all the characters in "single, double, or even triple allegories" present to us those elements which make up modern society, and so "bring the occupations and undertakings of men upon the stage as to survey the natural and reciprocal influences of each class on the other."

"For we all are allegories,"

says the Boy Charioteer, who, Goethe tells us, is Poetry. The commentators have done excellent service in hunting down these characters as they appear, assisting the Herald, whose office is in part to name them. Especially interesting is the allusion, pointed out by Chancellor von Müller, in the gratitude of the Boy Charioteer to Plutus, who

had confided the reins of his triumphal car to his keeping, for liberty to leave the cares of state, to go

"To solitude, and there create thy world anew."

We cannot pause to recall it in full; but it contains not only a most eloquent statement of the interdependence of wealth and art, but a splendid remembrancer of the relation of the poet and the Grand Duke, Karl August, — an ideal instance of that connection.

Mr. Birds, in his note on the sunrise, *terza rima*, refers to the correspondence between that passage and the account in Plato's *Phædrus* of the Good shining like the sun; but no allusion has been made to the closer correspondence between the rest of Plato's figure, the chariot of the soul with its winged steeds, which will soar with the chariot aloft or drag it downward, and this chariot bearing Faust, the Soul of Man, with its dragon coursers, winged, yet bestial. Under the poet's guidance they come soaring aloft on shining pinions; but when he leaves these dragon energies of our nature to the sole care of Wealth and Greed, we notice their only occupation is to guard the treasure chest. Great ingenuity has been expended upon these dragons. Is it necessary to go far away for their significance?

The central figure of this masque, however, is "the great god Pan." We see him and his rough and uncouth horde from mountain and wood rudely breaking into this courtly circle, and even the Herald's staff, "that pledge of order still," is powerless to keep him out. Here we may find Goethe's view of this great god, this Demos; and it is the essence of the entire scene. He constantly expressed his abhorrence of violent upheavals of all sorts, and the high value he placed upon the restraints imposed upon our dragon nature by what we call the barriers of society. This has led to the mistaken idea that he was an aristocrat of aristocrats. It is, in-

deed, the courtly Herald's task to keep up these barriers, and preserve the graces and amenities of life, here so charmingly incarnated for us in the figures of the masque.

"Into life we bring its graces,
Gracious gifts, for here their place is."

But the courtly Herald's staff, though it

"Draw a bond invisible,"

cannot keep Wealth and Art out of the charmed circle, nor the Able Man. Goethe laughs at the notion that he upheld aristocratic pretensions to unlimited power. "Revolutionary outbreaks of the lower classes," he says, "are always the consequence of injustice of the higher classes." He goes on to tell Eckermann how far he has really been from being an aristocrat. "But sometimes people do not like to look at me as I really am, and turn their glances from anything that shows me in my true light. Schiller, on the contrary, who was much more of an aristocrat than I am, but who considered what he said more than I, had the wonderful fortune to be looked on as a friend of the people. I give up that name to him, and console myself with the thought that others have fared no better. It is true that at the time I could be no friend to the French Revolution, for its horrors were too near me, and its beneficial results were not then to be discovered. Neither could I be indifferent to the fact that the Germans were endeavoring to bring about artificially such scenes here as were in France the consequence of a great necessity. But I was as little a friend of arbitrary rule. I am a friend to the people, and have devoted my life to their improvement. I am no friend of Louis XV., nor to established order, as I have been called, except where it is clearly best for the present. What is best for 1830 may not be for 1850."

In considering the Walpurgis-Night of the First Part, we have seen that Goethe thought society, — the society, that is, of the courts and towns, — with all its

graceful veneer of courtly polish, hopelessly degenerate and corrupt, and that it stood in immediate danger and need of dissolution, if not recruited from the healthful simple life of the country districts. It has often been pointed out that individual characters of this masquerade recall Goethe's delight in the manly Swiss mountaineers, the miners and foresters; and at its opening is at once introduced the contrast between the fine folk, who are busy amusing themselves, and the sturdy wood-cutters. "How would our fine folk live if we did not sweat?" The laborer is the foundation of society, by no means to be despised. Later, when the poet has left the charge of the chariot of Wealth to Plutus and Greed (Mephistopheles), the great disruption of that courtly circle occurs. The bestial nature of Mephistopheles shows itself in his relations with the women.

"He's violated decency."

Even the Herald feels at last obliged to interfere: —

"Give my staff

To me, till I can drive him off; "

recalling the incident of Cardinal Rohan's trial in the intrigue of the queen's necklace.

"No," Faust replies, "he will work his own destruction presently."

"No space for pranks remains when all is done.

Mighty is Law, but Need is mightier."

What is this "Tumult and Song" at the door? "Obliged," says the Herald, —

"Obliged I ope this circle's narrow bound; "
and in from woods and fields comes a rough horde, with

SAVAGE SONG.

Yon dressed-up people, tinsel-stuff,
They come in rude, they come in rough;
With rapid run and lofty spring,
Hardy and fit for anything.

TUMULT AND SONG.

The wild host comes with shout and hail,
From mountain height and woody vale.

Who would resist their march, or can ;
They celebrate the mighty Pan.

All these wild, untamed natures, that Goethe so admired, — the reapers, the hardy mountaineers, the giant woodsmen, the miners who bring the gold to light, — break into this select but decaying circle ; and with them comes the true Emperor, the great god Pan. Who is this great natural deity, who under a rough exterior conceals the real sovereign ?

“ He comes ; ye can
The world's all see
Set forth for ye
In mighty Pan.”

We notice, when he too would participate in the golden wealth, the ornaments which Mephistopheles produces from his chest, and adorn himself, that the rough exterior burns off, and beneath the false beard of tarry twigs is the smooth chin of the real Emperor.

“ One's beard is long, one's short : you'll find
Beneath them both the smooth chin lies ;
A Sultan and a peasant are alike in kind,
And each may win for you the glorious
prize.”

We may perhaps best describe this Pan by that well-known line of Tom Taylor's in Mr. Punch's Lament for Lincoln, who tells us to see in

“ This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.”

Here is the *Vox Dei* which will roar through the forest like tempestuous thunder ; the god from the woods, who represents the All, the whole of humanity, not a favored class alone.

“ Honor to him to whom honor is due.”

Let us bring our treasure to him ; he will use it for the general benefit.

“ Take it, Lord, into thy care ;
In thy hands our every treasure
Makes the whole world good and fair.”

This is very different from paying taxes to support the creatures of a shameless debauchee like Louis XV. And now that whole court, which had accepted

Mephistopheles, the Demon of Lust and Greed, as their chief adviser, nearest to the throne, goes up in a mass of inextinguishable flame. In this tremendous conflagration the courtiers see the entire destruction of their idea of the Emperor.

“ An ash heap of a night shall hide,
Next morn, imperial pomp and pride.”

Goethe lived to see the regeneration of that society, which he characterized as a witches' revel, by such a conflagration. Imperial pomp and pride went down before his eyes in fiery ruin ; but the real Emperor, the true commander, authority, sovereign power, came in with the rough herd from the woods and mines. He too called the Herald's staff into play, and bade him

“ Strike with thy hollow wand of power.”

Notice the force and suggestiveness of the adjective “ hollow ” applied to the conventions of society ; and how the amenities of life, “ the Graces,” return with the restoration of the social fabric, — a new edifice cleansed and purified.

In the next scene we have further experience of the operation of Mephistopheles, the desire to get without an equivalent, to get without giving, in the flood of paper money which seems to make all rich, and cure the ills of the state. Here, too, is that fine passage, passed over in silence by the commentators, concerning the permanency of majesty among the waves, put into the mouth of Mephistopheles, who likes to fool people by telling them truths which are not applicable to their case. Authority, sovereign power, which has withstood the fire, indeed, need not fear that the waves of time or popular tumult will prevail against it ; but the new court fool, this insane desire to get happiness for its own sake, applies that truth to the tottering majesty, which his paper-money scheme has momentarily bolstered up into a semblance of power, as unreal as the promises to pay based

upon hidden gold which can never be found.

We now come to that "dark gallery" where Mephistopheles gives Faust a glittering key, and sends him off into the void to search for the Mothers, and obtain of them the shades of Paris and Helena, the ideals of beauty. We have seen, in reviewing his promises for the First Part, one suggestion of the poet in this dark passage, namely, that the key, which we are to find in the lines themselves and in the poet's life, will bring the real beauty of the drama before us. He calls Eckermann's attention to the fact that Faust constantly falls out of his part; and this is the sort of aside which the poet, in his double or triple allegories, often speaks directly to the auditor. Let us now regard it in its relation to the whole. Goethe, preparing to read the scene to Eckermann, observes: "Now they have got money at the imperial court they want to be amused. The Emperor wishes to see Paris and Helen, and through magical art they are to appear in person." (Another suggestion of the relation of Wealth and Art.) "Since, however, Mephistopheles has nothing to do with Greek antiquity, this task is assigned to Faust." "There are only two true religions," says Goethe in his Sayings: "one of the Holy, that in and round us dwells quite formless; the other, that which we recognize and adore in the most beautiful Form. All that lies between is idolatry." Notice now that Faust is in search of the most beautiful form; but in a spirit very different from the religious spirit, the spirit which produced the Greek drama. Mr. Lawton points out that "the great productions of Greek dramatic art were almost, if not quite, religious services." "It is," he says, "a significant fact that the prize given was always a tripod, — that is, a distinctly religious object, — which the recipient was permitted and expected to dedicate to the god around whose altar

the choruses of the great dramas were sung." This was the spirit in which the great dramas were produced. This was the real thing. The Romans, when they were in somewhat the condition of the falling French monarchy, undertook to amuse themselves, as the French of the *ancien régime* undertook, for the same purpose, to reproduce those immortal works of the Spirit, by observing the outward laws of the three unities. Goethe tells us he was himself infected with this notion in his youth, till he lived through that delusion. What was actually accomplished was the production of a mere shadow, not the substance of the Greek dramas; as unreal as the tawdry imitation of the Greek temple and altar which the scene painter furnishes for modern performances. The spirit of beauty is no longer there; only a wraith which simulates it for a moment, but disappears at once under the searchlight of critical inquiry. This light Mephistopheles can lend us, for he is *par excellence* the critic the doubter, the denier, the Spirit of Contradiction. But we must search for ideal beauty in a different spirit, — a devout love full of awe and reverence, of which we find no trace in that successful Philistinism which seeks to accomplish everything by what we Americans call "smartness;" by the glitter of critical cleverness instead of consecration, —

"The light that never was on sea or land."

"The Spirit of Contradiction which is innate in all men," said Hegel, "shows itself great as a distinction between the false and true." "Let us only hope," interposed Goethe, "that these intellectual arts and dexterities are not frequently misused and employed to make the false true and the true false." Yet he said to Eckermann: "Doubt incites the mind to closer inquiry and experiment. The Mahometans practiced the minds of their youths by giving them the task of detecting and expressing the opposite of every proposition: from which great

adroitness is sure to arise. Our young talents are left to themselves. Something may be learned from the dead, but it is rather the copying of details than a penetration into the deep thoughts and methods of the Master. . . . Beauty is a primeval phenomenon, which never makes its appearance, but the reflection of which is visible in a thousand different utterances of the creative mind."

To this creative mind, then, to the mother element, Mephistopheles sends Faust in search of beauty, to amuse the court, not as a religious act; though the very mention of the Mothers fills Faust's soul with awe. He gives him this golden Key, with which, Goethe says, the Mahometans equip their youth, this critical spirit, — notice, critical, not creative; in short, the spirit which ruled in the ancien régime. This will lead our young talent to adroitness, make him clever. With this he can get up a very good imitation of beauty. Arm yourself with this smart golden Key, but eliminate the personal bias. Mephistopheles says: —

Swing out the Key, and hold it from your
body.

FAUST.

Good! grasping it, I feel I have new powers;
The breast expands, — on to this work of ours.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At last a glowing tripod tells you this,
Here of all depths the deep foundation is.
By its faint glow you will the Mothers see.

The translations of this passage, by the way, illustrate the danger of omitting any portion of Goethe's words. Only Sir Theodore Martin preserves intact the suggestive part of Faust's speech: "Hold it from your body."

Mephistopheles is up to his old trick of telling the truth, or part of the truth, and so fooling his hearer. It is true enough that

"Into gods these incense clouds will change."
But that result is not to be arrived at by stealing the tripod and donning the

priestly robe alone, the outward forms of the three unities. It is not, as Milton says, "to be raised from . . . the *trencher fury of a rhyming parasite*, nor to be obtained by invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance, and sends out the fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."

"The thrill of awe is Man's best part,"

says Faust, as he goes out into immensity in search of the Mothers.

We find in the Memoirs this passage: "The *Système de la Nature* appeared to us so dark, so Cimmerian, so death-like, that we found it a trouble to endure its presence, and shuddered at it as at a spectre." Faust returns with the outward trappings of the altar, the tripod and the robe, to a brilliantly lighted and adorned hall. Mr. Boyesen, recalling what Goethe has written of the influence of Herder upon him, says: "He led him out of a splendidly upholstered and artificially lighted hall into the great calm presence of Nature herself." In the Memoirs we see how Herder drew Goethe away from his love for Ovid, as the product of just such a period of Philistine cleverness as existed in the French monarchy. "Here" (in Ovid) "was neither Greece nor Italy, god nor demigod; everything was rather an imitation of what had already existed." "And here," Goethe adds, "the significant puppet-show fable of Faust resounded and vibrated, many-toned, within me."

In the next scene we find ourselves in "an upholstered hall, dimly lighted." "But how hollow and empty did we feel in this melancholy, atheistical half night" (of French literature of the ancien régime). "The French way of life we found too defined and genteel, their poetry cold and their criticism *annihilating*." Notice especially this phrase, — their "annihilating" criticism. We shall see its destructive effect shortly,

when Faust turns his critical key on the characters on the stage.

As Faust touches the tripod with this key, which the Spirit of Contradiction has furnished him, the phantoms of Paris and Helena, the ideals of beauty, appear from the clouds of smoke. "The tragedy termed classic makes phantoms," says Victor Hugo. Even this pallid imitation of Beauty enraptures Faust, as the Græco-French drama and the Græco-Roman gods and demigods of Ovid did Goethe, until Herder, with his Mephistophelian irony, pointed out to him their spurious imitativeness. Then we have that passage which has exhausted the ingenuity of the commentators. Faust, in his delight at the vision of beauty which the key of Mephistopheles has evoked, would rush to seize Helena and carry her off by force, but turns his key on Paris, and the whole scene is exploded. Its unreality becomes at once as apparent as the unreality of the imitated gods and demigods of the Metamorphosis became under Herder's critical examination of Ovid. Mephistopheles tells him:—

"You made it, though, yourself, the silly spectre-play; "

and the Astrologer says:—

"Yet still a word: from all that's happened here,

I call this piece the rape of Helena."

Beauty is not to be acquired by any such *tour de force*, nor to be made by one's unaided effort.

Yet further dreadful results follow the inciting of this critical spirit, the unguarded use of this dangerous key. Faust, the Soul of Man, paralyzed and falling to earth, is seized by Mephistopheles, the spirits go up in smoke, and the Demon of Selfishness is left alone amid Darkness and Tumult.

Is this so difficult of comprehension? We have seen the allusion to both the Roman Empire and the French monarchy, and the causes of their decadence, when the critical faculty was specially

sharpened and freely used on all existing institutions. Then came that upheaval of society which, in the earlier period, swept all civilization and all love of the beautiful into a few pedantic cells. The Demon of Darkness and Self-Seeking reigned supreme, till all art and all literature went down in one common night of the dark ages, and Europe became a mere den of lawless robbers, every clan and every man for himself. Selfishness remained alone in the tumultuous dark.

The Soul of Man lay dormant, as in a trance; the whole world seemed to have turned into a gigantic witches' revel of lust and robbery. Only from some pedantic, monkish cells streamed one little ray of light into the darkness, the remembrance of that classic learning of which the world still heard as in a dream. Science was but the foolery of the astrologer, or the whimsical endeavor of the alchemist to fuse contraries that were not made to go together, or concoct a manikin by crystallization.

Again in "Faust's narrow Gothic cell, high-vaulted:" here is Faust (in whom we are now to see the Soul of Man) in the background, stretched out on an antique bed, insensible; asleep, as the Soul of Man indeed seemed to be through all those old dark ages. Mephistopheles, the incarnation of Selfishness, alone is awake and stirring. He tells us it is the same state of things we saw in the individual life of the First Part, only

"The motley panes, methinks, are somewhat darker, sadder;

The cobwebs have increased somewhat;

The ink has dried, the paper yellow grown.

Yet everything still stays in its old place;

Even the quill lies here on the same spot,

With which Faust signed himself the Devil's own."

In the barrel yet sticks that drop of red blood which was lured out of his victim. Mephistopheles will again assume the professor's old robe. As this "lord of frogs and lice" puts it on, all sorts of crickets, crotchets, beetle-browed crea-

tures, moths, and other destructives fly out to greet their "Old Patron."

"Haste you, my darlings, to hide away."

"In this old parchment, in the dusty, broken old vessels, in the hollow eyes of yonder death's-head, in such a waste of mouldy life,"

"Crickets and erotchetts are forever hatched."

How fearfully the bell resounds, when this mischievous critic pulls at it! He is fond of giving out homœopathic doses of that valuable article, truth, when he can fool men into misuse of it through misunderstanding; "truth" that "like a bell-tone rings throughout the world." At the sound of the bell the whole of this edifice of pedantry and ecclesiasticism trembles and cracks, the door flies open, and

"There, how fearful! stands a giant,
Stands in Faust's old robe! How pliant
My knees become! If he should look or nod,
I should kneel down almost as to a God."

"I know you," says the amused Devil to the boy who answers the bell. "We'll call you Nicodemus. You are like Nicodemus the Pharisee, you pupil of this spirit of pedantry, our old friend Wagner." And the mediæval mummy answers:—

"Most Worthy Sir! Such is my name,—
Oremus."

"Let us pray," he says at once. He has evidently heard talk of the Inquisition, or some such conservator of the true faith. Do you ask of Doctor Wagner? "Who knows him not?" says the merry Devil. "He

"From the cathedral beams alone;
As if St. Peter's keys were all his own,
He can unlock the Over and the Under.
He glows and sparkles there before them
all,
No fame nor calling 's higher placed than
his."

But how do we know that all this refers to that ancient time? Goethe, to make this clearer, tells us that "Mephistopheles rolls his armchair nearer the proscenium, to remark here to the audience:—

"To you, good children, I will let it out.

Reflect: the Devil, who is old—

Then old become if you would understand him."

Then we are taken into the laboratory, where we find Doctor Wagner, like the old monkish alchemists, busily trying to make a man by crystallization; by shutting the spirit up into a glass bottle, carefully corked from the life-giving air. This is "Homunculus," that hermetically sealed spirit in the vial, on the elucidation of whose significance such stores of learning have been expended. But says this "mischievous rogue" (Mephistopheles), in whom Goethe has told us we are to recognize his own mocking spirit:—

"One who lives long has much experience;
There's nothing new on earth for him;
what's more,
I have already, in my travels hence,
Seen men quite crystallized before."

What does this manikin do for Faust, that Spirit of Man, dreaming there in the lethargy of the dark ages? From the narrow cell where Homunculus sits confined a ray of light penetrates Faust's darkened mind, and he learns from this manikin that classic story of Leda and the Swan, the conception of Helena the Beautiful. On his way hence, Mephistopheles "has seen such men before." Goethe's own life has been so extended that he has been able to experience in his own person all that the race has undergone. We find him in his *Memoirs* telling of the way in which the pedantic course of his early instruction had cribbed, cabined, and confined his own spirit; but, he says, it also gave him some imperfect knowledge of Greek ideals. Then the awakening of desire led him to a sense of beauty in woman. This emancipated and set his spirit free, till he experienced life, and, wandering on in its glorious brightness, was carried from that lower form of sensuous enjoyment of existence up to Arcadia, that home land of the Beautiful, where Euphorion, Modern Poetry, child of an-

cient classicism and mediæval romance, was born.

Looking back through the history of the race, do we not find the same experience which Goethe found mirrored in his breast, and has pictured here? What crystallized specimens of humanity, of monkish pedantry, it produced!—that gigantic incarnation of Selfishness in the scholar's robe; paralyzing the Soul of Man, holding the keys of St. Peter, usurping the foremost place in the world, but always, under this shell of pedantry, preserving that spark of the celestial flame, the knowledge of the classics, the conception of the Beautiful. Through this Classical Walpurgis-Night of self-seeking and allied ugliness we shall follow Faust, now awakening, as they set him down on Grecian soil, to the quest of the Beautiful. In the history of art, also, we shall see the same endeavor clarifying from the cruder forms of the sphinxes and sirens, half bestial, half divine, till that bright luminary, Queen of the Night, *Das Mutterbild*, the Loveliness of Woman, beams upon us with her gentle reflected light. All this is indicated in the figures of this wonderful second act, where we may also trace in its varied forms the development not only of man and art, but of science and theology as well. All at last are

“Pierced by the Beautiful, the True,”

and we reach that festival of Ocean, from whose foam the Helena, the Beautiful herself, arose,

“When, ‘mid Eurotas’ murmuring rushes,

She, beaming, dawned from out her shell.”

The manikin in his crystal case shatters its envelope against “the loveliest lady’s seashell throne,” and spreads himself in phosphorescent beauty over all the dancing waves.

We cannot follow all the details of the Night. Its keynote is given in that speech with which the scene opens,—the eternally repeated conflict of Light and Darkness. Erichtho, the Thessa-

lian woman famous for her knowledge of poisonous herbs and their antidotes, whom Pompey consulted before the battle of Pharsalia, describes the conflict. A “mighty instance,” type of “Power which finds itself opposed to greater power;” that is, of aristocracy opposed to democracy. That “mighty instance,” where the gay young aristocrats charged the serried ranks of democracy, shouting, “*Hercules invictus!*” (Power is unconquerable), only to be met and overthrown by the exultant cry of triumphant democracy, “*Venus victrix!*” Love has been indeed the conqueror, and in her lovely light “the war-fires burn but blue.”

It is Goethe who speaks to us beneath the mask of Erichtho: wise in poison and its antidote; slandered, as was Erichtho, by contemporary poets, who living calumniated him as “the friend of established order, the upholder of aristocracy.” Well may he “prudently retire from the living,” conceal his thought under an antique mask, and so await the judgment of posterity.

Through “the Classical Walpurgis-Night,” then, our travelers are to wander in their varied search: Faust, the Soul of Man, seeks Helena the Beautiful; Homunculus, the spirit striving to free itself from the bonds which pedantry has imposed upon it, seeks to be a man, as the individual Faust of the First Part (the reflex of Goethe’s life) and as the old monks must have looked from their cells with longing for some human life. Mephistopheles, true to his character of negation, finds his ideal, the ideal of Ugliness, in the darksome cavern of the triune Sisters of Darkness, the Phorkyads. He joins himself, as an integral part, to that baleful trinity, and, putting out one eye, makes the likeness so complete that he will

“Fright the devils in the pool of hell.”

In the next act, he alone appears as the representative of the antique sisterhood who guards the palace of art, and keeps

alive the spark of flame glimmering on the deserted hearth. Under these antique masks, however, we are to see the modern world.

"The antique is far too living,
One must use newest sense to master
The thought,—with modern, manifold be-
plaster."

The first figures that come before our eyes are the Sphinxes, solemn, mysterious, boasting of their great antiquity and immutability through all the upheavals around them,—the Sphinxes, winged, but with lion hides and cruel claws, and yet forever holding aloft over the convulsions of time the image of that Eternal-Womanly whose exquisite beauty we saw glassed in the Witch's mirror of the First Part. What is this figure? It is the lion with the angel face, whom we are to question as to the great enigma of life. Mephistopheles, in the First Part, made the priest remark that the Church had eaten up whole countries. In the fourth act of this part of the drama the Archbishop insists on having the lion's share of the spoils, and in the first act says that

"In this old land rose but two orders,—
The holy clergy and nobility,"
who

"Take the Church and State for pay."

This goes far to explain the other figure which travelers find with them in the night of the dark ages, the unexplained griffins. Mephistopheles sits at once between them, as we notice he pushed in between the clergy and the nobles, in the first act of this part; and we find that these griffins are grippers of all they can lay their hands on, and even now threaten the poor ants who have by hard toil amassed the hard-won gold, as the robber barons descended from their fastnesses on the merchants' caravans, or later oppressed the people with unjust taxes. In *Wilhelm Meister*, too, Goethe compares the industrial masses of mankind to tribes of ants.

In the next act we hear of this robber

horde, who, with these strange, fabulous beasts on their shields, have pressed forward out of Cimmerian night, and built up fastnesses from which they harry land and people as they please.

If we followed the story of this eternally renewed conflict, we should see these ants often harried, and sometimes revenging themselves; and amid all upheavals the Sphinx ever unmoved, or but elevated by the conflict. It is this winged animal, this solemn, mysterious Sphinx, with her woman's head and breast, which attracts the desire of Mephistopheles, who directs Faust to the means of his healing; as it was the Witch in the First Part who led him to see in every woman a Helena, and so freed his spirit from its pedantic cell, and brought him out into life to grow into manhood, to live as a man with mankind. Could the history of the mediæval Church and nobility be more vividly portrayed? Is not the whole story stamped indelibly upon our consciousness in these two figures which suggest it all?

The Sphinx refers Faust's question to Chiron the Centaur, half man, half horse, who will give him tidings of the lost Helena. Faust, listening to the Grecian waters, lapping around his feet as he first enters them, hears nymphs singing, and sees directly before him that conception of the Beautiful, the vision of Leda and the Swan. Then the nymphs take up the song:—

Lay, O Sisters, lay your ear
To the green bank's sloping courses;
If I'm right, I seem to hear
Sounds like hoofs of coming horses.
Would I knew whose rapid flight
Brought swift message through this night!

FAUST.

It, meseems, as earth did thunder,
'Neath swift horses, hastening yonder.

Thither my glance,
Fair Fates advance!
And may it reach to me as well?
O Wonder, Peerless Miracle!

A rider, galloping, comes here:
Courageous, spirited, he seems,
And blinding-white his bright horse beams.

Here, at last, in this wild night, is the knightly rider, who will, through the worship of "*Frauenschönheit*," beauty in woman, lead the Soul of Man to see

"Beauty, that in itself is blest."

He will bear him to Manto, wise priestess of Apollo's temple, — temple alike of Light and Spirit; not now radiant in the sunlight, but mildly beaming in that reflected glory whose human image we are shortly to see.

CHIRON (*to Faust*).

Look up! Here stands, with import high and fair,

Th' eternal temple in the moonlight there!

MANTO.

From horses' hoof-beats, upward springing,
Again the holy stairs are ringing.
Demigods are coming on.

CHIRON.

Quite right!

Open your eyes alone.

MANTO (*awaking*).

Welcome! I see that you will come.

CHIRON (*to Faust*).

Here stands for you as well your temple-home.

Faust is on the right track. Again he will seek the beautiful in the vasty deep; but now he enters on the quest in that spirit of reverent devotion, the gateway through which alone the beautiful may be really won. Notice, as he disappears from our view through the temple portals, that it is the knightly rider who has taught him reverence for womanhood, the chivalric devotion which takes us on to the festival of chivalry, that festival of the sea, which sets even the cabined spirit of Homunculus afloat on the lovely waves of life, to make all things more lovely, and grow eventually himself, through the influence of woman, to that full stature of a man for which he longs.

The serpent-charmers have charge of her chariot now, and, in spite of winged lion or eagle, cross or crescent, will

"Bring the loveliest lady on.

"Lightly move in measured paces,
Ring on ring around the car,
Line on line, enwoven spaces,
Rows, like serpents, coiling far.
Come, ye lusty Nereids, nearer,
Splendid women, wild and warm.
Tender Dorides here bear her,
Galatea, the Mother-Form;
Earnest, more like god than woman,
Worthiest immortality,
Yet, like gentle women, human,
Sweet with grace alluring thee."

Homunculus rushes forward in ecstasy, and, shattering his case on the glittering seashell throne, is at last freed from his imprisonment, as the individual Faust of the First Part was, through the influence of woman acting on that slime of the Sea of Life, desire. So Luther escaped from his monkish cell, and in the light of love glorified the world. Homunculus does not at once become a man, but starts life for himself as that phosphorescent *proteus animalcula*, as the earlier scientists called it, — slime of the sea, where, modern science tells us, all life began.

"What fiery wonder glorifies the waves,
That sparkling break, as each the other laves!
Thus beams it, and wavers and brightens still
forth;
All bodies here glow through the night on
their path,
And all things around us with fire are o'er-
run;
So Eros controls them, who all things be-
gun!"

In this lovely radiance of "the lesser light of heaven," we find ourselves carried on to that Protean beginning of life, "the simple," the "Originally Productive;" and, had we space at our disposal, we might trace yet further glimpses and gleams of the Divine in the myriad stars which the poet, following the Manager's advice in the Prologue of the First Part, has "squandered" here "at random." For this advance toward life, toward the Originally Productive, has been, as Homunculus observes,

"Threefold, a spirit-stride, worth noting well." But we, perforce, overlook a myriad of suggestions of the development of science, art, and theology from the lower, more sensual, to higher, purer, simpler forms. To attempt to follow them all might lead us, like Mephistopheles, astray amid the primal rocks and roots of things. Suffice it, then, to notice, for the present, that we have been with this greater Faust of the world-life through the same experience which emancipated his younger brother, the individual of the First Part; that is, through sensuality and selfishness, out of the confinement of pedantry, into the purer daylight of love. Mark well that, in the history both of the individual and of the race, it was the influence of Woman, this "Mutterbild" of the Eternal-Womanly, this Image of Love, that so led us to the Originally Productive,—to Life itself; till, in that "threefold spirit-stride," humanity, art, and science were alike set free.

We are now on the verge of Arcadia, that worship of ideal beauty to which this reverence for woman has led us; when Art, born again in the golden period of the Renaissance, seemed to be bringing back to the world the real Helena, the beauty which was Greece, and life became Arcadian indeed. As the act opens, we see Helena returning to her husband's palace, the long-deserted palace of Wealth and Art, not quite herself, it is true, giddy yet from the angry billows which have raged around her bark. There she finds that cousin of Homunculus, our disguised friend Phorkyas (Mephistopheles), who, like Homunculus, has guarded the spark of sacred fire still feebly glimmering on the hearth. But even here, where, in the house of Wealth, Art should be most at home, she is not secure. Phorkyas wraps the queen and her attendant nymphs and dryads of the chorus in concealing mists, till they find themselves at last safe in that "inner castle court,

surrounded with rich, fantastic edifices of the Middle Ages," encircled by the chivalric pomp which characterized the period, and led to the desire for yet more beautiful developments.

With this brilliant retinue comes Faust, "in the knightly court costume of the Middle Ages." In his speech with Helena we see the elements of romantic poetry, the songs of those troubadours (who appeared as the sailor-lads saved by the help of women from the breakers of war, in the previous act), blending with the antique forms, the Grecian metres used by Helena and the chorus that have accompanied her. As this union becomes complete, the fortress stern changes into Arcadian bowers. Notice where Arcadia lies; there is a world of suggestion in the line

"Arcadia, in Sparta's neighborhood."

Phorkyas, acting merely as informant, tells us that from this union the lovely boy Euphorion, whom Goethe said was Modern Poetry, is born. "Keep your toes on the ground, little man," cry the anxious parents; "don't attempt too ambitious flights of fancy." He contents himself at first with chasing after the rather unsubstantial Greek nymphs and dryads of his mother's train; but then throws off all wise restraint in a vain attempt to soar through the blue empyrean. The "cannon fever," which has plunged the world in darkness, infects him, till he falls like a meteor, and sinks from sight beneath the earth. In the lament which the chorus sing, we recognize the familiar outline of Lord Byron's career; taken, Goethe tells Eckermann, because both in its unsuccessful aspiration and end it was a perfect symbol of this bright being whose career we are pursuing. Helena, too, follows her offspring to the shades, exclaiming:—

"Persephonia, take the boy and me!"

[She embraces Faust. As her corporeal part vanishes, her garment and veil remain in his arms.]

Presently we shall see them enwrap

Faust as with a cloud, which will bear him "far, far from here;" even to that high mountain of Science, which was once regarded as the bottom of hell, as Mephistopheles takes pains to inform Faust, when he arrives from afar in his seven-league boots. As this cloudy car dissolves, we notice that it assumes all noble women-forms, as Juno, Leda, Helena, our earliest love, that beauty of the soul, and so

"Mirrors the grand significance of fleeting days."

Again Mephistopheles would stir up that selfish longing for dominion, conquest, acquisition; but now, "fresh from heroines," Faust's energies demand a loftier antagonist.

"The aimless elements' unfettered strength!

Then could I dare to soar above my soul,

Here would I combat, these would I control."

The mighty spirit of Science is abroad, and can seek no less heroic combatant than the surging sea. Like Columbus, beyond its present confines he will establish a new continent, or bar the tide back, like the heroic Dutch, till Man has found or made a new land, a new opportunity, for mankind. Again the roar of approaching war threatens to overwhelm all with the desolation of its devouring waves; but here, says Mephistopheles, we shall find our advantage. Notice how the cannon fever is abating. True, the mountains are covered by Mephistopheles with his minions.

What a fearful rattle they make in the world, these empty shells of feudal warriors!

"As they were still the lords of earth,

Once they were emperors, kings, and knights;

Now they are naught but empty shells of snails."

Valuable still, though, to keep rebels in order, but not to be depended upon long. We must rely upon woman and her arts to send what looks like an irresistible torrent down the hill. To Mephistopheles it seems only an illusion of the senses, but, like the Herald's

staff, it is useful to control rebellious natures.

Is this not enough? Then send along some Stars and Garters, — as unreal, of course, as heat-lightning, but serviceable also for our present purposes; for the bully, the robber, and the sneak thief, who compose the real strength of the armies of modern warfare, fail us.

Science, the influence of woman, and democracy have done their work. See, symbol and token of this, how our friend the griffin, fighting mid-air in the clutches of the bird of freedom, falls, fatally torn and wounded, behind the trees. The ruffians are driven from pillaging the rival Emperor's tent, and peace is once more restored. In the conflict Science has rendered such aid that she cannot now be banned, and must be granted scope and freedom, however much the Archbishop may growl, dissatisfied even with his lion's share of the spoils of war.

Now, in the fifth act, we find our friend Faust established in a glorious palace, which his own exertions have won for him, overlooking that fair domain wrested from the encroaching sea, and filled with blithe and happy homes where all mankind can have its opportunity. The three bullies are here still, but their rapacity is directed into channels of trade. Yonder, too, is the same old church, moss-grown and dwindled to an insignificant feature in the landscape. The old bell still ding-dongs in time with each event of life, and, as the act opens, we learn how many a struggling soul its helpful peal has guided safe to land. In the First Part of the drama we saw these same chimes restrain the child of earth from self-destruction. So it appears that these desolating waves which Faust has been forcing back from the shore are not altogether waves of the material ocean. That is not the only "aimless element" which the Soul of Man has to combat and control; nor is the physical new world the only land of freedom which Faust may win for

man. Jarno, in Wilhelm Meister, says: "Where I have an opportunity to be useful to my kind, there is my country; here, too, is America."

The old couple who tend the chapel welcome the returning wayfarer whom in bygone times they rescued, and will by no means give up their inheritance for any new-fangled home on the new plain. But Faust cannot endure this eternal ding-dong. He wants the place for a lookout whence the whole universe can be seen. Take care! If you try to transplant the old people, you will have Mephistopheles and his bullies let loose upon them. See, from the smoke of the burning chapel what ghostly forms are freed! This is what you did by enthroning your Goddess of Reason on the altar. You let loose those gaunt shapes forming themselves from the smoke of the burning church. One says she is Want, and another is Crime; the next is Care, and the next is direst Need. Though Want and Crime and Need, those sisters of their brother Death, must turn from the rich man's door, Care will creep through the keyhole, and, as she breathes upon him, the light of his eyes goes out forever. But on, on with the great work! There are yet new elements to conquer.

The active agent in all this work has been Selfishness, which, striving for self-interest, has won a grand new continent, America, with its new opportunity for all mankind. Mephistopheles has done this for us, with his crew of bullies, his traders, his delvers, his horde of grave-diggers.

But there is one labor more to make the new land a paradise of home. We have got rid of the superstition of the Church. Our bullies took care of that. Now let us drain this pestilential marsh, this only other superstition left. Let us get rid of the inequality of rank and property. Have a care, Mr. Faust; beware of these *Lémures*, these treacherous spirits of the dead, these socialistic

Saint-Simons, with their great projects for digging canals and schemes for doing away with private property, leveling all ranks of society, throwing the mountain into the marsh. Take care; this is nothing new. These Utopian schemes are but *Lémures*, but spirits of the dead. Plato and Sir Thomas More dreamed them. You have seen in the French Revolution what this cry, "Equality and Fraternity," led you to. Remember, if you do away with private property and personal aggrandizement, you do away with the great incentive to activity. It is not a canal that these *Lémures* will dig for you, but a grave. Your Utopia is very pretty, and your aim grand, —

"A people free upon a soil that 's free; "

but see how self-seeking has stirred you up to great things. Listen to Goethe talking of this theory of Saint-Simonism to Eckermann: "I think that each ought to begin with himself and make his own fortune first, from which the happiness of the whole will at last unquestionably follow. This Saint-Simonian theory appears to me perfectly impracticable. It is in opposition to all nature, all experience, and the course of events for a thousand years. . . . Leave some evils untouched, that something may remain upon which mankind may develop his further powers."

We recall what the Lord said in the Prologue as to Selfishness, the comrade who stirs mankind up to constant activity. With no incentive to action, Faust at last will sink into inactive enjoyment, — that state into which the great Enemy of Mankind has been trying to trap him. Faust, in anticipation of the new paradise, repeats those words of the contract in the First Part which were to stop the clock of Time and send him to destruction: —

"Now may I to the moment say it:
Here linger yet, thou art so fair!"

But to linger, to cease from labor, is to stagnate and die.

"The clock stands still.
Stands still! 'Tis hushed as midnight.
'The hour-hand falls."

Is Faust now the slave of Mephistopheles? No; for he has "hitched his wagon to a star," not joined himself to the principle of destruction, and happiness has come to him as the gift, not of Selfishness, but of Labor. He has found enjoyment in seeking to create a new world of happy homes for the race, and thus become a part of the Immortal Purpose, the *Schaffender Freude*, which we trace in all things. And so

"The traces of his earthly being
Cannot in æons disappear."

His deeds of love will plead for him though all the devils in hell issue from its flaming jaws. Even now, as they drag those dreadful jaws upon the stage, the glory shines from above. The blessed boys circle through the heavens, and drive the devils waiting to seize his soul back again with the irresistible roses of love. Where one touches, it burns like red-hot coals of fire.

Amid the solemn solitudes of nature, we may now read, in these Holy Anchorites, the course of human aspiration, ever clarifying through the ages to the perfect vision of the Love Divine.

"Mount to higher circles ever,
Upward grow, though none may see.
In eternal, pure endeavor
God's own Presence strengthens thee.
For this is the Spirit's nurture,
That the freest ether holds,
Revelation to his creature,
Bliss, Eternal Love, unfolds."

The angels, bearing Faust's immortal part, sing of his salvation through constant striving, through labor and love. At last, in the "highest and purest cell" of all, Doctor Marianus exclaims that

"Here is the prospect free!
The spirit's exalted!
Women float past by me!"

In the midst of the splendor he sees the Glorious One in the wreath of stars, — the Queen of Heaven; a symbol which the old Church, with all her shortcom-

ings, her cruel claws, her animal greed, has forever held up to us in her image of that

"Virgin, pure in sense most true,
Mother, worthy honor;
Chosen Queen of all of you,
One with God from birth, — gaze on her."

So Faust has at last that master key of knowledge, — reverence; and in the voices of those once-despised ones learns to recognize

"The love at His feet bowing,
Spite of Pharisaic scorn;"

learns what the teacher told Wilhelm Meister was the hardest task of all, — to reverence what is beneath him, and to recognize what lies in humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace, wretchedness, suffering, and death; to recognize these things as divine; nay, even not to look on sin and crime as hindrances, but to honor and love them as furtherances to what is holy. "This being once attained, the human species cannot retrograde." As the Mater Gloriosa soars into view, the three despised and sinning ones, who have loved much, — "the Magna Peccatrix, Chief of Sinners, the Woman of Samaria, and Mary of Egypt, — begin that exquisite hymn to Love, complement of the splendid pæan to Labor with which the drama of the First Part opened. God is Labor, but He is also the Eternal-Womanly; the Love that leads us upward and on. And now this lovely "penitent, formerly called Gretchen," joins in the supplication, to plead, not for herself, but for her lover: —

Oh, grant that I once more may teach him.
The new day blinds him still. He cannot see.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Come, rise! Your influence will reach him.
To higher spheres; he'll follow thee.

From Woman, from Gretchen, then, who, in that gray streak of dawn, surrendered her life to the judgment of God, he "learns the high meaning of renunciation, of sacrifice of personal de-

sire as on the altar of a god." "Ah, yes," says Doctor Marianus,

"Every better thought has been
Ever to her service given.
Maiden, Mother, Goddess, Queen,
Graciously look down from heaven."

Here is the answer to that deep question which Faust strove to fathom when we first met him in his cell translating the Scriptures: "In the Beginning was the Deed," — a translation to which Mephistopheles decidedly objected. This is the answer to that question, What and whence is life? For life's "Brook," the Source of Life towards which the spirit yearns, for Life, "which is really so simple," says the poet, "go to life itself." Go to Nature. Life is everywhere manifest as Labor, as the Deed, the Creative Principle, as Light, the Sun, "the greater Light," the Maker, the Laborer. He is the Hero of the natural life, of the life of Nature. But we were to

"Use both the great and lesser lights of heaven."

Then look within. In all the history of the past, through all man's experience, we have seen this Creative Principle made operative through that reflected glory, Queen of Heaven, the feminine attribute of Love; the gentle power of Beauty leading us always upward towards the perfect Light. This has ever been the element which has lifted us out of the night and death of selfishness into the glorious light of day, making us co-creators with the Creator, till, in giving ourselves to his purposes, we at last find our long-sought Happiness. Throughout all human story we have seen this principle incarnated for us and manifested in Woman. Here, then, is the true Heroine of our Drama of Existence, which closes with this as the final word of life: —

"The Eternal, the Womanly,
Lifts, leads us on."

William P. Andrews.

VINET AND SCHERER.

It may seem a striking coincidence to find side by side, among recent biographies, a new collection of Vinet's letters¹ and M. Gréard's life of Edmond Scherer,² which, treating largely of the early part of his career, shows the distinguished French critic in his half-forgotten character of a Swiss theologian. The two books did not, however, appear simultaneously. M. de Pressensé's volume was published long enough after M. Gréard's for the insertion of an appendix, which is a criticism on the latter work; and his familiarity with the documents of Swiss Protestantism had already enabled him to present in the

somewhat polemical text in which these letters of Vinet's are imbedded a tolerably full discussion of Scherer's brief relation to, and subsequent divergence from, the theology of Vinet. The two books are hardly of equal importance, since this handful of letters, stamped as they are with Vinet's always vivid and attractive individuality, forms but a slight addition to the mass of intimate literature which renders him already an unusually accessible figure; whereas M. Gréard's volume on Scherer illuminates for the first time a personality more or less correctly divined by every attentive reader of Scherer's critical work, but

¹ *Alexandre Vinet. D'après sa Correspondance Inédite avec Henri Lutteroth. Par EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, Membre de l'Institut.* Paris: Fischbacher. 1891.

² *Edmond Scherer. Par OCTAVE GRÉARD, de l'Académie Française.* Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1890.

Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

long kept out of sight by the necessarily impersonal character of such writing, as well as by the very variety of his interests and researches. It is the man himself, not the critic, whom we meet in this biography, a book that is personal and intimate throughout; not the study of a period, nor a volume of literary or clerical gossip, but the record of an individual struggle in the search for truth, — a record marked with the clear, impartial frankness which distinguished the experience recorded. It was not an exhilarating experience, and the book has not the requisites for popularity, but it is nevertheless a notable contribution to that department of literature which we may call thought-biography. In some respects it bears a stronger analogy to certain English biographies than to anything of the kind that we recollect in French literature, although such an intellectual drama in England is apt to take place against a more prominent background; the universities and the establishment in that country having created a certain solidarity of thought, thus bringing individual phases into direct relation with large general movements of opinion.

Edmond Scherer was of English extraction on his mother's side. His father, who belonged to a Swiss family resident in France since the beginning of the eighteenth century, married Miss Hubbard, the daughter of a London banker established in Paris, and became a partner in the banking-house. He died young, leaving three children. Scherer's education also was partly English. Born in Paris in 1815, he spent some years at a French school, where he showed a disinclination to study, together with a lively appetite for reading, particularly poetry, and kept a notebook recording the transition of his opinions within two months from skepticism to deism, thence to Christianity, and later on to Pyrrhonism. In 1831 he was sent to England, where he entered the family

of the Rev. Thomas Loader, a dissenting minister at Monmouth. Here he acquired a perfect knowledge of English, studied Greek, read Blackstone and Burke, and plunged with fervor into the religious life about him, filling his hours with "theological discussions, explanations of the Bible, pious meditations." His notebook of 1832 wound up with the words: "December 25. Christmas Day; conversion." Tracts for the Times were coming out towards the close of his stay in Monmouth, and Scherer, we are told, "fed upon them as upon a nutriment prepared expressly to meet the cravings of his imagination and his heart." M. Gréard does not mention how the ingredient assimilated with a dissenting piety "seeking its creed in Calvinism and its inspiration in revivals," or give any map connecting the Oxford ideas with those which seem to have surrounded and controlled Scherer at this period. The hold which the latter had upon him was so strong that he proposed entering the evangelical ministry; but his family had other views, and it was only after completing his studies in letters and law at Paris that he was able to follow his bent by becoming, in 1836, a theological student at Strasburg.

We get a glimpse of him at the moment of his arrival there from the reminiscences of Professor Reuss, in a letter written in 1889. He recalls Scherer's "rigid orthodoxy" and "Calvinistic inflexibility," redeemed by "substantial learning and an indefatigable ardor for theological study, joined to rare lucidity of mind and diction." The German thoroughness and precision of method were an inspiration to Scherer. He refers somewhere to the danger which exists from the first moment, to a theological student, in having things which have hitherto been matters of implicit belief to him made the subject of investigation. "The very ground seems to give way under his feet; in a

word, it is a situation from which one goes out a conqueror only through prayer and tears." But there is no record of his faith having been unsettled by his studies at Strasburg. The discourse pronounced at his ordination is termed by M. Gréard an "hosanna of faith," and contrasted by him with the state of mind betrayed by Lamennais on entering the priesthood. It might with almost equal force have been opposed to many of Vinet's hesitating, poignant utterances.

At the time of his ordination Scherer was already happily married. He continued to live at Strasburg, immersed in theological research, preaching occasionally, but with reluctance, and declining to accept any charge. His love of exactness made him shrink from the dangers of improvisation or of obligatory speech, as Vinet shrank from them. "He had at that time adopted as a maxim of conduct, 'No unnecessary speech.' Even with his friends and in the intimacy of his own household he imposed upon himself this ascetic rule, and allowed conversations to take their course without putting in a word." A letter from a lady in a German town where he went to preach, and was expected with enthusiasm, speaks of him as having a "glacial aspect," and as reducing the whole company to silence by an excess of reserve, which she attributes to shyness. The same letter has an account of his preaching; "of his young face, gentle and grave, with great eyes, to which the tears come at moments;" of "that profound feeling that he was there sent by God, and for his glory, — a feeling which communicated itself to the congregation." But, notwithstanding the belief that he inspired in those around him in his qualifications as a preacher, Scherer felt that his gifts and his usefulness lay rather in the direction of research and of teaching. When the free school of theology at Geneva, known as the Oratory, offered him a professor-

ship, he accepted it, with a sense of entering upon his true vocation.

He went to Geneva in 1845, the year of the political revolution in the canton of Vaud, and of the ecclesiastical difficulties in the same canton which subsequently led to the founding of the Free Church. M. de Pressensé gives a clear account of both these events, in connection with the letters of Vinet addressed to M. Henri Lutteroth, editor of *Le Semeur*, which are full of details of the struggle. He gives also a sketch of Vinet's life, sufficient for the understanding of the letters, but not long enough to detain a reader already familiar with the fuller sources of information regarding their writer. It is an interesting book to read in connection with the life of Scherer, who for two years was in intimate relation with Vinet, — was, indeed, we are told by M. Gréard, the one nearest to Vinet's heart among all that little band called by him the *Enfants de Dieu*.

A native of Lausanne, — he was born at Ouchy in 1797, and received his literary and theological education at the Academy of Lausanne, — Vinet had returned to that town in 1837 to fill the chair of practical theology at the academy, after some years spent in teaching in the gymnasium at Bâle. He had long hesitated to accept the position. With rare gifts and a personal influence that survives to this day, he had received many offers, collegiate, pastoral, and literary. He replied to each at first by urging his deficiency of training and of knowledge, and finally by the confession, repeated again and again in his letters, of a personal dread. It is like the cry of a wounded creature. "It is not you that I fear; it is myself," he says in one of the letters written from Bâle, declining an offer to go to Paris, and combine preaching with literary work on *Le Semeur*. "It is this heat of brain which is provoked by the subject, the place, by excitement, and which

I have the misfortune to mistake momentarily for warmth of heart. There are yet other inward influences, still less pure and more dangerous, to which I should inevitably yield, and which in forcing me into a decisive attitude would chain me to the terrible and perhaps irreparable fate of spending my life in hypocrisy. . . . I will not explain this word *hypocrisy*. Your friends and you yourself know in what sense I use it. There is one thing sure, and that is that if, to avoid this danger, I were obliged to shut myself up in a village school, and pass my life in teaching the A B C, the alternative would not be a hard one."

To Vinet and to Scherer alike the escape from the danger of insincerity lay in a close accord between speech and thought, between conviction and life, in preferring silence and deprivation to any strain of this bond. Both were *individualists*, to borrow Vinet's word; but with Vinet the impulse was to seek for equilibrium, not in the strength of a rule imposed from without, but in that of a conviction growing from within. He had not felt the fascination of religious science, but he felt keenly the struggle of the soul with life. In neither of these men, both highly endowed, full of ardor and conscientiousness, do we find for a single moment any thought of measuring his life work by its magnitude, but simply by its verity and its adaptation to his powers. There is no burden upon them to make the widest use of their talent, or to inquire if it be a paying one in the spiritual any more than the pecuniary sense. The only question is to make a right use of it. In deciding to accept a chair of practical theology in his own canton, Vinet acted from the conviction that it was the position in which it would be, on the whole, most possible to be himself.

His fears for the church went hand in hand with his personal dread. He felt that the danger which menaced it

lay in a law imposed from without, in a creed formally accepted and comprehended mechanically. The established church had grown weak through its very supports. The first necessity toward a remedy for this state of things seemed to Vinet to lie in a separation of church and state. This was long the aim of his efforts, particularly during the two troubled years of which we have spoken.

He found a vigorous supporter in Scherer, who had become the editor of *La Réformation au XIXe Siècle*, a journal to which, as to *Le Semeur*, Vinet was a contributor, — giving, indeed, to each its chief inspiration. Their object was to free the church, not to establish a Free Church. "Many dissenting churches may be formed," wrote Vinet, "without the principle having gained the victory. In separating ourselves individually, we are acting in support of a principle already beyond question, not of the principle which is now under consideration. . . . Even if we became dissenters for our personal satisfaction, we should be obliged, *this done*, to go further, and to work toward the great revolution; in other words, to work toward the emancipation of the church to which we had ceased to belong." Deprived of his professorship after the deposition of the Vaudois non-conformist ministers, Vinet still refused the offers made him from Paris and elsewhere; to the reasons of conscience was joined the plea of ill health. He lived to see the organization of the Free Church in 1847, accepting it, not triumphantly, but as the truest and best measure then possible. In May of that year he died at Clarens, where his tomb is built like a shrine into the wall of the little cemetery, not far from the grave of Amiel. "We loved him so," wrote Scherer to Lutteroth, when the end was inevitable; "we all felt ourselves bound to him. Our thoughts turned to him so naturally and so constantly."

The mantle had not fallen upon

Scherer, who at this epoch was leading a tranquil and happy life at Geneva, dividing his time between lecturing, study, and a small society of congenial friends and eager students, but who was soon called upon to go alone into another region of thought and to embrace a different career. We find the first traces of a change just a year after the death of Vinet. It was the study of tests which first unsettled Scherer's faith. Some fragments of prayer and meditation, written in the early days of the conflict, to which he had prefixed the title *The Visits of Jesus Christ*, were found among his papers after his death. He looks back to his former faith, to the sureness of the revelation within him. "Hast thou not already abode with me once? It was three years ago. It lasted three days. And my life was transformed, my doubts were dispersed, my struggles were forgotten, my darkness became light. Love overflowed in my heart, death inspired in me no more terrors, martyrdom would have appeared easy to me. My first thought on waking, my last on falling asleep, was of thee. . . . Come back to me, O my Saviour!" And later: "Ah, lies, lies! Truth is unity in one's life, and I am anything but a unit. Sincerity, unity, harmony, peace,—so many correlative terms. . . . O my God, grant that I may be true!"

In June, 1849, he wrote a letter which was handed about among his friends, telling them that he had ceased to hold the plenary inspiration of the Bible, that he no longer believed in the truth of the things he was teaching, and that his work had become a burden to him. He did not resign his professorship till the following November. But he had already gained strength to meet the new truth fearlessly. "My present sentiments," he wrote, "are not with me a matter of painful doubt, but of joyous conviction. . . . Protestantism cannot remain the bastard system that

it is now; it must go forward or it must retreat. This generation feels that it has not the truth; it needs to clear up its beliefs; it aspires to a life at once more intellectual and more religious."

"When the reproaches of his friends pressed him too closely," says M. Gréard, "he gave as the explanation, if not the excuse, of his boldness, that man does not learn only what he wishes to learn; that he learns unceasingly, in spite of himself, from the course of events, from the spectacle of the world, from suffering; that each addition of knowledge necessarily modifies the whole mass of the knowledge already acquired; that it is in this manner that the greatest spiritual revolutions have been accomplished; and that Christianity itself had acted upon souls only in this way. The fact is, he did not wait till questions came to him. He went to meet them. He had no sooner solved one than another surged up in his mind. They followed upon each other, like wave upon wave. The gnawing activity of his intellect left him neither truce nor rest."

Early in 1850 Scherer began an independent course of lectures, in which he discussed authority in religious belief. After treating the question of historical evidence, and declaring that what remained to faith, after the dogma of inspiration was withdrawn from the Scriptures, was the person of Jesus Christ, he went on: "Faith is independent of science; it belongs to another sphere; it is itself the truth. As for me, I shall not cease to say to others, and to repeat to myself, a sentence which should serve as our watchword: 'We believe in Jesus Christ; let us also believe in the truth.'"

The publication in April, 1850, of the letter already mentioned was followed by his expulsion from the church, and by an excited discussion in the religious press, in which he took part, replying to attacks through those organs which remained faithful to him. But for him

the question was inevitably ceasing to be one of detail or of argument; the change was in the whole aspect of things.

"The most profound revolution which can mark our life," he writes in 1851, "is that which takes place when the absolute escapes us, and with the absolute the fixed outlines, the special sanctuary, and the oracles of truth. It is hard to express all the agitation in the heart when we begin to recognize that our church and our system have not the monopoly of the good and the true; when we meet with men equally eminent and sincere who profess the most opposite opinions; when sin and justice become in our eyes as the infinite degrees of a ladder that mounts to the sky and descends to the lowest depths; when we discover that there is no error which has not a grain of truth, no truth which is not partial, narrow, incomplete, stained with error; when the relative thus appears to us as the form of the absolute upon earth, the absolute as an object forever aimed at, but forever inaccessible, and truth as a mirror broken into a thousand fragments, of which each one bears a reflection of the heaven, while none reflects the whole heaven. Till this moment submission has sufficed; now investigation becomes a duty. Authority and the absolute have vanished together; and since truth is nowhere concentrated in a single depository, it is necessary henceforth to search, to feel, to choose."

For ten years he put his whole strength into the conflict. The craving for a creed, for an object to be worshiped with mystical, personal devotion, had given way to the one need for truth, in whatever form or measure. It was the acceptance of Emerson's words: "Leave thy theory as Joseph his cloak in the hand of the harlot, and flee." From 1855 to 1859 Scherer continued his *cours libre* at Geneva, confining himself to those portions of the New Testament which are the most spiritually helpful

and the least dogmatic. He collected his most important articles on religious matters in a volume entitled *Mélanges de Critique Religieuse*, which appeared in 1860, on the day of his departure from Geneva for Paris, where he was at once pressed into the service of literary criticism.

The influence of Vinet had been exchanged for that of Sainte-Beuve, among whose successors no one has come nearer to equaling him in authority and general critical intelligence than Scherer. He lacked the gift of sympathy which distinguished Sainte-Beuve, the power of penetrating into, and as it were temporarily occupying, the mind of his author; his observations were made more from without. His knowledge was more extensive, including as it did an acquaintance with foreign literature rare among French critics, and a complete mastery of English and German. In 1871, when he was a member of the National Assembly, and had added political writing to his critical work, he corresponded with the *Boston Review*, an organ of the Trinitarian Congregationalists, and contributed two articles on the war to Lippincott's Magazine, written in faultless English, and from 1873 to 1878 he was a correspondent of the *London Daily News*.

In later life he stood a little aloof from the agitations of the day, with unabated intellectual interest, but with slight intercourse with younger men or sympathy for their illusions. He seems to have regarded them sadly, like Mark Pattison, whom he resembles in a certain gritty frankness and keenness of mind. But his observations, made from a distance, and not without bitterness, were well worth meditating. He had a horror of words being used in an inflated sense, promising more than the fact could perform. "The phrases of our humanitarians always remind me of J. J. Rousseau's saying, that he would not hesitate to give his daughter in marriage

to the hangman's son, provided he was a good fellow. That is an excellent touchstone, and one that I adopt. I will believe in 'humanity' when all human beings consent to an abolition of distinctions in the matter of marriage." The progress of democracy was not a source of pleasure to him; it contained the destruction of the things which he most valued. "We are getting Americanized. Modern society has time for two things only: the work by which it earns its bread, and the amusements which enable it to forget the work."

A shade of regret for the lost faith lingered with him to the last. In a conversation with some friends, one of them quoted Guizot's characterization of Lamennais as an intellectual criminal ("*ce malfaiteur intellectuel*"). Scherer sprang up, exclaiming, "A criminal! A criminal! M. Guizot does not know what it costs!" and left the room. His life was shadowed by family troubles, but its latter days were peaceful. A few weeks before his death he wrote to a young author: "The universe is a fact. It is not we who regulate it; we have only to submit. . . . However dry or bitter these truths may be, they are not without fruit. It is something to have learned that, among the questions which agitate the human race, there are some which have no solution or even sense. And the acceptance of things as they are, the habit of seeing in them the inevitable conditions of life, is a tolerable receipt for resignation. If one does not suffer less, one is less rasped by suffering; the pain is freed from bitterness, and the regrets from passion."

Looking at the mass of intelligent and faithful literary work performed by Scherer during a period of thirty years, the position which he occupied, the sincere, strong qualities shown in his biography, one is ready to ask with M. Gréard, "Whence comes it that his influence was not in proportion to his talent, and that even now the homage

paid to his memory is chiefly that of respect?" M. Gréard answers his question by pointing to the independence of Scherer's thought, and to a certain intellectual isolation, which he attributes to long brooding and inward struggle, concentration upon research and meditation. We fancy that we can trace in Scherer from the first something of this intellectual isolation; that it belonged in part to a deficiency of sympathy and to a certain difficulty of *liaison*, a trait of his nature which, without precluding warm and sincere friendships, rendered him in a sense inaccessible to the free-trade intercourse of mind with mind. Scherer himself ascribed his critical faculty and historic sense to his theological training; and of course a mind that has been given up to a single subject during all its formative years cannot fail to exhibit the results of that training. Yet we cannot help thinking that in his case the critical and historic sense were already there, underlying and directing rather than produced by the theological development. M. de Pressensé finds in Scherer's skepticism the reverse side of the rigidity and external character of his faith, of that ardent orthodoxy which he describes as a combination of logic and mysticism. The connection is obvious, but to understand the phenomenon we must seek its explanation not in these technical terms, which classify rather than describe thought, but in biographical data. What is this logic and this mysticism, humanly speaking? Do we not find in the one something of a craving for discipline on the part of a mind which has "felt the weight of too much liberty," and in the other a shrinking from the solitude and shelterlessness of the open country to which the critical instinct early invited him? There was with Scherer the desire of the logical faculty for an attainable perfect science; the longing of restlessness for an imperative duty; and above all, that which underlies all struggle, the demand for unity,

which is not alone an intellectual craving, but the cry of the conscience as well.

To say that Scherer's doubts and affirmations belonged to the intellect, Vinet's to the moral nature, is to make a statement which roughly indicates a distinction between the two men, but would be misleading if unqualified. No thinker who has had a moment's perception of the oneness of truth deliberately divorces the moral from the intellectual aspect; no thought will hold which does not bear, however imperfectly, the stamp of the whole man. Vinet had not the theological training of Scherer, nor the same incentive to research in historical curiosity. He paid little attention to the question of documentary evidence; the truths of detail which forced themselves

on Scherer's mind had no significance for him. He arrived at truth by intuition, seizing the spiritual kernel of the fact presented to him; too sensitive and true of touch to miss what was most essential to his nature, too narrowly intense to preserve always his perspective and perception of relations. This intuition and spiritual perception, this power of coming close to the truth he perceived and assimilating it wholly, was what Scherer lacked. Neither was a great or original thinker: but in Vinet's sensitive sincerity, recalling that of Frederick Robertson, there is a deep and inspiring note; in Scherer's accuracy of vision and statement and unflinching courage, an appeal to our interest that is sad, though genuine and bracing.

NEW ENGLAND IN THE SHORT STORY.

THERE are two periods in the life of a country when the short story is peculiarly adapted to display the characteristics of the people: the first is when the country is virgin soil for the novelist; the second is when the soil, in agricultural phrase, is worn out. At the present time, the South, and more particularly the Southwest, illustrates the former of the two periods, New England the latter. By means of the rapid sketches and brief stories of Miss Murfree, Mr. Cable, Mr. Harris, Mr. Page, Miss French, and others, we have been introduced to a society and a condition of life so novel, so full of contrasts to the familiar, that we welcome each new contribution as a distinct addition to the bundle of particulars from which by and by we shall begin to generalize; for we have caught the scientific spirit in literature, and ask a knowledge of details before making our inductions. Under these conditions, the short stories easily

take the character of studies for larger pictures.

On the other hand, when a country has been appraised by the historian, the political economist, the sociologist, the philosopher, the novelist, there comes to be a certain common significance attached to it, so that as soon as it is named the mind responds with a tolerably definite concept of the character embodied in the country and people. This is the case with New England. It bears a stamp, and, however much a company of intelligent Americans may differ in their estimate of the worth of New England, they are not likely to be very far apart in their understanding of its characteristics. Now is the opportunity for the short-story writer. He—or more likely she—may with entire confidence assume this general knowledge, and proceed at once to expend art upon the nice details, to individualize, to discriminate, to disclose distinctions which the

casual observer may overlook. There is a strong inclination, under these conditions, to use a small canvas and take great pains with minute touches.

This disposition is confirmed by two influences. The whole strain of New England life, through the loneliness of social relations in the country and the extreme individualism inculcated by religion and politics, has tended to develop what are specifically known as "characters," highly intensified and noticeable persons, though the exaggeration may be of unimportant qualities. Again, the prevailing temper of the realistic school, which is in literature what specialization is in science, calls for microscopic study of human life, and it is easier to secure this, without loss of regard for the main theme, in the short story than in the novel.

How completely one may cultivate a single phase of local life is illustrated by Mrs. Slosson in her *Seven Dreamers*.¹ Her introductory note cleverly strikes the keynote to her group of stories. A New England woman recites in rich dialect a number of instances of eccentric neighbors, who are plain, intelligible persons in the main, but are each "off" on some one point, the point being expressive of some form of idealism. Cap'n Burdick remembers the millennium; Uncle Enoch Stark beguiles himself with the fancy that his sister Lucilla, who died a baby before he was born, still lives somewhere in the vague West; Wrestling Billy was so called because he could give account of an experience similar to that of the patriarch Jacob; Jerry Whaples found a world of comfort in the Biblical passage, apparently so inapplicable to every-day haps, "At Michmash he hath laid up his carriages."

"They have different names for sech folks," continues Aunt Charry. "They

say they're 'cracked,' they've 'got a screw loose,' they're 'a little off,' they 'ain't all there,' and so on. But nothin' accounts for their notions so well, to my mind, as to say they're all jest dreamin'. . . . And what's more, I believe, when they look back on those soothin', sleepy, comfortin' idees o' theirs, that somehow helped 'em along through all the pesterin' worry and frettin' trouble o' this world, — I believe, I say, that they're glad too."

Thereupon, having given a hint of what the reader is to expect, Mrs. Slosson narrates at length the cases of a half dozen New England idealists, each with some whimsical yet always lovable fancy. Her first tale, *How Faith Came and Went*, scarcely comes under the category of her title, and is somewhat out of harmony with the rest of the book; for in it she avails herself of a physiological fact, perhaps as familiar in fiction as in real life, — the obscuration of memory for a time, and the consequent unhinged life led by the person thus affected. But the rest of the stories are the expansion of idiosyncrasies which, let the doctors discuss as they may, derive their main interest from the contribution they make to the history of the human soul.

Although Mrs. Slosson deals thus with idealists, her mode of treatment is quite closely naturalistic. Her oddest people and incidents are reported with a sympathetic but candid spirit. Her characters for the most part tell their own stories, but whenever she appears in person, it is always with the affectionate, considerate manner of one who respects the fancies of these humble people, not with the professional air of the alienist; and this fine spirit of reverence, so apparent throughout the book, guards her from the exaggeration into which her sense of humor might betray her, and makes good taste prevail. Once only do we think her liveliness carries her a step too far. In the amusing, bewildering story of *Butterneggs*, where

¹ *Seven Dreamers*. By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

the fun is stretched almost to the snapping-point, her lively spirits have provoked her into a sly insertion of local historical names, a little to the detriment of good literary manners.

A very charming element in the book is the homely and familiar acquaintance shown with wild flowers. Some of the stories turn on this loving regard for flowers, and it is plain to see that the author herself is drawing upon a store of full, simple experience. There is an artistic fitness in this close association of nature with the finer, even if fantastic side of human life, which steals upon the reader imperceptibly; so that for a while he is aware, as it were, only of a delicate fragrance somewhere, until, by inspection, he perceives that this fragrance is from the book he is reading.

There is a slight bond between Mrs. Slosson's work and that of Miss Wilkins in the disposition of Miss Wilkins to single out for her subjects highly accented phases of New England life, but the manner of the two writers is quite distinct. They are alike in this, that they leave the reader to his own conclusions, and rarely impose their reflections upon his attention. In her latest collection¹ Miss Wilkins has included twenty-four stories. The book is charged with tender sentiment, yet once only, so far as we remember, at the close of the moving story of Christmas Jenny, does the author introduce anything which may be likened to an artistic use of sentiment. In this story the figures of the girl and her lover make the kind of foil which we are used to in German sentimental literature. The touch here, however, is so slight as almost to escape notice. It serves chiefly to remind one how entirely Miss Wilkins depends for her effects upon the simple pathos or humor which resides in the persons and situations that are made known through

a few strong, direct disclosures. The style is here the writer. The short, economical sentences, with no waste and no niggardliness, make up stories which are singularly pointed, because the writer spends her entire strength upon the production of a single impression. The compression of these stories is remarkable, and almost unique in our literature, and it is gained without any sacrifice of essentials and by no mere narrowness of aim, but by holding steadily before the mind the central, vital idea, to the exclusion of all by-thoughts, however interesting they may be. Hence it happens frequently that the reader, though left satisfied on the main issue, is piqued by the refusal of the storyteller to meet his natural curiosity on other points. Thus in *A Discovered Pearl* the affairs of Lucy and Marlow are settled, but one is left to his surmises as to what the actual history of Marlow has been; and in *A Pot of Gold*, though Joseph Tenney is rehabilitated, the reader is as consumed with curiosity as Jane to know just what the box contained; then he is ashamed of himself, and confesses that the story-teller is above the weakness of satisfying merely idle curiosity.

Mrs. Slosson depends upon the interlocutors for the most telling effects in her stories; Miss Wilkins, with her passion for brevity, her power of packing a whole story in a phrase, a word, although she gives her characters full rein sometimes, naturally relies chiefly upon her own condensed report of persons, incidents, and things. Sententious talk, though not unknown in New England, runs the risk of being unnaturally expressive, and Miss Wilkins shows her fine artistic sense by not trusting to it for the expression of her characters. As a rule, the speech of the New England men and women in her stories is very simple and natural; her art lies in the selection she makes of what they shall say, the choice of a passage which helps on the story. Thus the brevity

¹ *A New England Nun, and Other Stories.* By MARY E. WILKINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

of speech which is in itself a characteristic of New England people is not made to carry subtleties or to have a very full intrinsic value, nor is it a mere colloquialism, designed to give color and naturalness, but it is the fit expression which conveys a great deal to the reader, because, like the entire story, it is a condensation, an epitome.

Of the genuine originality of these stories it is hard to speak too strongly. There is, indeed, a common character to the whole series, an undertone of hardship, of loss, of repressed life, of sacrifice, of the idolatry of duty, but we suspect this is due more to the prevailing spirit of New England life than to any determining force of Miss Wilkins's genius. For the most part, she brings to light some pathetic passage in a strongly marked individuality, and the variety of her characterizations is noticeable. Now and then she touches a very deep nature, and opens to view a secret of the human heart which makes us cry out that here is a poet, a seer. Such an effect is produced by the most powerful story in the book, *Life Everlastin'*. More frequently she makes us exclaim with admiration over the novelty, yet truthfulness, of her portraiture, as in *The Revolt of "Mother"* and the story which gives the title to her book. Always there is a freedom from commonplace, and a power to hold the interest to the close which is owing, not to a trivial ingenuity, but to the spell which her personages cast over the reader's mind as soon as they come within his ken. He wonders what they will do; and if he is surprised at any conclusion, the surprise is due, not to any trick in the author, but to the unexpected issue of an original conception, which reflection always shows to be logical and reasonable.

The humor which is a marked feature of Miss Wilkins's stories is of a pungent sort. Every story has it, and it is a savor which prevents some, that otherwise would be rather painful, from op-

pressing the reader unduly. Of another sort, more pervasive, more genial, more kindly and winning, is that which we are accustomed to associate with Miss Jewett's work, and is agreeably manifest in her latest collection of tales.¹ The readers of *The Atlantic* are well acquainted with this writer, and the volume before us contains several sketches and stories which had their first publication in these pages. We have but to name such as *The Town Poor*, *The Quest of Mr. Teaby*, *By the Morning Boat*, *Going to Shrewsbury*, to recall at once stories which are fresh in our minds to-day, no matter when we may have read them. Of one in particular, *The Town Poor*, it is easy to say that it stands very near the head of Miss Jewett's work for the exquisiteness of its touch in portraying the dignity of one side of New England life. The tenderness with which these ancient townswomen, admirably distinguished, are set before the reader is beyond the power of art to affect, but the delicacy with which every stroke is drawn is the result of very careful study and clear perception of artistic values.

We own, however, to have been especially interested in Miss Jewett's story of *The Luck of the Bogans*. In *The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation* she essays to draw from observation of South Carolina scenes; and though there is a subtle beauty in the picture, it has a faintness, as if the artist were not wholly at home in her subject. The figure is that of a New England gentlewoman, such as Miss Jewett knows well how to paint, transferred to another clime, and given a South Carolinian name. But in *The Luck of the Bogans* an attempt has been made to stay at home and paint, not natives, but intruders. It is noticeable, when one comes to think of it, how little really has been done in

¹ *Strangers and Wayfarers*. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

the way of setting forth artistically the Irish New Englander. Perhaps this is due to the half-instinctive jealousy which the native New Englander feels toward this new-comer. He has been here, it is true, for more than a generation, and his face is not unfamiliar; but the assimilation has been slow, after all, and it is hard for the New Englander to admit to himself that the Irish stock is taking root in the soil, and is to be counted as native. The Irish are as native here as the descendants of the English Puritans; the only difference is in time: they came a couple of centuries later, but they were driven here by misrule at home, just as the early Puritans were. If they take a lively interest in Irish politics, it is no more than the first New Englanders did in the politics of England. This is by the bye, however. The point we make is that New England authors have held somewhat aloof from the material to be found in this large component of the present New England. It is true that their mind has been somewhat retrospective, and in stories has dwelt chiefly upon the rural New England of two generations back; but even where, as in the case of Miss Jewett's stories, the material is contemporaneous New England, it is only now and then that careful studies are made of this element.

We are glad, therefore, that Miss Jewett has tried her hand at a picture of New England Irish life, as she has done in this story of *The Luck of the Bogans*; and singularly enough, as soon as she steps out of her familiar field she acquires an access of dramatic power, as if the exercise had stimulated her and given a new freedom to her imagination. The same charity which lights all her stories illumines this, but beyond there is a recognition of sharp passages in the drama of life, as if the author needed to go away from familiar scenes to discover what others have found in her own domain. Be this as it

may, she shows an insight, an appreciation, of the Irishman's nature which intimates a possible new vein in the quartz which she has worked so industriously hitherto.

These three writers all make use of the New England dialect, and with equal precision, though with varying fullness. One observes how fixed and well formulated this dialect is, and how even the highly elaborated form which Mrs. Slosson affects scarcely adds any new feature to what has become familiar. In her desire to give richness of color to the speech, Mrs. Slosson falls upon some very ingenious combinations, as "tennerate," and puts in more individual expressions, but the total effect is merely a little more embarrassing. Both Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett recognize the very subordinate value of dialect. They give just enough to flavor the conversation, but rely more on the homely phraseology of the ordinary New England speech than on very sharp accentuation.

It may be said of all three of the books considered that they appeal to the artistic sense, and do not merely entertain one with bits of life. Mrs. Slosson shows her art mainly in the skill with which she seizes upon a very illusory yet perfectly recognizable element of the New England character, and models out of it consistent figures, firm in outline, palpable, tangible, but all the while compacted of so strange a substance that in the hands of a less subtle artist they would be either grotesque impossibilities or unreal phantasms. She appears to require but a suggestion in real life to quicken her fancy. Miss Wilkins impresses us as one who, by a swift power of appropriation, has under her control the life of New England men and women as a plastic material, and works in it, re-creating shapes which are the eidola of her imagination, yet instinct with the virtue of the material in which she has wrought. It is as if New Eng-

land, in its more solitary manifestations of human life, had been revealed to her in a moment of time, and she was now, thoroughly conversant with types, busily engaged in making New England men and women, not after individual models, but in perfect conformity with the fundamental nature of these models. Miss Jewett, for her part, though her characters have a more social turn, and are not so highly individualized as those of the other two writers, neither takes refuge in types nor follows too closely specific examples, but deals rather with human figures of the New England variety. She knows this variety from close

and familiar acquaintance; but it is, after all, the common humanity which touches her, and thus her stories are interpretations of life, not mere recitals of incidents in life. It is the art in the writers whom we have been considering which separates their work from much similar literature that has an external fidelity to nature, but since it springs from no anterior vision, so appeals but little to the mind behind the eye. True artistic creation wakens the creative reception, and for the time being makes the reader also an artist. When that is done, the work of art stands complete.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. James Freeman Clarke: *Autobiography, Diary, and Correspondence*. Edited by Edward Everett Hale. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* have often had the opportunity of knowing Dr. Clarke's thought, and recently they have had a glimpse of his early life, related in a most delightful, simple, and straightforward bit of autobiography. They need no urging, therefore, to read a book which fills out the tale of his writings by conveying, chiefly through letters, a sense of his personality, and a notion of the untiring, unresting activity of a man who lived out his principles in a singularly honest, unpretentious, and faithful life. The character that discloses itself to the reader is a most attractive one, because of this element of honesty without parade of honesty. The fearlessness which was so marked a characteristic of the man was so absolutely simple that people were never surprised when Dr. Clarke took an independent stand. Everything he did was like him. As soon as he had done it the natural response was, "Just as we expected," and yet for all that he was constantly surprising people. — *The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe*, by Politikos. (Appleton.) A series of well-written sketches of the present occupants of

thrones in Europe. The writer aims at something more than the condensation of such biographic details as are matters of history; he tries to characterize his figures, and give some notion of those personal qualities which are apparent to such as may know these kings and queens familiarly. He has a high respect for his subjects, — if kings can be subjects, — and may be commended for the absence of tittle-tattle. The uneasy crowns placed thus in a row have considerable individuality, and by means of the sketches the reader gets some notion of contemporaneous European history; but in order fully to enjoy the book he needs more of such notion than the book itself affords. — *Life of John Boyle O'Reilly*, by James Jeffrey Roche; together with his *Complete Poems and Speeches*, edited by Mrs. John Boyle O'Reilly. Introduction by his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. (Cassell.) A big volume, of a memorial order. Perhaps it is impossible that it should be otherwise, for there has not yet been time enough to secure a studied, discriminating life, and O'Reilly's warm, impulsive, affectionate nature makes anything like careful judgment seem not merely cold and ungenerous, but hostile. So for the present one must be contented

with piecing out for himself from a headlong mass of matter such a sketch of a very interesting man as may be possible. One can hardly read O'Reilly's prose and verse without wishing that the author himself had exercised the sharp judgment which no one else wishes to display ; and certainly one cannot read the outlines of his life as set forth here without being attracted by the generous side of a very magnanimous personality. Perhaps, when the day of criticism comes, the critic will prefer to leave the subject untouched. — The Harpers have reissued their edition of *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott* in a single duodecimo volume. The text is not hard reading, but the abundant footnotes are in pretty small type. It is most fit that the book should go so soon into a popular edition. Scott, title or no title, is not a luxury for the few, but a necessity to the many. — *Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand*. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by the Duc de Broglie ; translated by Raphaël Ledos de Beaufort ; with an Introduction by Whitelaw Reid. (Putnams.) Two volumes of the work have been issued at this writing, carrying it through the Congress of Vienna. If Talleyrand, in writing these memoirs, wished to secure by the gravity of his manner the reputation for sincerity, he may have gained one reader by his seriousness for two whom he loses by his dullness. The work, however, will offer opportunity for a revision of our reading of history, and we shall return to the subject.

Books of Reference. Adeline's Art Dictionary, containing a Complete Index of all terms used in Art, Architecture, Heraldry, and Archæology. Translated from the French, and enlarged. (Appleton.) The book is profusely illustrated, and to great advantage, for the space used by the cuts is more than compensated for by the clearness with which they illuminate the definitions. We cannot say that the definitions which require no cuts are all equally satisfactory. "Photo-engraving" does not occur, though "phototypography" appears to be the English or the French equivalent ; but here is a queer definition of "photogravure : " "A process by which photographic clichés are transformed to plates in relief from which prints may be obtained. The term is also applied to the prints thus ob-

tained." Some of the definitions are a little superfluous, as, "Artist ; one who practices the fine arts," though when we come to think of it in these words, an artist must be a pretty all round fellow ; and some comments are extrajudicial, as when, under "Electrotype," we read, "It cannot be denied that the practice of electrotyping has detracted very much from the beauty of wood-engraving." We look for a little more precision of language in a dictionary ; but if one cannot have or cannot lift the *Century Dictionary*, he need not despise this compact handbook. — *The Historic Note-Book*, with an Appendix of Battles, by E. Cobham Brewer. (Lippincott.) Dr. Brewer is an old hand at compilations of this kind. Indeed, no one seems to start to make such books without being driven into making several, for the principle of classification suggests a number of points about which to group memoranda. In this case, the book is, in the author's words, "a dictionary of historic terms and phrases, jottings of odds and ends of history, which historians leave in the cold, or only incidentally mention in the course of their narratives." Here one may learn briefly of an Aberdeen man's privilege, the Barberini Vase, Ça Ira, who the Doctors of the Church were, the Edict of June 20, why foolscap paper was so called, the Gentle Shepherd, the Hill-men, the Iron Virgin, Jingoism, Knights Templars, the Ladder of St. John, all manner of massacres, Night-boys, the first omnibus, patron saints of various localities, Queen Eleanor crosses, Red Scarp, Sortes Biblicæ, the Thirlwall prize, the number of counties in the United States named after Presidents, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, Xabatatenses, Young Ireland, Ziobbagrassa, and lots of other useless matter. The book has the faults and the virtues of a scrapbook. — *The Reader's Guide in Economic, Social, and Political Science : being a Classified Bibliography, with Descriptive Notes, Author, Title and Subject Index, Courses of Reading, College Courses, etc.* Edited by R. R. Bowker and George Iles. (Putnams.) This full title gives a notion of the contents of this handbook, which deals not only with books and pamphlets, but with articles in magazines.

Poetry. *Letter and Spirit*, by A. M. Richards. (Cupples.) An interesting se-

quence of sonnets, in which the writer, without seeking too close a connection in form, manages to express the struggle of the human soul caught in the meshes of the net thrown over every thinking being, and the final content when the conviction is reached that the life within is not, after all, imprisoned. The sonnets are not always musical, but many deep notes are struck, and now and then a single sonnet has a satisfactory completeness, as the seventh and the eleventh. We fear, however, that a mystical vagueness will be the verdict of most readers. — *The Devil's Visit: Why he came, What he said, Why he left, and the Present he sent. A Poem for the Times.* (Excelsior Publishing House, New York.) A satire on society and politics, in smooth flowing verse, with here and there a neat couplet. It is hard to understand why any one clever enough to write these four hundred pages should not have been still cleverer and seen that they were not worth his pains. — *Original Charades*, by L. B. R. Briggs. (Scribners.) A bright little book, which ought to stimulate the better society in watering places and mountain resorts this summer, first to guess the charades, and then to make others, but there to stop. The publication of one as an example serves all needful purposes. The next must be ever so much better to justify publication, and one ever so much better is not likely soon to come. If it does, and is published, we suggest that the German method be adopted, and the answer to each charade be printed upside down at the bottom of the page. As it is now, one cannot well consult the table of answers at the end without the risk of seeing more than he wants to see. — *Rose Brake*, by Danske Dandridge. (Putnams.) There is a sylvan touch to these poems which will make itself known to the sensitive reader. When Mrs. Dandridge parts company with human life, and betakes herself to the woods and wood sprites, she strikes a note which is at once so simple and so fanciful that one listens as to a genuine note of nature. This is especially seen in her poems on fairy life. A noticeable poem, and one that has a wild beauty in its conception, is *The Wood Demon*. The less successful poems are those in which there is too definite sympathy between nature and human life.

Fiction. *An American Girl in London*, by Sara Jeannette Duncan; with eighty Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. (Appleton.) This saucy book strikes us as not so spontaneous as the author's *A Social Departure*, perhaps because there is not quite so much variety of material. A journey round the world by a feminine Mark Twain had possibilities scarcely to be found in the contrasts, so often drawn, between the Chicago girl's freedom and the English matron's jail. The strain is incessant in the effort to set jaunty independence *vis à vis* with conventionality, and though many clever scenes are the result, there is a certain monotony in the situation. — *Alfrieda*, by Emma E. H. Specht. (The Author, St. Louis.) The title-page adds that this is a novel, but the reader has some difficulty in detaching the story from the clay of psychology in which it is imbedded. The characters all psychicize, and suffer nothing of consequence to happen without translating it into the jargon of psychology, while the author is on hand, if the characters fail to do their duty in this respect. If Miss Specht would clear her story of its layers of words, and let the reader see the people and their actions through the clearest, most transparent language, all the psychology which she might invest in beforehand would do her no harm. — The sixth number of Lee & Shepard's Good Company Series is *Life and Times of Jesus as related by Thomas Didymus*, by James Freeman Clarke, a book which, in its original form, antedated the recent epidemic of Biblical novels, and was intended as the vehicle of the author's views, not as a romance. The seventh number of the same series is *Sardia*, by Cora Linn Daniels. The eighth number is *Mary A. Denison's If She will, She Will*. — *A Dead Man's Diary*, written after his Decease, with a Preface by G. T. Bettany. (Ward, Lock & Co., London.) A narrative of the unseen. In a rambling fashion, the writer aims to portray the spiritual experience of a man who has seduced a girl, and then has died and been brought into direct contact with life in its eternal properties. The book strikes us as a literary feat rather than the sincere expression of a mind profoundly touched by the subject. — *Love's Cruel Enigma*, by Paul Bourguet. (The Waverly Company, New York and St. Louis.) The enigma appears to be,

Why should a singularly pure young man, who has committed adultery with a passionate woman, and then finds out, to his horror, that he is number three, not counting her husband, go back to her, and drop from the high and holy love he once had into a merely sensual experience? Answer, Because there was n't any first high and holy love. — *Trials of a Staff Officer*, by Captain Charles King. (L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia.) A batch of lively sketches detailing army life on a peace basis. Through the fun and the good nature of the writer one still is able to see the dreary monotony of military life, when the only activity is a make-believe

activity. — *The Genius of Galilee*, an Historical Novel, by Anson Uriel Hancock. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A piece of fiction in which the author, with most offensive familiarity, sets out to make the Genius of Galilee corroborate the speculations of the latest and crudest thinkers about him. — *The Sardonyx Seal*, a Romance of Normandy, by Belle Gray Taylor. (Putnam's.) An attempt to infuse into a domestic tale of the day a drop of occultism. The tragic comes with some effort to the writer, who is more at home in the sprightly and the badinage of the young lady of the period. The scenery of the coast of Normandy is drawn with an affectionate touch.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Prayers
of our Old
Puritans.

READERS of the published Diary of Chief Justice Samuel Sewall meet frequent entries, in connection with his attendance on "the solemn Assembly," for worship in the meeting-house, of his and of his fellow-worshippers, on occasions special to them, "putting up a Bill." Another mode of expressing the same thing, which came into later use, was "sending up a Note." The reference is to a custom of general observance in the early Puritan churches of New England, of which only so faint a vestige remains that some readers of to-day may be glad to be informed, not, perhaps, as to the significance of the usage in its simple form, but of parts of the details and conditions connected with it in the olden time. This subject, together with the method and matter of the prayers offered at a later period by ministers when officiating at funerals in private houses, offers us many striking illustrations of the gradual but marked changes which time and the modifications of personal and social relations between the members and neighbors of our communities have introduced.

We have just spoken of prayers at funerals in private houses as coming in at a later period than that of the usage referred to by Sewall. In his time there was no religious service at private houses, with the

family and friends gathered, at a funeral. To explain this disuse by the Puritans of a custom which their descendants soon came to regard, as do their present posterity, as one of a most tender and appropriate observance, we have to look back to and allow for the circumstances under which the first Puritans espoused their distinctive principles and ways of worship. Under the mellowing influences of time, tolerance, and largeness of view, many of these distinctive principles and usages of Puritanism have come to look to us like crotchets, perversities, narrow and obstinate prejudices of self-will and antagonism. But the Puritans were wont to have and to give reasons satisfactory to themselves, and even to some large and fair-minded men among them, for their intense desire and resolve to renounce many formalities in the old religious observances which had become odious to them as errors and superstitions. In the old Roman communion, prayers or masses at funerals were prayers *for* the dead, intercessions for the repose of their souls. The Puritans would have none of these. So, in silent and solemn procession, they conveyed their dead from their homes and committed them to the earth. The Puritans would not repeat the Lord's Prayer by rote, in their public devotions. The reason — of force to them

— was that that beautiful and comprehensive form of petition had been turned into a sort of charm or talisman by the Roman Church, by requiring penitents, as an act of penance, to say over, in swift repetition, twenty, thirty, or even fifty Paternosters. It is not true, as has often been asserted, that the Puritans objected to the reading of the Scriptures in their public worship. They always read a portion of them, but never without comments or exposition in their reading, verse by verse; thus emphasizing their objection to the "dumb reading," as a form, of an appointed and selected lesson.

To go back to the usage indicated above by Sewall. It suggests to us a time, and circumstances of relations between members of a community, neighbors, friends, intimate acquaintances, united by many strong and tender interests and sympathies which they brought with them to their common worship. In these days, the occupants of adjoining pews or dwellings may not know each other by name, or have any personal relations of sympathy or interest. It was quite otherwise in the times now recalled. Though many bodies of Christians, distinct from the New England Puritans of the period under notice, may have had a more or less similar usage, and though a faint trace of that usage, greatly modified, is still recognized in many religious communions, yet it was peculiarly in the New England Puritan churches that the custom originated, and was fully and minutely regarded, of the offering of special individual petitions, with mention of names and circumstances, in the public prayers of a congregation. The gathering of such a congregation implied close and hearty intimacies, much more than mere acquaintance, among its members. Their covenants avowed and bound them to interest, intercourse, and mutual oversight. In the small country villages, all the inhabitants were brought together in the closest intimacy, personal and neighborly, in their several homes and in the meeting-house. They knew each other's most private affairs and experiences, — the birth of a child, espousals, sickness, absence from home, and death. Whatever social or class distinctions existed in any place, — and there were such, for the "seating" of each congregation was a method of "dignifying supe-

riors," — the humblest family and individual in the precinct could introduce their wants and woes in the public prayers. So the minister, as he mounted the pulpit, had in his hand one or many "bills" or "notes" offered by individuals or families by name, stating the occasion or circumstances, specifically, under which the sympathizing prayers of the whole congregation were desired. Instances were not unusual in which, if there were many such papers, the minister, after reading them aloud, would pin them to the pulpit cushion, and, opening his eyes for an instant, would refresh his thought of them, one by one, and then frame a fitting intercession or petition. A purposed journey or a return, the experience of a misfortune or disaster, the birth of a child, serious or protracted illness, bereavement, and the various dispensations of Providence, devoutly regarded, would be the burden of these petitions. There certainly was something helpful and touching in these usages in close communities, in which no one was a stranger in life or fortune to all the rest. Of course much, very much, if not all, of the fitness and grace of such intercessions depended upon the gifts of the minister, his choice of words and phrases, his delicacy, unctious, refinement, and dignity of manner and speech, his saying just enough, and at times his reserve in utterance. There were possibilities of infelicity and blundering, and of a large range in failures of taste and sentiment. The risk was of formality, repetition of phrase, and sameness of language. The minister might fall short of the definiteness, the individuality, of specific references in such cases, disappointing the listening petitioners for whom he was a proxy. There were in the ministry, occasionally, and not infrequently, men of eccentric ways, of quaint speech, sometimes very literal and overfrank and plain, whose expressions might include or suggest judgments, opinions, on matters to be borne up in prayer. Such a case comes authenticated to us, in which a husband sought relief from the trial and exhaustion of tending an invalid wife in a protracted and hopeless malady by sending up a "bill" on several successive Sundays. Perhaps the minister also shared in the weariness of these repeated calls on his intercession, well knowing the certainty of the impending issue. So he

framed his petition, "that the Lord, if it seemed good to him, would raise her up, or that she might be speedily and gently removed."

A large part of the more serious, interesting, and important concerns in a rural community would find their way into the prayers of the sanctuary. Sometimes the minister, bent on some public or private rebuke or censure, would dare the venture of insinuating it in his prayer rather than in his sermon. One of the members of the distinguished Washburn family gave the writer the following anecdote of his boyhood memory. The town where he resided, in Maine, near the seacoast, was one of many communities inhabited by men of a cross between farmers and skippers, therefore not fully proficient in either calling. Their land, naturally of thin soil, was also neglected. The minister of a neighboring town, coming to exchange with the pastor, was joined by one of the deacons on his walk to the meeting-house, and, as there was something of a drought, was asked by the deacon to pray for rain. At the fitting place in his service the minister uttered himself as follows: "O Lord, thy servant is asked by this people to pray for rain, and he does so. But Thou knowest, O Lord, that what this soil needs is dressin'."

Among the multitude of memories and traditions of local currency concerning the frankness and literalness indulged in by country ministers in their public devotions is one accredited to a parson of the last century in Bridgewater. The most prominent member of his flock for thrift and personal consequence in the community was well known for his pretentious and overbearing assumptions, for putting on airs, and for concealed pomposity and swaggering ways. Under the distress and fright of dangerous illness, he had put up "notes" on the Sundays of his confinement. On his recovery, according to the usage, he offered a note, to be read by the minister, expressive of his thanks. The minister was somewhat "large" in this part of his prayer; recalling the danger and the previous petitions of the "squire," and returning his grateful acknowledgments, with the prayer that the experience be blessed to the spiritual welfare of the restored man, he closed with these words: "And we

pray, O Lord, that thy servant be cured of that ungodly strut, so offensive in the sanctuary."

After the passage of two or three generations there came in a race or class of country ministers who, removed from the associations and usages of old English ways, had acquired many distinctive and strongly marked professional characteristics. Rejecting all priestly pretensions, they substituted some clerical assumptions, which were tolerated, if not acquiesced in. Various dates and instances have been assigned by our local annalists as the first in which, on the passing away of the early Puritan objection to religious exercises at funerals, the custom of observing them came into use. But its adoption was at once universally accepted, and soon a method and tone for the conducting of funerals in private houses were established, the slighting of which would have called out remark and censure. The officiating minister, being, with rare exceptions, the village pastor, — in case a stranger was to do the service, he would be duly informed and instructed, — knew, of course, all the circumstances of each case, character, incidents, relations, and family connections. All and each of these he was expected to refer to specially and by distinct mention in the prayer. This he did at length, and with conscientious minuteness. A failure on his part to indicate any relation in a second, or even a third degree would have caused offense.

After the funeral came another ordeal for the minister and the people. On the Sunday following it the bereaved family would offer up a note, to be read by the minister, asking that their affliction might be sanctified to them. The minister, in his exercise, would repeat briefly his previous dealing with the case. The critical and the plain speaking of the parsons occasionally made the pulpit a bench of judgment. One of these, a man of local dignity and boldness of speech and frankness in censure, was Dr. Barnes, of Scituate, who began in 1754 a ministry, with papal prerogatives, of fifty-seven years. In his flock had been a prominent member, well to do, the richest in lands, cattle, and worldly goods, but hard, grasping, penurious, and never in harmony or accord with his neighbors. At his funeral the minister had dealt with him in no gentle phrase. His widow, a mild, patient,

enduring woman, thought at first to avert a renewal of her trial by omitting to put up the usual note on Sunday. Reflecting, however, that such omission would provoke offensive comment, she determined to write the paper, and to stop at the parsonage, to suggest, as her own petition to the parson, that, as he had already given her husband such a raking at the funeral, he might be quietly passed over in the prayer. She added that her husband had always been kind and good to her and to his family. The aged and venerated pastor took the note, replying, "Well, well, we'll see." His curt relief of himself in his prayer was this: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that thy departed servant was a good provider for his family; but, beyond that, his friends think, and we think, the less said the better."

It would be wrong to omit the recognition that the public devotions of the old Puritans had in them elements of tender and fervent unction, earnest and strengthening and edifying sentiment, fond aspiration, and submissive trust. Beginning with conscientious scruples and strong antipathies against a form of printed devotion, as cold, mechanical, repressive, and merely functional, they allowed themselves the largest freedom in prayer, meeting its ventures and risks. They fostered an expectation of details and individual personalities. Judge Sewall, with a reference to whose journal we began, enters in it an expression of his grievance that when his young son Joseph, then a candidate, afterwards minister of the South Church, was to preach there in the afternoon, the pastor had not alluded to the expectation in his morning prayer.

From the familiarities, formalities, and specialties of the Puritan devotions many of their descendants have found welcome relief, particularly at funerals, in liturgical services. But not all of them are of that mind, as they prefer a middle way between the two contrasted usages, — the formal and the spontaneous.

The Anatomy — "Omne Epigramma sit instar apicis of the Epigram. aculeo illi, Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui,"

chants the old Latin poet, and is felicitously followed by his English translator: —

"Three things must epigrams, like bees, have all, —
A sting, and honey, and a body small."

In a survey of the requisites thus indi-

cated, it would appear that, of the three, the one most easily achievable is "the little mite of a body." But as to the "honey" and the "sting," the due proportion of each, the neophyte must exercise the greatest care; for the "honey" without the "sting" results in a diminutive lyric, while the "sting" without the "honey" produces a mere philippic in two lines. If the present adventurer, in the subjoined experiments, shall be found simply to have been tossed from one alternate danger to the other, at least he begs to cover his retreat under an old, serviceable, and ingenious borrowing in which none of the three requisites is lacking, — "Video meliora, proboque; Deteriora sequor."

AN AUTOGRAPH.

He wrote upon the sand his autograph;
A little wave erased it with a laugh.

DISTINCTION.

When past Oblivion's pale the throng upstarts,
Seek we the shade and a few quiet hearts.

A RHYME OF LIFE.

Dost think it was for nothing that "to-morrow"
The Muse from oldest time has linked with "sorrow"?

THE DERELICT.

He drifts along as his lost Genius becks,
A wreck of Fate, and fated source of wrecks.

OPINION.

In gulf — or pool — their fathom-line they sink,
And still they strive to think what they *do* think.

NODDING CRITICS.

You saw good Homer nod? But I saw you;
Asleep you were! (Some say that I slept, too.)

Pleasure and Pain changing Places. — In the campaign against dreariness in life, and particularly in literature, which Miss Repplier is prosecuting with so much wit and wisdom, it seems to me that some confusion arises from the use of such words as "pleasant" and "disagreeable" as if they were absolute terms.

Obviously, whether Ghosts is a pleasant or a disagreeable play to me lies in me. Of course we have certain commonly understood associations with these words, and a habit of using them as if they were absolute. We all agree to call a grassy old apple orchard on a bright May day pleasant, and a squalid American city street on a rainy November afternoon disagreeable; but as a matter of fact there might arise a loathful being who would say he enjoyed

the latter scene better than the first. He would be apt to leave conventional verbal associations undisturbed, and, though the contradiction of terms might be too potent if he used the word "disagreeable," to express his preference by saying he liked dreariness; but it is clear that the real state of the case would be that he found pleasant what others find unpleasant.

To make the analogy complete between him and the mass of English-speaking readers who seek what we agree to call the disagreeable in literature, he should, to be sure, give himself high moral airs, and say that he walks that street through that November rain because he is studying humanity under these peculiar conditions for the good of generations yet unborn. That statement would have at least a negative plausibility to the many people who are unable to imagine any other reason for his course, but I have a greater faith in the eccentricity of taste than in the proneness of man to do what he does not want to. It is my profound conviction that he walks there because he likes it.

But to drop him, and turn directly to the devotees of ugly art (God save the mark!), I believe that the Ibsen cult and the Tolstoi cult and various other cults that are weariness to my flesh have their roots in genuine enjoyment. The old Adam in man is more to be depended upon than Miss Repplier thinks. If this aspect of him be declared an intolerable exhibition of bad taste, that is another matter, and one that I must say it seems to me very difficult to set right. Taste is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and very few men indeed know whence it cometh or whither it goeth; and when they know, I still can't see what they are going to do about it.

But I always find it a cheerful hour when lofty hypocritical pretensions are unmasked, and I should like to see the people who read Zola forced to admit that they do so for the same reason that I read Stockton. Then I should confess that, though I approve of Zola, I do not read him because I do not enjoy him. Such is my undisciplined nature. Probably comparatively few people are very sorely duty-ridden about the big Frenchman. For some reason, the women's clubs have not yet taken up courses of his novels; but I admit that I think there are numbers of good people

perusing Ibsen and Browning who do not like them, — that is the way they are cozened by those who do, and who give false reasons, or reasons very limitedly true, for the faith that is in them. Still, if I distrust the attachment of Browning Societies to Browning, I am confident of their pleasure in their own sessions. It may not be very high-colored or exhilarating, but you may be sure that for the most part it is the best that is for the time being open to them.

I know a young woman, an unusually intellectual one, who has no other use for Browning than to find in him — in Sordello chiefly, of course — historical allusions that she does not understand, and can then hunt up. Perhaps she would deny that herein lay the core of her devotion to her poet; but I am not sure of it, for she has an uncommon capacity for telling the truth. As a fact, the game delights her much as my dog is delighted when I throw sticks in the water for him to fetch out. Life is governed to an awful extent by the little games silently carried on in the minds of mankind (games in the legitimate infantine sense), — little games in brokers' minds, and railroad presidents' minds, and prime ministers' minds; and this is one of her pet games, called by herself and her friends, properly enough, a taste for learning. You may say that great Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, and stopping a hole to keep the wind away, was not more degraded from his high empire than are Browning and Shakespeare when used for such ends; but so long as they have the advantage over Cæsar, inasmuch as they remain in power, unharmed by this sort of desecration, why should we complain? *Chacun à son goût.* Another uncommonly bright acquaintance, with a genius for gayety, illustrates my point still better, for she is a frank traitor to the solemnly pretentious court in which, in literary matters, she nevertheless trains. She devours all dreary stories whose dreariness is backed by any ability. Mr. Howe's *Story of a Country Town* is her idea of a rare feast. This is not a game, — she is not trying to see how many dreary stories she can find; it is a genuine literary predilection; and as for years she has not been able to read a chapter of Scott, she speculates on the probable viciousness of her taste. I don't suppose she would say

that her favorite literature directly either cheers or consoles her, — how could she? Neither does she talk the jargon about art for art's sake. That is another phase of the solemn pretense I profess to expose, and which, more than the moralist's preaching, fails to explain anything. Of course art is for art's sake; all the world has generally acted on that belief; it is only when you are on the other side that you need to announce yourself; and how does that formula explain the business to those who find your art inartistic? My lady does not try to explain; she leaves that to the theorists. She simply says, what others feel, that she likes it, she is entertained; and all she pleads is the right (within the acknowledged limits) to get her entertainment where she can.

I myself know a little of the matter from the inside. I went one night, not long ago, to see an excellent German company in a play by Björnson, — I do not recall its name. The great scene turned on a contest between two men as to a matter of financial business. It gave what actors call fine opportunities; murder and suicide were every moment imminent, and the illusion of reality was very strong. I was delighted, and then and there talked a deal of nonsense about its merits, — though in its way it was a good scene. It was not till I got home that I saw that my impression was largely reactionary. It was the result of several years' hack work at the theatres in the service of the daily press. That scene was fresh; it appropriated to the service of art a bit of life not commonly so used, and in some respects it did it well, and it was a thing to be praised — with moderation. It could not for a moment compare with one where, with anything like equal technical skill, the poetical or romantic phases of love and hate, hope and fear, are given play; and that is where the rawest country school-girl's first instincts would have been nearer right than mine. It bespoke much more expenditure of brain on the part of the author than does some well-carpentered claptrap bit of old-fashioned melodrama which I find sickening, but I seriously question if, according to those absolute standards which we can only vaguely imagine, it is as good art.

I once heard a great painter say of the Tanagra statuettes, "Oh, they are all de-

lightful; even when they are not good they show the effect of such good traditions." I think the Lights of London shows (dimly, I admit) good theatrical traditions. I think Ibsen's plays show first, not great ethical aims, but the reactionary movement of the artist's mind against traditions that have grown odious to him through their frequent mechanical application. But these traditions are based in the abiding tastes of human nature and the inalienable conditions of histrionic art, while some of us fear so much cannot be said of *The Doll's House*.

When a number of artists and patrons of artists of any time or place react against fundamental artistic instincts, the result is a decadent art, and decadence, there as always, is the child of satiety. And now, alas! after all this, I must say (though I have never happened to have that experience) that I know I should joy in seeing Ibsen played. What is to be done about it? We are what we are, and the reason why lies mainly beyond our will. I have been a hack critic in a world of sorry plays, and this passion for novelty is the mark of the beast upon me.

I can only comfort myself by reflecting that the audience for the world's art is grown so large and scattered, and exists under such varied conditions, that we are not likely all to decay at once, and that as out of this same audience comes the world's artists, there may still be the glorious cakes and ale of art, though some of us have grown dyspeptic, and claim (not so shamefacedly as we should) the rights of invalids to camomile tea or water gruel.

The Byles Family. — There are some still living in Boston who have vivid remembrances of the personality of the Misses Byles, mentioned by a Contributor at the last meeting of the Club; for with their quaint, old-fashioned garb, and their somewhat severe and tart features and look, they would be likely to leave an impression on one who might see them at their doorway or gazing from their windows. Their house, after a portion of it had been cut away to widen the street, presented a mutilated appearance, as it stood upon what is now the site of the Children's Mission on Tremont Street. As age grew upon them, they seemed to belong to a past period, and they emphasized their antiquity

by a general contemptuousness of the innovations and habits of the new generation; retaining without change the old furnishing and adornments of their home, which doubtless would prove profitable articles to a dealer in such relics. Though their father and a brother had the repute of learning and scholarship, the daughters do not appear to have caught much of such attainments. Certainly they are not remembered as are the contemporaries of their later years, also maiden daughters of a famous New England minister, Dr. David Osgood, of Medford. The Misses Mary and Lucy Osgood, who lingered on the stage till quite recently, were Hebraists and German scholars, capable of discussing and arguing upon the merits of the new schools of Transcendentalism and Agnosticism of our times.

Dr. Byles was constant through his whole life to the Puritanical and Congregational principles held by his ancestors, the Cottons and the Mathers. At the invitation of the Old Colony Club he wrote a Hymn, sung at their commemoration of the Pilgrim landing at Plymouth, December 22, 1772. His Toryism previous to and during the Revolutionary War was a matter of deep conviction with him. Many of his contemporaries were sympathizers in his views, though not so bold as he in utterance. He did not believe that the grievances of which the patriots complained justified the passions which prevailed in the community, and regretted the mobs and riots of the time, which in their destructive and insulting spirit led to the sending of British troops to the town to prevent the wrecking of the property and violence to the persons of Crown officials, culminating in the so-called Boston Massacre. Nor could he be persuaded that the "rebels," as he viewed them, could cope with the power of Britain. But from principle and discretion he abstained strictly from all reference to politics in his pulpit. When asked why he did not introduce politics into his sermons, he replied that it was because his people seemed to know more about politics than he did. But in conversation, and in outside discussion with those who challenged him, he allowed full vent to his spirit of raillery and sarcasm against the rebels. He stuck by his post during the siege of Boston, and gave aid and countenance to the British

officers. His Toryism, however, did not save his meeting-house from desecration, as the troops used it for a barracks and defiled it. He was an ardent lover of monarchy and of royalty. One of the treasures of his library, which he highly valued, was a French Bible with a Commentary in folio, which had been presented by Queen Anne to the French Protestant congregation for use in their meeting-house in School Street.

The Misses Byles must have found more and fuller sympathy than even with their father in a brother of theirs who bore his name, and whose loyalty took in not only the English monarch, but also the English Church. Mather Byles, Jr., graduating from Harvard College in 1751, twenty-six years after his father, was ordained as a Congregational minister in New London, Conn., in 1757, his father preaching the sermon on the occasion. The son was one of several of the ministers of Connecticut who entered the Episcopal Church, and in 1768 he was inducted as minister of Christ Church, Boston. The troubles of the Revolution of course marked with a stigma all who prayed publicly for the king. He found his way to Halifax in 1776, and served as rector to a church in St. John, N. B., till his death in 1814. His surviving sisters had his memory of double loyalty to comfort them, and descendants of his to whom they might leave their little property, thus rescuing it from the hands of rebels. One — if not more — of those descendants, however, has found his way back to rebeldom, and has brought with him the old family Bible. Mather Byles, Sr., received the degree of D. D. from Aberdeen. The son received the same from Oxford.

Fin de Siècle. — In February, 1890, M. Blum wrote for a Paris theatre a caustic picture of Parisian life, entitled *Paris Fin de Siècle*. The play was not unsuccessful, and part of its title, borrowed apparently from *Mensonges* by M. Bourget, who himself may have borrowed it, has gained world-wide currency. Everywhere we are treated to dissertations on fin-de-siècle literature, fin-de-siècle statesmanship, fin-de-siècle morality. A *café* in Paris styles itself *Café Fin de Siècle*. People seem to take for granted that a moribund century implies, not to say excuses, disenchantment, languor, literary, artistic, and political

weariness, and that in 1901 the world will make a fresh start. This appears to be a new sensation. Towards the end of the tenth century, indeed, there was a widespread belief in the end of the world : fields were left untilled, houses unrepaired ; it was useless to work for posterity when the Great Consummation was at hand. But I do not find that any subsequent *fin de siècle* betrayed morbid self-consciousness. Carlyle, it is true, set the fashion of anathematizing the poor eighteenth century as bankrupt, and taught us to regard the French Revolution as the grand collapse of an age of shams ; but I see no trace of our grandfathers considering their times exceptionally bad, or of their being anxious to reach 1801. We are apt to forget that a century is a purely arbitrary division, so that there can be no moral or material difference between 1900 and 1901. Were it otherwise, *fin de mille* ought to have tenfold significance ; and if the Romans, by placing a stone at every thousandth step, gave us the word "milestone," a "mile of years" should be a notable division of time. Our grandchildren, as the year 2000 approaches, ought to feel tenfold depression, not from apprehension of the end of the world, but from the lassitude of a millenium on its last legs. Nay, more, what the last decade is to a century the last century is to a millennium ; so far, therefore, from sighing for 1901, we ought to be positively dreading it, and 2001 ought to be as great a relief as was 1001.

No doubt a new century, like a new year, may inspire good resolutions, and good resolutions are to be welcomed even if prompted by a kind of superstition. Better, assuredly, for a girl to discard frivolity when she is twenty, a young man his wild oats when he is thirty, a matron her rouge-pot when she is sixty, than not discard them at all. Foibles might, indeed, be renounced to-morrow, without waiting for a round age ; but if *character* has not the requisite force of character for this, let us be thankful for the second best. If the world — or rather the Christian world, for non-Christian countries are out of our reckoning, inasmuch as they have their own — contemplates turning over a new leaf with a new century, it will be cause for rejoicing ; and from this standpoint it might be well to encourage a prevalent fallacy that

that century will begin in 1900, for reformation will thus commence a year earlier. 1900, to the surprise, doubtless, of many persons, will not be leap year ; suppose we take a moral leap to make up for it. In like manner, if, a hundred years hence, there is a tenfold resolution to rise to higher things, let the rejoicing be tenfold. But meanwhile do not let us imagine that because we are in the 90's we have an excuse for lassitude and flabbiness, nor let us and our children imagine ten years hence that because we are in the 19's duty may be shirked. To expect nothing great is like one of those prophecies which tend to fulfill themselves. If, as Plutarch says, vice should wither and virtue strengthen with age, why should not the same be the case with a century ? In point of fact, the tenth decade has had its full share of events. The Exodus is commonly dated B. C. 1491 (of course the B. C. centuries are reckoned backward, and the people living in them did not foresee how we should date them ; consequently, they were unconscious of what to us were their tenth decades), the siege of Troy 1193, and the birth of Homer 900, but let us pass to more certain chronologies. The death of great men leaves the world poorer, so that we must consider deplorable, though memorable, the death of Socrates in B. C. 399, of Roger Bacon in A. D. 1292, of Chaucer in 1400, of Montaigne in 1592, of Giordano Bruno, a martyr like Socrates, in 1600, and of Washington in 1799 ; but B. C. 100 boasts the birth of Cæsar, A. D. 1692 that of Analogy Butler, 1694 that of Voltaire, 1795 that of Carlyle. Solon legislated B. C. 594 ; Clovis was baptized A. D. 496 ; Charlemagne was crowned at Rome in 800 ; Paris became the capital of France in 996, — that was a grand Paris *Fin de Siècle* ; Godfrey became king of Jerusalem in 1099 ; Dante commenced his *Divina Commedia* in 1300 ; America, as we have good reason to remember, was discovered in 1492 ; English trade with India commenced in 1591 ; the Edict of Nantes gave France religious peace in 1598. Let us hope that within the next nine years there will be some great achievement, and let us also take to heart the conviction that for reformation or any other good work one year is as good as another, or rather that the present year is better than any other. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.